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L I F E

OF

J O H N P I C K E R I N G

BY HIS DAUGHTER

MARY ORNE PICKERING

BOSTON

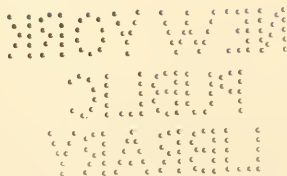
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1887

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TO THE

ELDEST GRANDDAUGHTER OF MY FATHER AND MOTHER,

WHOSE CHILDHOOD WAS BLESSED WITH THEIR LOVING CARE;

TO

THE MEMORY OF HER DEPARTED SISTER, AND TO THE YOUNGER
GRANDCHILDREN,

WHO NEVER HAD THE HAPPINESS OF KNOWING THEIR GRANDPARENTS
AND SHARING THEIR AFFECTION;

THIS IMPERFECT MEMORIAL OF MY FATHER AND MOTHER

IS TENDERLY DEDICATED BY THEIR AUNT,

MARY, ORNE PICKERING.

INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the early settlers in the town of Salem, Mass., formerly called Naumkeag by the Indians, was John Pickering, who emigrated from England, where he was born about the year 1615. A tradition has always been handed down in the family that he came from Yorkshire, although there is no written record to establish the fact. The name of Pickering has, however, been associated with that locality in England, and with the moors and forest of Pickering there, from the time of King Henry VIII., when the "noble domain of Byland Abbey was granted by him to Sir William Pickering," down to the present day, when the town of Pickering is met with by the traveller in Yorkshire, in the vicinity of the celebrated watering-places of Scarborough and Whitby.

The earliest authentic information relating to our English ancestor is contained in the Salem Town Records, where the following entry is found : —

"SEVENTH OF 12 MO., 1636.

"Jno. Pickering, Carpenter, granted to be [an] inhabitant."

Two years afterwards, according to the same Records, "on the fourth of 12th month, 1638," John Endicott, Roger Conant, and others contracted with him to build a meeting-house, specifying that it was to be "twenty-five feet long and the breadth of the old building, with

six sufficient windows, and to be finished with daubings and glasse and underpinning with stone or brick, with carridge and all things necessary, by the said Jno. Pickering."

Few facts connected with his private history remain to us. In 1651 he built the Pickering mansion, which is now standing in Salem (No. 18 Broad Street), and which has been in the possession of his descendants to the present time. A deed from Emanuel Downing (father of Sir George Downing, of London) to the same John Pickering, dated in 1642, conveys to him a part of the estate in Salem which descended in the Pickering family, and of which a large portion has been laid out in streets and sold in house-lots within the two centuries since elapsed. The original deed, signed by Emanuel Downing and Lucie his wife, is carefully preserved in the family.

The name of the first John Pickering's wife was Elizabeth, as seen by a record; but of her surname and personal history nothing is now known. They were married about the year 1636, and he died about the year 1655. They had two sons. The eldest son, John, born in 1637, married Alice Flint in 1657; and these were the great-grandparents of Colonel Timothy Pickering, the grandfather of the writer of these memoranda, — which are here recorded by me out of regard to the interest always felt by the family, and especially by my father, in the personal history and dwelling-place of our ancestors.

MARY ORNE PICKERING.

18 BROAD STREET, SALEM, MASS.,
February 25, 1874.

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THE LIFE

OF

JOHN PICKERING.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Parentage.—Absence of Colonel Pickering with the Army.—Letters to his Wife.—Removal of the Family to Philadelphia.—Childhood and Early Teaching.

1777–1786.

JOHN PICKERING, the son of Timothy and Rebecca (White) Pickering, was born in Salem, Mass., Feb. 7, 1777. He was the eldest of ten children. His father was born in Salem in 1745; his mother in Bristol, England, in 1754,—her mother, Elizabeth Miller, being an Englishwoman, and her father, Benjamin White, a native of Boston who was engaged in trading with England. In 1765, when she was eleven years old, she came with her parents to this country, where the mother died in 1770, and the father in 1771, leaving her an orphan at the age of seventeen. From this time her home was with her relatives of the White family, until her marriage, on the 8th of April, 1776. It is believed that the wedding ceremony took place at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Mary (White) Edwards,¹

¹ Mary (White) Edwards married, first, John Clark; second, Robert Edwards.

in Bradford, Mass., as the letters, now extant, written to her by her future husband were all addressed to her there.¹

It is not now known in what exact locality in Salem the young couple began their housekeeping, but it is believed to have been in a house in Essex Street, which was for many years the residence of Mrs. Sarah (Pickering) Clarke. In December of this year a severe trial came to them, when the husband, who had early espoused the cause of the Colonies in the dissensions with the mother-country, left Salem as a volunteer to engage in the stern duties of war. At this time he held the office of Register of Deeds, as successor to Mr. John Higginson, to whom in his lifetime he had been an assistant; and he was also "judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Essex County, and sole judge of admiralty for the district comprising Boston, Marblehead, Salem, Beverly, Gloucester, and Newburyport."² On the 24th of December, however, leaving his civil offices and the dearest domestic ties behind him, he set off, as colonel of a Massachusetts regiment, to enter upon the winter campaign in New York and the Jerseys. His frequent letters to his wife constantly communicated to her the details of the progress and movements of the army, as well as his own yearning for peace and domestic life.³

On the 1st of March letters from his home in Salem

¹ The marriage certificate, 8th of April, 1776, names her as a resident of Bradford. She was twenty-one years old, and her husband thirty, at the time of their marriage.

² Life of Timothy Pickering.

³ "Peace is my dear delight." Letter of Timothy Pickering to his wife.

informed him of the birth of his son on the 7th of February previous. In a letter to his wife, dated at Bound Brook, N. J., March 2, he writes: "As to the name of the boy, I shall be perfectly satisfied with your choice, be it what it may. They say, you tell me, my boy is a very handsome child." The name of John, which was the name of the father's only brother, as well as an old family name, was fixed upon for the child.

On the 1st of April, the term of service for his regiment having expired, Colonel Pickering reached his home in Salem, and then for the first time saw his little boy. But he was not destined long to enjoy his domestic life in Salem. The office of adjutant-general, tendered him by Washington, which he felt it a duty to accept, took him again from home after a respite of two months, and he left Salem on the 2d of June to join the army at Washington's headquarters. From Peekskill, N. Y., June 14, 1777, when his infant son was four months old, he writes thus earnestly to his wife: —

"This will doubtless be a warm campaign, and in it I may probably be frequently exposed to danger. But I hope God will preserve me, and at the same time enable me, in defiance of everything dangerous and difficult, to perform my duty. You remember who ¹ congratulated me on the birth of a son, 'to transmit' (as he with his usual gayety and romanticness expressed it) 'my name and honors to future generations.' I am not so vain as to imagine my name will long survive my exit. Nevertheless, by God's favor, neither you nor your son shall ever blush that I was your husband and his father. I wish to live to

¹ Dr. Joseph Orne, "a skilful physician and a man of genius," whose wife (Mary Leavitt) was a niece of Colonel Pickering.

make you happy, to educate our offspring, and to serve my country. But, whether living or dying, God's will be done. He orders every event in infinite wisdom, and it becomes his creatures cheerfully to acquiesce. One thing, my dearest, let me enjoin upon you; and if I see you not again, regard it as my dying speech, — not to spoil our little son by too much fondness. An only child, an only son, is oftener injured by the ill-judged indulgence than the severity of a parent. Let him be taught obedience and modesty, at the same time that he is treated with the affection which becomes a mother. If his life be spared, let him have the best education in your power, — a liberal one if you possess the means, and he should discover a capacity of receiving much benefit thereby; but not otherwise. For, my dear, I have seen at college such miserable geniuses that not all the powers of birth could ever make them scholars; and their parents made themselves and sons ridiculous by sending them thither. It were much better to instruct such children in merchandise, farming, or some mechanic art."

In a letter, two months afterwards, he asks his wife, "Do my father's health and strength hold out? Does he come to see you and his grandson as often as he was wont to do in my former absence?"¹

When the child was eight months old he again writes: "It gives me great pleasure to read your promising account of our little boy. But remember that many are apt to flatter parents concerning their children. I hope to live, that I may return to provide for you, and enjoy with you the great happiness of rearing up and instructing him in every useful and amiable virtue."

From the camp at White Marsh, November 26, in the prospect and hope of return from the campaign,

¹ Colonel Pickering's father (Deacon Timothy Pickering) was at this time (1777) about seventy-five years old. He died in June of the following year.

he writes to his wife: "Then, too, shall I embrace my little son. The flattering accounts you and Dr. Orne give of him have excited in me the strongest desire to see him. I scarcely remember his looks; besides, I conceive they are so much altered by this time that I should hardly know him. I have been absent six months, lacking six days."

From the camp, fifteen miles from Philadelphia, western side of the Schuylkill, at the "Gulph," December 13, he writes: "I have had such accounts of our dear little boy that no one but you can conceive my anxiety to see him. All agree that he grows finely, and Dr. Orne says he is a treasure."

In the beginning of the year 1778 Colonel Pickering, as a member of the Board of War, was stationed at Yorktown, Pa., and Judge Peters, of Philadelphia, afterwards a life-long friend, was associated in office with him. In writing to his wife from Yorktown, February 14, Colonel Pickering says: "I was singularly pleased with yours of December 21, which gave me what I have long wished for, — a particular account of my little son. You say brother and sister Wingate think him a fine boy. But nobody would tell a mother to the contrary. I shall not be satisfied on this head till I see him myself." From Yorktown, March 23, the father writes of his boy: "I long to see his little tricks. He can dance, you say; and so, it seems, can his mamma. I wish I could have been one of the company and joined in the dance." A month later, while still at Yorktown, he again writes: "I am glad you so particularly notice our little boy, and that he discovers some degree of vivacity. I long to see

the little fellow. Never omit a particular description of John, — how he looks, how he grows, how he walks, how he talks, and whether his little actions discover the embryo of a tolerable understanding.”

Mrs. Pickering was still residing in Salem, while her husband's duties in the War Office confined him closely to his post. He therefore wrote to her, suggesting the plan of having her join him, with the child, in Philadelphia. In August he renewed the proposition to her, saying: “The only difficulty is the distance to carry you and our boy.” Towards the close of the month he wrote again, proposing to keep house in Philadelphia; and a letter, written September 11, to his wife thus continues the subject: “By next Monday's post I hope to receive your answer to my letter, on the subject of your coming hither with me in the fall. In one written lately I informed you that I had rented a house. I hope you have concluded to accompany me hither, for every reason we can think of, except the separation from our friends. As to the mode of conveyance, I think it not very difficult. The mode of travelling here formerly was in stage-wagons, similar to that Captain Nichols goes home in. I have told him I may want it to bring my family hither, and he has engaged to keep it till I get home, and to give me the refusal of it.” In October, 1778, after sixteen months' absence from his wife, he writes to her, anticipating a visit to Salem, and saying: “I regret the loss of every day, because if I return [to Philadelphia] with you and John, it will carry us so much farther into cold weather.” On the 4th of December, after a brief visit of about a week in Salem, Colonel Pick-

ering, with his wife, and child twenty-two months old, set out for Philadelphia in a wagon driven by Isaac Perkins, a faithful man employed for the journey. The state of the roads was rough and dangerous, the weather unfavorable, and the journey occupied nearly three weeks.

In January, 1779, the parents with their little boy were established at housekeeping in Philadelphia, Colonel Pickering having hired a house in Front Street. Of this house he says: "It is in a situation which I think is extremely pleasant; it is on the upper side of Front Street, which is the broadest street in the city, and from the upper chamber we have a prospect of the Delaware and the Jerseys."

Colonel Pickering, in writing to his brother (April 1, 1779) in regard to his little namesake, says: "Of his own accord he took it into his head to learn to read. He knows all the letters of the alphabet, and tells their names with great readiness." In a subsequent letter he says: "John now easily joins adjectives and verbs to his nouns. He appears to have a retentive memory." On the 1st of October, when John was two years and eight months old, a little brother and companion, Timothy, was born in Philadelphia.

In the spring of 1780, May 13, Mrs. Pickering writes from Philadelphia to Mrs. Gooll, her sister-in-law, of Salem: "I am extremely glad your mother enjoys so great a share of health, at her years. I hope she will live to be gratified with a sight of her grandsons." Mrs. Gooll and her little daughter Sally, and her unmarried brother, Mr. John Pickering, were at this time living with Colonel Pickering's widowed mother in the

family mansion, and constituted the family in Salem. His father had died nearly two years before.¹

In August, 1780, Colonel Pickering was appointed Quartermaster-General, and in September he left Philadelphia for the army. In one of his wife's letters to him, a month afterwards, she writes: "John remains well; he talks much of going to camp; he wonders his papa did not take him with him when he went."

In the latter part of November, 1780, Colonel Pickering's family left Philadelphia. The headquarters of the army were now in the State of New York; and Colonel Pickering, believing that the seat of war would continue there at least for a year to come, was anxious to have his family within his reach, and in a less expensive home than the city of Philadelphia. He therefore applied to Colonel Hughes, his deputy in the State of New York, requesting his friendly offices in obtaining a place for them above the Highlands, not far from the Hudson. He asks of Colonel Hughes: "Can you advise me to an agreeable position, and help me to a tolerable shelter? I wish not for parade; convenience and comfort outweigh other considerations. Mrs. Pickering will be an easy and kind neighbor; she has two fine boys and two honest maid-servants. These will constitute my family." To this Colonel Hughes replied that he had found apartments for Mrs. Pickering in as elegant a farmhouse as any in the county, in a village called New Hackensack. This was

¹ Colonel Pickering's mother was at this time about seventy-two years of age; she died in 1784. Her son visited Salem in February of that year, and saw her for the last time.

at the house of Dr. Thorne, to which they removed from Philadelphia in November.¹

It is not now known how long they remained at New Hackensack; but Colonel Pickering, in writing to his brother, December 28, dates his letter from Newburg, saying: "I have now but one family, one set of servants instead of two, and the satisfaction of having my wife and children with me." From this it would seem that the stay at New Hackensack was a short one. Colonel Pickering, in a letter to his brother on the removal of his family from Philadelphia, writes thus: "As my family is itinerant, you will easily imagine that we can have with us but little furniture."²

To one of those journeys Colonel Pickering alludes in a letter to his wife, where he says: "I will not hazard another night of watching to you, among dreary woods and mountains." In the family letters or memoranda there is no record of the incidents of that night; but from the sufferer's own lips³ the writer of these pages had the story most vividly impressed upon her memory many years ago.

It was on a wearisome journey to join her husband, then with the army, that the wife and her two young children were travelling in a wagon through an unfrequented country and by unfamiliar roads, as the day was closing upon them. They had a faithful driver, but he had missed the road which the army had taken; and as night came on, the darkness found them on a wrong

¹ Life of Timothy Pickering.

² They were indeed subjected to the fortunes of war, in the fatigues and perils of long journeys, the inconveniences of a camp, and frequent removals of residence, as headquarters were changed. — *Life of Timothy Pickering*.

³ My grandmother, Mrs. Rebecca Pickering.

road and among dreary woods. There they must stay until the next morning's daylight should release them, — the wife with her eldest boy not four years old, and an infant in her arms. In this emergency the driver sought a shelter for them in the edge of a wood, took the horse out of the wagon and secured him for the night, and carefully arranged the cushions of the wagon for Mrs. Pickering to sleep. But there was no sleep for the mother! The faithful, trusty driver, too, was on guard; and with a drawn sword paced back and forth before the wagon and his precious charge all night long, and until the next morning's light enabled them to regain the right road and resume their journey.

In February, 1781, Colonel Pickering's duties as Quartermaster-General called him to Philadelphia to make application to Congress as to the payment of army officers in specie, and also to forward the movement of a detachment of troops under the Marquis de Lafayette from the Hudson River to the Head of Elk. About this time Colonel Pickering engaged Primus Hall, a colored man, as a servant to attend upon him at headquarters; and writes to his wife that Primus was born in Boston, and that he was used to house service. In May of this year Colonel Pickering writes from Newburg to his brother in Salem: "If I can procure a tolerable conveyance, I purpose to send John to your care. It is time he went to school. And yet, as I leave his mother here, his company would be agreeable and amusing; but for his benefit she is willing to part with him. Though John is docile and easily governed, yet she fears the want of a good school may

be injurious to him." The little boy was now four years and three months old.

It was in the summer of this year that Mr. Hodgdon informed Colonel Pickering that a negro girl about thirteen years old had been brought into Philadelphia in a prize vessel, and would probably be sold; and he inquired whether Mrs. Pickering would not like to have her as a servant. To this Colonel Pickering replied: "My wife would be well pleased with the services of the negro girl if she is a good one. Her moving condition renders it difficult to get help, and therefore one bound to her, or one of the family, always to go with her, will be convenient; but we will never have a slave. As a servant for years we should not object; but you will probably be directed to sell her for the most she will fetch. If, however, the owners were to consent to let us have her for five, six, or seven years at a reasonable price, the girl then to be free, we shall be willing and glad to have her, provided she manifests a good disposition."¹

About this time, in Colonel Pickering's absence, Mrs. Pickering writes to him from Hasbrouck's,² Newburg: "John reads constantly every day, three or four times. He improves, but not so fast as I could wish. I regret there not being a school for him here."

In October of this year³ his brother Henry was born, in the Hasbrouck house, at Newburg, on the Hudson River, seven miles above West Point. At this time John was four years and eight months old. The family

¹ Life of Timothy Pickering.

² Hasbrouck's house, Washington's headquarters at Newburg.

³ Oct. 8, 1781.

had been settled at Newburg in the Hasbrouck house (Washington's headquarters) nearly a year; and in the winter of 1782 they appear to have been still in the vicinity of the Hudson, but living at New Windsor.

In February, 1782, Mrs. Pickering writes to her husband from New Windsor: "Yesterday afternoon I went to Newburg with part of my little family; the two oldest boys were made very happy by the excursion." From her letter it appears that they crossed the river in a sleigh on the ice. In another letter she writes: "John is anxious for your return; he thinks you have been gone a great while." Colonel Pickering, writing from Philadelphia to his brother in Salem, says: "John is a good boy, 'intelligent, careful, and only with the little attention his mother has been able to pay to him since last midsummer (for he has never been to school) can read easy lessons without spelling; and he rarely errs in spelling, without book, a word he has once read, however little affinity the letters have to the sound." He was just five years old. In the month of March the family were living at New Windsor, and Colonel Pickering was in Philadelphia, detained there in making arrangements in the Quartermaster-General's department for the ensuing campaign. In April, Mrs. Pickering and the children being about to leave New Windsor to take up their abode at the Falls of Schuylkill, John was sent there with "Nancy," a maid; and Colonel Pickering writes from Philadelphia to his wife, still at New Windsor, as follows: "Yesterday morning John and Nancy were on this side the Delaware, forty miles off. I expect them in to-night." The little boy stayed in Philadelphia with his father, while Nancy

went to the Falls of the Schuylkill to prepare the house to receive the family. On the 7th of April Mrs. Pickering writes from New Windsor to her husband: "I am anxious to hear how John and Nancy get along. I have not heard a word from them since they went away. I wish to see the little fellow. I think he will not be willing to have you leave him, as you were the only inducement which made him incline to leave me and his brother Tim; for Harry is at present but of little consequence to him."

Colonel Pickering, being detained in Philadelphia by public business much longer than he expected, wrote on the 29th of April to his wife as follows: "I was yesterday [Sunday] at Mr. Peters's.¹ They have moved to Belmont. I took John with me. After dinner I crossed over to the Falls, and should have returned to town in the evening if John would have parted with me. But he cried so piteously, I could not leave him, and he was so jealous of my giving him the slip that when I proposed going over to General Mifflin's, he said I meant to go to town; and I could not pacify him until I pulled out my watch and left it in pledge for my return. This morning I brought him with me to the city."² The little sensitive boy was at this time but five years old, and had always been with his mother; but now, when among strange scenes and with strangers around him, he naturally clung to his father, though the long continuance of war had separated his father from him for a great portion of his young life. In August of this year

¹ Judge Richard Peters, the life-long friend of Colonel Pickering.

² Life of Timothy Pickering.

Colonel Pickering, in writing to Dr. Orne, of Salem, mentions his wife and three boys as being at last in "a fixed residence for the war," in "an agreeable situation on the banks of the Schuylkill, five miles from Philadelphia." But his flattering hopes were not to be realized. Later in the autumn the fever and ague became prevalent at the Falls of the Schuylkill, and his family were attacked in a painful and alarming manner: his wife and one of his children, a man-servant and two maid-servants, were ill, all at the same time, with that disheartening malady. Before their recovery another child and another man-servant were seized with it, and the unhealthiness of the situation rendered it almost impossible to procure other servants to perform the duties of those who were thus disabled.¹

In October, as Mrs. Pickering remained very weak, her physician advised her removal to the city of Philadelphia. Not long afterwards Colonel Pickering, writing from camp at Verplanck's Point, informs her that he is about to take up winter-quarters at Newburg, and he proposes her taking a journey to Newburg to recruit her health, leaving the children behind. General Washington, believing that "she would be anxious about the children if they were left behind," suggested to Colonel Pickering that it would be better to remove his family; but this plan was not adopted, and as Colonel Pickering felt that the continuance of his office was uncertain, or that the war might end by spring, he still advised the journey. It does not appear that she left her home, however, or that her

¹ Life of Timothy Pickering.

health allowed her to do it. Late in the autumn she had a relapse. It was not until she was very ill that her husband was aware of her critical condition, as she knew how difficult it would be for him to leave the army, and did not urge his being sent for; but when the friends around her had given her over, and she herself doubted whether she should recover, Dr. Wistar wrote to Colonel Pickering on the 9th of November, 1782: "It is Mrs. Pickering's most earnest request that you may be as expeditious as possible in coming to Philadelphia. Her situation is such that unless an alteration for the better takes place very shortly, she must sink under the weight of her disorder in a very little time."¹ On the receipt of this intelligence Colonel Pickering set off as soon as possible, and arrived at Philadelphia about the 15th of November. He found her past the crisis of danger, though extremely weak; but from this time she recovered with unusual rapidity.

In the spring of 1783 Colonel Pickering was at headquarters at Newburg, and his family still at the Falls of Schuylkill. On the 18th of March he writes to his wife: "If you continue at the Falls longer than May 1, it will be necessary to pay the more attention to John's reading, the better to introduce him to a school when you move to town." In a subsequent letter to his wife Colonel Pickering expressed his regret that it was not in his power to relieve her from the troublesome business of a removal from the Falls of Schuylkill to Philadelphia, his duties requiring his presence in the State of New York. In the month of

¹ Life of Timothy Pickering.

May the family were established in Philadelphia, but it was impossible for Colonel Pickering to go to his home. Though peace was concluded, he was occupied in disbanding the army, disposing of military stores, and attending to other pressing duties of the Quartermaster-General's department. The month of June found him still at Newburg, away from his family. It was there that the report reached him of the mutiny of the Pennsylvania troops in Philadelphia; and he immediately wrote to his wife, June 24: "An express has arrived this afternoon, by whom Mr. Hodgdon has sent me an account of the mutiny of the Pennsylvania troops. Before this reaches you I trust the uproar will cease; should it be otherwise, I think you will have nothing to fear. Nobody can be interested to disturb you, and you dwell in a quiet part of the town.¹ However, if the mutiny continues, it may be advisable to suspend John's going to school, and to keep the children out of the street. But your prudence would manage all this as it should be, without any suggestions from me; but a husband's and a parent's care is wont to be officious."² The cause of the mutiny may be found in the records of the time. Great dissatisfaction existed in the army at their treatment in regard to their pay, and a large portion of troops were to be sent home on furlough to Philadelphia. It had become necessary to remove a body of troops, temporarily quartered in the barracks there, to make room for troops arriving from Charleston; and these Pennsylvania troops, numbering about five hundred, had refused to

¹ In Second Street, below Walnut.

² Life of Timothy Pickering.

receive the furloughs tendered them, and consequently were, according to orders, unpaid. After being marched out of the city, they mutinied, and appointed their sergeants as commanders; and returning to Philadelphia, made detachments to the deposits of stores, paraded before the State House, and demanded an audience of Congress, in session there, to state their grievances. In letters to his immediate friends Colonel Pickering had expressed his strong disapprobation of the manner in which a large portion of the troops were sent home on furlough; and in a letter to his wife, June 17, he wrote: "The army think, and justly, that they are ill used by their country. They have been dismissed abruptly, without money, and even — what it was easy to give — without thanks."

On the 29th of August, in writing to his wife from Newburg, he says: "I think it will please John (and not displease his mamma) if I write him a letter, and will therefore enclose one in this. It is doubtless far better to apply to the natural ambition than to the fears of a child; the latter will only make hardened rogues of the bold, and confound the tender-hearted, while nothing is more animating than just applause. You may frame an answer for John, asking him if he would not like to write me so or so, and he may copy it." A few days afterwards he writes again to his wife: "We all hope the definitive treaty will soon arrive. Great preparations are making at West Point to celebrate the event. Why can't you come? You may travel by Princeton, Brunswick, Elizabethtown, and so to King's Ferry, where I can meet you with my barge and bring you to West Point and Newburg.

What say you to this? But this will be an occasion so extraordinary, and the exhibition so splendid, I wish greatly that John could accompany you. He is old enough to remember it as long as he lives." At this time the little boy was six years and a half old. It does not appear that Mrs. Pickering went to West Point or to Newburg, and it is probable that she remained at home with her three little boys. On the 30th of September Colonel Pickering writes again from Newburg to his wife: "I am charmed with your account of the boys. When will you send me John's answer to my letter?" A month afterwards he writes: "Tell John that I have sent to Hartford for a new spelling-book for him; if it answers the description, it will be just what I have long wanted."¹

Colonel Pickering received at Newburg, by Eastern post from Hartford, the new spelling-book, and writes of it to his wife: "It is the very thing I have long wished for, being much dissatisfied with any spelling-book I had seen before. I now send the book, and request you to let John take it to his master, with the enclosed letter; for I am determined to have him instructed upon this new, ingenious, and at the same time easy plan. All men are pleased with an elegant pronunciation; and this new spelling-book shows children how to acquire it with ease and certainty." In October Mrs. Pickering wrote from Philadelphia to her husband: "John talks much about his papa, — wants to know if he is going to stay at camp all the time; he is as active as ever; he is never in the house, except at meals."

¹ Noah Webster was the author of this spelling-book.

On the 16th of November Colonel Pickering wrote from Newburg to his wife: "The definitive treaty of peace is concluded, and will be celebrated by the Commander in Chief and the officers of the army in New York on the 1st of December. The British are to evacuate the city on the 22d inst. I have informed Mr. Hodgdon¹ of this, and invited him to meet me there. I have also told him that I was almost afraid to hazard you on such a journey at this disagreeable season."² It appears, however, that Mr. Hodgdon and Mrs. Pickering determined to attend at the celebration, and he informed Colonel Pickering that he had engaged a passage in the stage-wagon that goes through in two days, and that for their comfort in the carriage he had agreed to pay for three seats.² Colonel Pickering, having occasion to visit Massachusetts in January of this year, drove from Newburg to Salem in a sleigh, taking with him, as a companion on the journey, Major Coggs-well, of the army, who was about returning to his home at Haverhill. The stay of Colonel Pickering in Massachusetts was necessarily short. On his leaving Salem, his niece, Miss Lydia Williams, accompanied him in his sleigh, to make a visit to his family in Philadelphia.³

In May of this year a fourth son, Charles, was born. A year previous to this time Colonel Pickering had turned his attention to a mercantile life as a means of support, and a co-partnership was formed with Major

¹ Major Samuel Hodgdon, a friend of the family, who had for several years served as a deputy and in the commissary department, under Colonel Pickering's authority, during the war.

² Life of Timothy Pickering.

³ Miss Lydia Williams, the daughter of George and Lydia (Pickering) Williams, afterwards the wife of Theodore Lyman, Esq., merchant, of Boston.

Hodgdon, as commission-merchants, under the name of Pickering and Hodgdon, in Philadelphia.¹

In the year 1785 the family lived in Third Street, near Vine Street. In the spring of this year Miss Betsey White, the only sister of Mrs. Pickering, arrived at Philadelphia from England. She had been left in London when her parents came to this country with their older daughter in 1765, having been placed at a boarding-school for her education; and as her parents died a few years afterwards, she had remained in England. But immediately after the conclusion of peace with Great Britain, in 1783, Colonel Pickering wrote her a very pressing and affectionate letter, inviting her to make his house her future abode; and she had now accepted his cordial invitation. In a letter to his brother-in-law, Judge Wingate, dated at Philadelphia, May 3, 1785, Colonel Pickering says: "We have an addition to our family of my wife's sister. She arrived here from London on the 22d ult. They had not seen each other since 1765. All remembrance of each other was lost. My wife recognizes in her sister the features of their mother, and by that alone could fix the relation." In a letter to his brother in Salem, dated at Philadelphia, May 19, Colonel Pickering writes: "John is an apt and very good scholar. He reads with remarkable propriety for his years. I think it not very improbable that I may visit Salem in the fall. Would business permit me to do it early, I should take my wife and John with me."

¹ The co-partnership was formed for two years, from the 10th of May, 1783, but continued much longer. — *Life of Timothy Pickering.*

CHAPTER II.

At School in Salem. — Removal of the Family to Wyoming. — Colonel Pickering's Abduction. — Letters to his Wife and Son.

1786-1791.

ABOUT a year from this time, in the spring of 1786, when his son John was a little more than nine years old, Colonel Pickering sent him to Salem to his uncle John Pickering, — “Believing that it would be a gratification to him to see his namesake, and a pleasure to all the family; thinking also that it would be a service to John, by weaning him from that bashfulness and timidity which are really a disadvantage to him, and that his health would be benefited by the voyage and short relaxation from study.”¹ He wrote to his son soon afterwards as follows:—

PHILADELPHIA, May 27, 1786.

MY DEAR CHILD,—As you did not return in the “Olive Branch,” your stay at Salem may probably be much longer than I wished; my chief concern, however, regards your education, as your uncle’s want of health will prevent his attending to it. In all other respects I know you will be so tenderly taken care of that you will not feel your parents’ absence. I hope and believe a proper behavior on your part will satisfy your friends that their kindness is not ill bestowed. For your amusement and instruction I send you the five volumes of the “Tales of the Castle.”² I wish you to read them to such of

¹ Letter of Colonel Pickering to his brother. — *Life of Timothy Pickering.*

² By Madame de Genlis.

your aunts and cousins as can favor you with their attention. Few boys of your age can read so well as you; and if you continue to improve, as I am sure you may, if you should not excel, at least you will not be excelled by any one. This I mention for your encouragement to persevere in your endeavor to read in the best manner. The same observation may be applied to your writing. I am much afraid you will lose your French pronunciation, unless there be a French master at Salem. If no one there teaches French, you must seize every opportunity of reading French to any French gentleman that falls in your way, to whom any of your friends can introduce you. For your convenience I send you the pocket French dictionary. Let me entreat you, my dear, to persevere in the good disposition you have always discovered, to acquire knowledge. This will make all your friends love you, and render you particularly dear to me and your mamma. By the first vessel coming hither, after you receive this, you must write me a letter. Inform me where you lodge, where you go to school, what books you read, and of everything you learn at school, and who is your schoolmaster. I trust you live on good terms with all your little cousins; write me everything you think proper about them.

In reply to this, the little boy, nine years old, wrote from Salem his first letter, which is still preserved, and is remarkable for the clear handwriting that characterized him in after life. The entire letter is as follows:

SALEM, Aug. 5, 1786.

HONORED PARENTS, SIR,—I was sick one day on the passage. When I got to Boston I went to see my cousin Clarke. I stayed at Boston three days, and left Boston and went to Salem with my cousin Stephen Williams, and stayed with my uncle and aunt Williams some time, and went to Wenham to tarry with my uncle and aunt Gardner, and stayed at Wenham some time. There I learned to drop corn, and ride the horse to plough. I then returned to my uncle Pickering's at Salem. I go to school to Mr. Norris, the writing-master. I go to the Grammar School

to Mr. Noyes¹ from eleven to twelve in the forenoon, and from five to six in the afternoon. We speak plays on Saturdays. My uncles and aunts are kind to me, and give me everything I ask for. I like Salem, and should be glad to tarry there as long as you think it is best for me. I rake hay sometimes, and Uncle Clarke says I can make an handsomer cock of hay than he can. I send my love to you and mamma, and brothers and aunt. I remain, sir, your affectionate son,

JOHN PICKERING.²

A letter from Colonel Pickering to him, dated Philadelphia, Nov. 15, 1786, says:—

“On my return from the country, your mother handed me your letter of the 5th of August. I read it with much pleasure. The spelling is correct, and the entire composition does you honor. If your attention to learning continues such as it was here, I know I shall have abundant reason to be satisfied with your progress in every kind of knowledge which shall become the object of your study. I approve of your doing any kind of work in which you can be useful to your uncle and friends. Such exercise will preserve your health and teach you to be handy. You will have been informed of my intention to move into the country; before I move I shall visit Salem and bring you home: but I cannot say when this will be. In the meantime I hope you will make your stay acceptable to your friends.”

At this time, Colonel Pickering's mercantile business in Philadelphia having proved unprosperous, he was thinking of a removal to the Wyoming Territory with his family, not only with the view of improving

¹ Belcher Noyes, Esq., master of the Latin School in Salem.

² The inmates of the family mansion in Salem at this time consisted of his uncle John Pickering, its owner, who was a bachelor, his sister, Mrs. Lois (Pickering) Gooll, a widow, and her daughter Sarah, then about fifteen years old, who became the wife of Judge Samuel Putnam, and lived to an advanced age.

the wild lands which he owned in that region, but also to organize the county of Luzerne; to effect which he was promised that all the requisite official powers of the State of Pennsylvania should be conferred upon him, and that the principal offices of the new county should be put into his hands.¹

In August of this year he therefore made a tour of exploration into the woods of Pennsylvania, about the Great Bend. Meantime his son John, whom he had been induced to part with for a season, remained in Salem in the family of his uncle John Pickering. In the autumn of this year Colonel Pickering came to a determination to carry out the design so long agitated of a removal and settlement upon the wild lands of Pennsylvania. His relatives and friends in Massachusetts deeply regretted his decision, and urged him to return to them. In reply to an affectionate appeal from his nephew, the Rev. Dr. Clarke, of Boston, Colonel Pickering says: "My heart was ever with you, and I was grieved at the idea of a permanent separation. But my apparent interest checked my wishes; and now the die is cast." Writing to his brother, in the most sanguine spirit, of his future prospects, he also says: "The total separation from my friends was painful to me, but I thought the interest of my family demanded the sacrifice."

During the months of January and February, 1787, Colonel Pickering was at Wyoming, making arrangements on the spot to provide for a permanent residence in his new home, and to adjust the questions that had so long agitated and distressed the population

¹ Life of Timothy Pickering.

of that region in the conflicting claims of Connecticut and Pennsylvania, from which latter state Colonel Pickering now derived his official authority. His wife and four little boys were left in Philadelphia, and were living in a house in Front Street, as appears by a letter from Wilkesbarre, which he addressed to her at this time. On returning from Wyoming, Colonel Pickering was actively engaged in making arrangements to remove his family; and on the 10th of July, 1787, he wrote to his brother in Salem as follows: "In the afternoon my whole family sets out for Wyoming, and I must conclude this letter to prepare for our march. We are all in health and spirits. My wife and I are sensibly affected by your cordial professions of affection; we shall bear you in the kindest remembrance. We also desire our very affectionate love may be presented to all the family at Salem and elsewhere. My son John I must leave under your care until I get settled at Wyoming, and a school established. I hope he will not be a burden to you." The party setting out for the new home consisted of Colonel Pickering, his wife, the four boys (Timothy, Henry, Charles, and William), his wife's sister, Miss Elizabeth White, and some persons in domestic service, or hired to work on the farm. After a journey attended with much hardship and endurance, the party reached Wyoming, and were temporarily established in a hired tenement while their house was in process of erection.¹

In September an infant son, Edward, was born in this new settlement. As the courts and other judicial arrangements for Luzerne County had been duly and

¹ Life of Timothy Pickering.

peacefully established some months previous to Colonel Pickering's removing his family to Wyoming, he had reason to believe that they would have now a quiet and happy home there. But this was not destined to be the case. The sharp contentions between the antagonistic claimants of lands under the conflicting agencies of Connecticut and Pennsylvania only ceased for a time. Early in October the arrest of a prime agent¹ of one of the land companies, who had been stirring up the settlers to resist the laws, aroused the vengeance of his partisans, and excited the turbulent passions of his adherents to such a pitch that the friendly inhabitants of the place considered Colonel Pickering's life in imminent danger from his having taken part in the execution of the law arresting the offender. His life being thus threatened by the outbreak in the community, he was advised by friendly neighbors to go out of the way and secrete himself until the fury of the storm should be over. On the afternoon of the 2d of October he accordingly retired to a close wood, not far from the house, and in the evening he returned to his family. Some of the well-disposed neighbors assembled with their arms. Sentinels were posted to report any unfriendly movements; and after Colonel Pickering had sat down to supper with his family, a sentinel hastened from the river's bank to warn him that the infuriated adherents of the arrested man were crossing the river, which was not far off, in boats. He at once took up a

¹ John Franklin, a shrewd and resolute man, the prime agent of the Connecticut Susquehanna Company, and the chosen commander of the militia, with the title of colonel, had been for some time visiting all the settlements, to stir up the people to an open and forcible opposition to the Government of Pennsylvania. — *Life of Timothy Pickering.*

loaded pistol, and three or four small biscuits, and retired to a neighboring field, where he heard the yell of the insurgents, apprising him of their arrival at his house. They entered and searched it, the few armed neighbors within it being obliged to surrender. Believing that the search for his person would be continued, and being joined fortunately by a friend¹ who was one of the Board of Commissioners, Colonel Pickering thought it best to retire still farther from the scene; and he and his friend, when at some distance, lay down on the ground to sleep. In the morning he found means of communicating with his family, through an honest German, whose daughter was a servant-maid at his house; and as a message was brought from his wife that he must remain concealed, for the rioters were still searching for him, he decided to proceed with his friend onwards to Philadelphia, to inform the Executive of the state of things at Wyoming. Through pathless woods they pursued their way, sleeping on the ground, with no food but the two or three small biscuits, and each of them armed with a loaded pistol, to contest their way, if a creek, which they must cross, should be guarded. Fording it without molestation, they reached the first inhabited house, about twenty-five miles from Wilkesbarre, where they obtained a comfortable breakfast; and proceeding some miles farther on foot, they hired horses at some farmers' houses to continue their journey to Philadelphia. On the third day after Colonel Pickering's escape from the mob, and probably from the first stopping-place at a farmer's house, he wrote to his wife: —

¹ Mr. Griffith Evans, secretary to the Board of Commissioners, who was a lodger at Colonel Pickering's house at that time.

SAVAGE'S,¹ Oct. 5, 1787.

I am here in health and safety, and shall presently set out for Philadelphia. My only concern is for you, Betsey, and our dear babes. But I think the men in arms are not capable of hurting or insulting any of you. I am sure none but savages would do it. Now that I have escaped them, I hope they will leave you in peace. My heart has bled for your distresses.²

Five days after this, Colonel Pickering wrote to his wife again, and this time from Philadelphia: "You will easily conceive the joy I felt when Mr. Bowman³ announced that you, Betsey, and the children were all safe and in tranquillity. God be praised! I trust we shall remain uninjured, and that I may soon return to you in peace. The Government will eventually do what is requisite to insure the quiet of the county. I am charmed with the account of your fortitude."⁴ Colonel Pickering, naturally anxious and impatient to return to his family and home, believed that he might do it soon with safety, especially as troops were to be sent by the Executive to quell the disturbances at Wyoming. His wife, who was on the spot, and could learn the spirit of the people, judged differently. She acted with the greatest heroism throughout. At the time the house was searched by the mob, and her husband had retreated to the woods for his life, her infant was but three weeks old. She had been but a few months in the place, and was a stranger among a strange people, most of whom were infuriated against

¹ Zawitz's, probably the house of a German whose name was anglicized in this way by the Wyoming people.

² Life of Timothy Pickering.

³ Mr. Bowman was a young lawyer, an inmate of the household, who assisted Colonel Pickering in the office and instructed the children.

⁴ Life of Timothy Pickering.

her husband.¹ A few faithful persons were, however, near her; and with an infant in her arms, she decided that she must remain where she was, even though her husband could not be with her. Her sister would not leave her. She, however, promptly decided to send the four little boys away from the scene; and putting them under the charge of a faithful female domestic, they were sent, with two trusty male servants, in a wagon, on their long, rough journey to Philadelphia.¹ Their coming was a surprise to Colonel Pickering; but his wife's anxiety was much relieved by a knowledge of their safety, and he approved of the step. The children, the eldest of them eight years old, and the youngest twenty months, were distributed among friends, except the youngest, who was placed, with his maid, at her mother's house. The father was constantly corresponding with his wife, and making efforts to return to her and to his home, where his domestic affairs required his presence. Finding that his wife could not join him in Philadelphia, he set out for Wyoming on one occasion, and was within twenty-five miles of his home when he was apprised, not only by communication with his wife, but by a judicious friend, who was on the spot, that his return would be unsafe. As he turned back alone to Philadelphia, his heart was heavy within him,—his children were scattered, and he could not bring them together; he was separated from his wife, forbidden to return to his house and lands, and left, as he expressed it, an exile.¹ In November, 1787, in writing from Philadelphia to his brother in Salem, Colonel Pickering says: "I have just heard from my

¹ Life of Timothy Pickering.

wife at Wyoming. She is very well. She expresses much solicitude to hear from her son John. Give my love to my son, and persuade him to write a short letter to his mamma or me.”¹ On the 8th of December, 1787, his son John wrote to him as follows: —

HONORED FATHER, — I thank you kindly for the notice you have taken of me in your last letter to my uncle. I find myself in good health, and so continue. I now go to the Grammar School at Salem. I am now in Clarke’s “Introduction to the Making of Latin,” and Eutropius. My cousins are all well. I desire my love to my brothers, and my kindest duty to my mamma. I remain, with the truest affection, your dutiful son.

He was now nearly eleven years old, and had been separated a year and a half from his parents. Colonel Pickering was compelled by the disturbed state of affairs at Wyoming, and also by the sitting of a Convention, of which he was a member for Luzerne County, to remain in Philadelphia until the 1st of January, 1788, when he set out for his home at Wyoming, from which he had been exiled for three months. He reached it in safety, notwithstanding the apprehensions of some friends in Philadelphia. His wife, as well as he, was now anxious for the children’s return; and his sleigh was sent to Philadelphia, with two of his men and a maid, to bring them home. Contrary to expectation, Tim, the eldest boy, was retained in the family of Judge Peters, who was not so sanguine as Colonel Pickering in regard to the state of things at Wyoming.

Satisfactory accounts from the absent son in Salem were received by his parents from various sources.

¹ Life of Timothy Pickering.

The Hon. Paine Wingate, when at New York, as a delegate from New Hampshire in the old Congress, writes to his brother-in-law : —

“It is with particular satisfaction that I sometimes hear of your welfare by our friends at Salem. This pleasure I had in the beginning of February, when your brother told me that he had received a letter from you, dated the 1st of January, at which time you were setting out for your new settlement. Your son came with me from Salem to Boston in a sleigh, for the sake of the ride and to see the bridges, etc., and returned the same day with a lad who brought me on. Master John is sensible, and after some acquaintance is sufficiently sociable, though with strangers rather reserved. He has those qualities which I think will render him, with the advantages of education that he will enjoy, both amiable and useful, and in whom a parent will have great satisfaction.”

In the month of January, 1788, Colonel Pickering moved into the new house which he had built at Wyoming.¹ His family had previously lived in a house of Mr. Hollanback. At this time he wrote to a friend : “The people are all quiet, and from present appearances, we have nothing to apprehend.” This state of things was not destined to continue. Public affairs were in an unsettled state in regard to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and Pennsylvania, more perhaps than any other State, was convulsed by the agitation. The contagious influence of this general agitation increased the discontent and lawlessness of the turbulent spirits among the Wyoming settlers. In the spring of 1788 there was evidence of a plot against Colonel Pickering, and in the month

¹ The house is still standing at Wilkesbarre, and is owned by Mrs. Ross (1876).

of June indications of some sort of an attack became apparent; but he decided not to abandon his business, and he remained at his post. On the night of the 26th of June, when he and his wife were asleep, and an infant¹ with them, the door of his sleeping-room was violently entered in the darkness, and he was ordered to get up. "Don't strike! I have an infant on my arm," he immediately exclaimed. As his wife procured a lighted candle, they saw that the room was filled with men armed with guns and hatchets, having their faces blacked and handkerchiefs tied round their heads. Their first act was to pinion him, tying his arms behind him with a cord, to which they attached another cord, by which he could be kept captive. They told him that it would be well for him to take a blanket or outer garment, as he would be a long time in a situation where he would want it. His wife went to the chamber above to get him an old surtout, and one of the ruffians followed her, and threatened to tomahawk her if she made any noise. Colonel Pickering was then led off in the dead of the night, through the village of Wilkesbarre, in perfect silence. There were about fifteen of these ruffians surrounding him as they marched on in the darkness and stillness of night. As they advanced, one who was near him said that if he would only write two or three lines to the Executive Council, their leader, under arrest, would be discharged, and then they would release him. Upon his refusing to do this, another of the band exclaimed with an oath, "Why don't you tomahawk him?" Crossing the river Lackawannock in a canoe, they marched on all the next

¹ Edward, then nine months old.

day till about four in the afternoon, when they came to a log-house, about thirty miles from Wilkesbarre, and there they obtained some food for the first time, and Colonel Pickering lay down to rest awhile. Information here came to the gang that the militia were out in pursuit of them; and they immediately aroused Colonel Pickering, and retreated under cover of a hill, passing the night on the ground amid thunder and a heavy rain. From place to place, during nineteen days, these ruffians led their prisoner, to keep him out of sight of pursuers, subsisting partly on salt-pork and wheatened bread, with Indian-meal roasted for coffee, and winter-green boiled for tea; and on one occasion a fawn was shot, giving the party venison-steaks. The number of the gang was increased to twenty-two, by others joining them. When the blacking wore off from the faces of his captors, he recognized two of them as the sons of a carpenter and a near neighbor at Wilkesbarre. The others had not been known by him. He was continually asked to intercede for the pardon and release of their leader, now in prison, and he as constantly refused. For ten days a chain and ankle-band of iron were put on him, sometimes to fasten him to a tree, or at night to secure him to one of their number, that they might not have to mount guard; but he had no intention of escape, and waited patiently for his deliverance. With the exception of this enforced restraint, he was treated with a certain rude sort of kindness, and an evident respect as time wore on and they witnessed his resolute courage and patience. A few days after his abduction he was allowed to write to his wife for some things which he needed; but the missive bore no trace of

the place of his concealment, and the articles were to be forwarded to a house named by him, from which he could obtain them through his captors. The ruffians, by changing from place to place, kept out of the way of the militia sent to rescue him. The Executive Council of Pennsylvania issued a proclamation on the 8th of July, offering a reward for the apprehension of twelve men named as the abductors, and of others who had joined them. An encounter of a party of the gang with the militia was instrumental in bringing the captors of Colonel Pickering to terms, when at the distance of forty-four miles from his home. They were wearied out; and finding that he was resolute in not yielding to their repeated demands in regard to their imprisoned leader, they at last begged him to intercede for their own pardon. Believing them to be the dupes and tools of designing men, he was disposed to grant this last request, so far as to write a petition for them, after his release (which each signed with his own name), praying for executive pardon. On the 16th of July, being set free, he went down the river twelve miles with them, in a good boat which they had; and landing at Tunkhannock in the dark, he passed the night at a house to which his clothes had been sent by his wife. The next morning, finding a man going down the river, he set off with him in a canoe, accompanied by one of the "boys" who had joined the gang only two or three days before, on purpose to learn where he was and to aid in his rescue. On reaching Wilkesbarre and stepping ashore, Colonel Pickering walked directly to his house. Before reaching his door his wife appeared, with consternation marking her countenance at his

sudden and unexpected return. It was the 17th of July, and his birthday, — three weeks from the time of his abduction. The subsequent history of his captors is soon told. One of them, who had been wounded in a skirmish with the militia, died of his wounds. Others were tried, convicted, fined, and imprisoned, but made their escape from the jail at Wilkesbarre, which was insufficient for holding them. Although Colonel Pickering was now in the quiet possession of his own home, he could not have been wholly free from some apprehension of personal violence. In writing to his brother at Salem, a few weeks after his return, he wrote also to his son John, then eleven and a half years old, the following letter: —

WYOMING, Aug. 4, 1788.

MY DEAR SON, — Children who leave their parents at your age generally soon forget them, — at least they soon lose that warm affection which distinguishes their constant residence with them. Yet I hope better things of you; for if a fond father does not deem too highly of your worth, you have a better memory, a better understanding, more thoughtfulness, and more sensibility than most boys of your age, — and your conduct in future life will, I trust, justify this favorable opinion. Your uncle has doubtless acquainted you with the disturbances which happened here last autumn, by which your parents, your mother especially, and your brothers, were greatly distressed. Of the late outrage against me I send your uncle herewith a particular detail. We are glad that you have been in a place of safety, where you are kindly entertained and where you have the benefit of good schools. You were formerly sufficiently studious; let me entreat you not to relax in your application to books. The more knowledge you acquire, the more satisfaction you will enjoy, and the more useful you may be to yourself, your friends, and your country. Most feelingly, my dear child, I give you this advice. For I daily experience the want of that stock of vari-

ous knowledge which in my childhood and youth, as well as in my riper age, I might have acquired, but did not; and the opportunities are now forever lost. I am mortified when I reflect on my omissions; for your sake, my dear son, I acknowledge them. But do you learn more, that you may escape the like mortification, that you may increase your enjoyments, and be a more useful member of society. Preserve this letter: perhaps 't is the last I may ever write you, for I know not what may be the event of the disaffection in this county; for though I apprehend no more insurrections, yet no one is safe from the hand of an assassin, urged on by disappointment and revenge. If you live to grow up, remember your mother with filial love and respect; she has nursed you with fond affection and the most tender care. Remember your brothers, and particularly assist them, as it shall be in your power, in their education. Above all, my dear child, remember your Creator in the days of your youth. Piety, or constant reverence to God, and benevolence to your neighbor and to all mankind, are the great duties which will demand your daily and uniform attention. The good examples which will constantly be set before you in your uncle's family, joined with the natural goodness of your disposition, will, I doubt not, preserve you in the way of virtue, — and that is the only road to happiness in this world and the next. May God preserve you, my dear child, and make you eminently useful!

During the year 1789 the family were quietly established in the still unfinished house at Wyoming, living simply and with economy; and there, in August of this year, the seventh son, George, was born. The County of Luzerne had become peaceful; but the offices on which Colonel Pickering had been encouraged to depend for a partial support proved valueless, and his farming operations were not sufficiently matured to be profitable beyond the wants of his family. Public business often called him to Philadelphia, and his friends were anxious that he should have some office

obliging him to live there, and at the same time give his talents and energies to the public service. He was, however, destined to remain a resident of Wyoming for some time to come. On a visit to Philadelphia in the autumn of this year, he wrote the following letter to his son at Salem:—

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 28, 1789.

MY DEAR SON,— You were so early and have been so long separated from your parents that your remembrance of them is probably faint, and your attachment proportionally weakened; yet their hearts are strongly impressed with your idea, and you share with your brothers their tenderest affection. We are alike concerned that at mature age you should appear with at least equal advantage. You have a good capacity, and with the disposition to study formerly so conspicuous, you will have it in your power to make a figure in one of the learned professions. This thought, I am sure, has never occurred to your mind, and your kind friends about you, should they see this letter, will probably smile at the idea; but, my dear son, I wish a spark of ambition had as early been kindled in my mind, and repeatedly fanned till I had arrived at mature age. I should have found pleasure, I should have found emolument, in the consequences. Therefore, my dear child, diligently pursue your studies. Use exercise, and engage with your schoolmates in every manly sport, for the preservation and advancement of your health and strength; but waste not a minute of the hours appropriated to study. Believe me when I assure you, and always bear it in mind, that knowledge will be the source of your purest pleasures, the most certain means of advancing your interest, by fitting you for important stations, and of rendering you a useful member of society. I want very much to see you and to be myself a witness of your proficiency in learning, but I know not when it will be in my power. You can write to me, however, and do not be afraid to write freely. Were you with me, I am sure my kind familiarity would prompt you to tell me every thought of your heart. Write them to me

just as you would speak. Imagine that I am with you, asking questions about the books you read and the most striking sentiments they contain, about your master, your schoolmates, your sports, your farming and gardening. Tell me what you please about these things, and write down your thoughts just as they occur. Remember 'tis to an indulgent father you will be writing, who will not laugh at errors, but kindly point them out, and be pleased with your efforts to comply with his wishes.

TIMOTHY PICKERING.

The public business in which Colonel Pickering was engaged detained him in Philadelphia at the beginning of the year 1790, and he was still there in the early part of the spring, after which he returned to his family and farm at 'Wyoming. All his efforts to promote the best interests of Luzerne County, while a member of the Convention in Philadelphia, were baffled by the repeal of a law which had given security to the holders of lands, and which involved the tenure of the spot which he had for three years called his home. He had endured many hardships, trials, and privations in the separation from his wife and children, and the inevitable neglect of his personal interests which his public duties had exacted of him, and he was anxious now to obtain some situation promising him a means of support. His friends were very desirous that some appointment to office should bring him back to Philadelphia, and efforts were made with this object in view. At an adjourned session of the Convention in September, 1790, he met General Washington in Philadelphia, who requested him to go on a mission to the Indians to appease their resentment for the murder of two of their tribe on the west

branch of the Susquehanna.¹ He accepted the appointment, and went to Tioga Point, where he met Red Jacket and other chiefs of the Six Nations, with whom he held a conference lasting from the middle of November to the end of the month. During most of this year Colonel Pickering's pressing occupations undoubtedly prevented his usual attention to his private correspondence. The letters above quoted appear to be the only ones between him and his son John, though there was doubtless a regular channel of communication by the letters of Colonel Pickering and his brother in Salem. In December, 1790, Chief-Justice Sargeant and his wife (Colonel Pickering's sister), who had been on a visit at Salem, wrote to him at Wyoming as follows: "We have lately been at Salem, and found all your and our friends there in good health and spirits. Your son, I think, is a promising youth. His mechanical genius will not disgrace his family, and I believe in other respects his genius is good. We both rejoice when we meet with a letter from you at Salem informing of the health of yourself and family."

¹ Life of Timothy Pickering.

CHAPTER III.

Colonel Pickering and the Indian Treaties. — John Pickering enters Harvard College. — Letters from and to his Father. — Removal of his Parents from Wyoming to Philadelphia. — Yellow Fever and Death of his Brother Edward. — College Routine. — Letters.

1791–1795.

IN the early part of the year 1791 Colonel Pickering was still living at Wyoming, but in April he was called to Philadelphia to prepare for holding another treaty with the Indians of the Six Nations; and while there he wrote to his brother: “I have felt much concern for the education of my children, who have suffered since my removal to Wyoming. At present they are provided for by an ingenious young lawyer,¹ — who formerly kept school, — who now boards at my house, assists in my office, and who has undertaken the daily task of instructing the children in reading and writing, and Tim in geography. My son John, I am informed, is a good scholar, and now, I suppose, is fit for entering a college. I have had no communications with you on this subject, nor do I know your kind intentions concerning him. I earnestly wish you to write me. He is yet young enough. Fifteen, I think, is early enough for a youth to make the best improvement of college advantages. What estimate do you put on John’s talents? Does he discover an inclina-

¹ Mr. Ebenezer Bowman.

tion for one of the learned professions, or only to acquire, at present, knowledge in general?"¹ The son was now but little more than thirteen years old, and had been for four years wholly separated from his father, who could obtain information of his progress only through the medium of relatives and friends. Meeting in Philadelphia his brother-in-law, Mr. Wingate, whom he had not seen for fourteen years, Colonel Pickering writes as follows to his brother in Salem: "Mr. Wingate gives me a flattering account of my son John. I wish he could be persuaded to write to me; but perhaps he has almost forgotten me, or ceases to remember me with affection. His brother Tim would be very much gratified by a letter from him. His other brothers scarcely recollect or never knew him."¹ A letter from Colonel Pickering to his wife at Wyoming, dated at Philadelphia, Oct. 14, 1791, mentions having received a letter from his brother, enclosing a letter from his son John, and adds: "The latter I enclose because I know you will be much pleased with his acquirements. The handwriting is like that of a man of business, and the style correct and masterly. My brother writes thus concerning him: 'The temper and disposition of John Pickering render him very agreeable to his relations, and his acquirements in learning have distinguished him among his school-mates.'"

Early in June Colonel Pickering left home to meet the Indians. The treaty with the Six Nations was this time held at Newtown Point, twenty miles above Tioga. More than a thousand Indians of all ages were

¹ Life of Timothy Pickering.

assembled there. After the satisfactory conclusion of this important treaty with the Six Nations Colonel Pickering returned to his home; and soon afterwards, in the month of August, 1791, he was appointed by Washington to the office of postmaster-general. This appointment was hailed with joy by his family and friends as the means of a removal from Wyoming to Philadelphia, where the comforts of domestic life and the advantages of education and society could be enjoyed, and where his own abilities could be profitably and usefully employed in the public service. He himself was at once established in Philadelphia, entering upon the duties of his office and living in lodgings, while looking for a house to accommodate his family. As no suitable one offered, and as winter was approaching, it was thought best not to remove his family until the spring.¹ His wife, with her sister and the children, remained at Wyoming. Their home was enlivened by the society of two inmates of the household, gentlemen of culture and refinement, — one of them the Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, a young clergyman who had gone to Wyoming in his professional capacity;² the other a Mr. Bradley, who had succeeded Mr. Bowman, and was teaching the children in the family. The absent son, though happily situated in the family of his uncle in Salem, was greatly missed by his parents and his brothers. Mrs. Pickering, in a letter from Wilkesbarre, Oct. 31, 1791, to her husband in Philadelphia, thus writes to him: "I scarce need tell you with what

¹ Octavius, the eighth son, was born at Wilkesbarre (Wyoming) Sept. 2, 1791, and was at this time an infant.

² Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, afterwards settled at Lancaster, Mass.

pleasure I read John's letter. His brothers that could read were pleased with it likewise. They wish much to see him, and I am not less solicitous myself; but I fear it will be some time first." Colonel Pickering was himself indebted to the correspondence of Salem relatives and their occasional visits to Philadelphia for information in regard to his son John.

Mr. John Pickering had thought of sending his nephew to college the previous year, and considered him, from his knowledge in classical learning, fit for admission. He was then but fourteen and a half years old, however, and as it was his wish to enter at the same time with his cousin, Frank Williams, his uncle decided, for both reasons, to postpone sending him to college until the summer of 1792. While still at school in Salem, Colonel Pickering had written to his son:

"I see that you have already read more of the classics than were taught at Cambridge during the whole four years that I was there. But the course of education has since been greatly changed for the better. It is fortunate that you make such progress in the dead languages, because it will leave you more time to pursue those other studies, which are peculiarly beneficial, and in this country not easy to be obtained but in an academic education."

In January, 1792, Colonel Pickering, writing to his son John from Philadelphia, says: —

"I hope to enjoy the pleasure of visiting Salem next summer. If I should, I will endeavor to be there before the Cambridge Commencement, and when I return bring you with me to see your mamma and brothers, whom I expect to remove to Philadelphia next May. Your cousin Williams might come with you, and then perhaps his father would follow in five or six weeks and take both of you back. Write me soon, and let me

know whether this project of a visit pleases you and meets with the approbation of your kind friends."

In June Colonel Pickering wrote to his son John again from Philadelphia as follows:—

"On the 29th of last month I arrived here from Wilkesbarre with your mamma, aunt, and brothers. We are very well, and in great expectation of seeing you soon after the Cambridge Commencement. I hope we shall not be disappointed. A better opportunity will not soon present. Undoubtedly I can return with you."

July 17, writing from Salem to his wife, he says:

"I am much pleased with John. In his disposition I know not anything which needs amendment. He is delighted with the idea of accompanying me to Philadelphia. This afternoon I shall take him to Boston, to-morrow to the Commencement at Cambridge, that night to the Williams's at Watertown. On Friday or Saturday he will be examined for admittance at the University; and on Saturday I shall bring him back to Salem, where, after staying a few days, I shall set out with him for Philadelphia. At present I think of setting out on Tuesday, the 24th inst., for Boston, so as to embark in the stage the next morning. In this case I shall reach Philadelphia this day two weeks,—that is, the last day of July; but perhaps some accidents may make it a few days longer."

The next letter from Colonel Pickering to his wife is from Salem, July 22; he says:—

"I returned last evening with John from Cambridge. He is admitted to the University, having performed with great propriety the tasks appointed him. I believe I last wrote that I might set off for Boston next Wednesday; but I have now concluded to set off on Friday morning. Frank Williams, who is also admitted at the University, will go with us and return with John."

The journey to and from Philadelphia was a new experience to the young travellers, and doubtless afforded them much enjoyment, in spite of the fatigue and tediousness of the mode of travelling in those days.

The visit of the son to the home of his parents, after an absence of six years, must have been full of the liveliest and tenderest interest. His eldest brother, Tim, had embarked in a packet for Salem, on the 11th of August, to attend school there; and they must therefore have crossed each other on the way. His brother Henry, who was scarcely five years old when he last saw him, was nearly twelve now. His brothers Charles and William, whom he could only remember, the one as but two years of age, and the other but little more than three months old, were now eight and six years of age. His three youngest brothers, Edward, George, and Octavius, all born at Wilkesbarre, in the Wyoming home, he had never seen until now, on this visit to his parents. He might well feel in leaving them all, as he returned from Philadelphia after this visit, that perhaps he should not see his brothers again for a great while. At the age of only fifteen and a half years he had been away from them six years. He was now to begin his new life at college, and he was to regard his uncle's home in Salem as his own, as he had done while at school. He had been fitted for college by Mr. Thomas Bancroft, who was then the master of a public school in Salem; and he was the only scholar ever fitted for college by Mr. Bancroft, who was afterwards a lawyer by profession.¹ Colonel Pickering wrote from Philadelphia :

¹ Mr. Thomas Bancroft was the father of the late Thomas Poynton Bancroft, who married the eldest daughter of Judge Samuel Putnam.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1792.

MY DEAR SON, — I hope that neither you nor your cousin Francis have any cause to repent of your tour. I find you have retired from Cambridge on account of the small-pox. The leisure of this extra vacation will, I hope, produce at least one letter for Philadelphia. The more letters you write, the less it will seem a task. Practice gives a facility in that as well as other things. When you return to college I shall wish to be informed of the whole course of studies of the respective years of a collegiate education, the books read, and for what periods. Present my love and the love of your mother and brothers to all they know at Salem. Adieu.

TIMOTHY PICKERING.

From Cambridge, Oct. 25, 1792, John Pickering writes to his father as follows: —

DEAR PAPA, — My uncle Wingate is now in this town waiting for the stage in order to go to Philadelphia; therefore if I should neglect writing to you, I should be very culpable. I observed in your last letter to me you wish to be informed of the course of the studies here during the four years. I can only inform you of what I have already studied. The first week I returned, which was almost three weeks ago, I attended Mr. Bradford, the Greek tutor; the books which I studied were Homer's Iliad, and Xenophon. I now attend Mr. Thayer, who teaches Latin; the books are Horace in the morning, and Sallust the other part of the day. We recite at about half after six in the morning, at eleven in the forenoon, and at four in the afternoon. We study rhetoric too, and Pike's Arithmetic. In my next I shall give you a more particular account of my studies. Cousin Timothy Williams has returned; he is much pleased with his journey. Francis and I enjoy ourselves very well here, and are much pleased with college.

Colonel Pickering writes in reply: —

JANUARY 5, 1793.

MY DEAR SON, — I am pleased to find that the college is agreeable to you. The more you pursue the object of going

there, the more agreeable it will become. The institution is incomparably more advantageous than it was when I was there, and it will be more easy for you to lay up a large stock of knowledge. And such a stock of knowledge, obtained in a course of liberal education by a youth intended for one of the learned professions, will be like a decent fortune put into the hands of a young man when setting out in trade, — it will enable him to add to and to multiply his store, so that he may become rich in knowledge, as the other in money. And to one engaged in literary pursuits knowledge is the source of wealth ; this at least is true in two of the learned professions, — law and physic. And in divinity, eminent learning joined with good abilities will enable a man to be eminently useful to his fellow-men. I hope you will make a decent figure. I am sure you will if you please. And I wish you to contemplate your future life as to be devoted to one of them, but without fixing on either until your education at college is finished. For there I wish your studies may embrace whatever can be useful as a preparative in any active profession, or adorn the scholar and the gentleman. There is no employment in life in which a stock of liberal knowledge will not be found beneficial. I dwell on this point, and urge your attention to it, because I almost daily feel the want of so invaluable an acquisition. On a thousand occasions I have felt sensibly the want of general knowledge, — I mean the knowledge which has penetrated beyond the surface of the sciences. Now is the time for you to avoid my errors, that you may escape the disadvantages which I continually experience, and that you may render yourself a more useful citizen. My affection, superior to all other considerations, dictates this advice. And I persuade myself I shall not advise in vain. Tim will show you my letter to him. There you will see how I wish you to spend part of your time during the vacation. Your advances in learning will enable you to be useful to your brother ; and in assisting him you will benefit yourself. Pray have you any instructor in the art of reading and speaking ? I hardly know anything which would be more useful to those who are to speak in the pulpit or at the bar. One would suppose that nothing would be more easy to acquire than reading and speaking with propriety. In speaking, I mean so far as respects elocution, or the

power of expression. And yet so few read and speak in public with propriety, I must conclude that nothing is more difficult. Hence, too, it will not be easy to find a proper model for imitation. To speak speeches, as the children call it, is quite the fashion in the schools of Philadelphia; yet from the specimens I have seen of the effects of such speaking, I do not wish mine to be so instructed. I have but one thing more to recommend at this time; that is, to visit all your relatives, and when you can be introduced, to visit others among whom any useful information may be obtained, or among whom you may extend your knowledge of life and acquire an easy behavior in company. Let our friends know that your mamma and I remember them with the kindest affection. Farewell.

T. PICKERING.

In compliance with the father's request for an account of his college studies, his son writes as follows:—

SALEM, Jan. 26, 1793.

We attend the tutor who teaches Latin, and the tutor who teaches Greek, a fortnight each alternately; the Latin books are Horace in the morning, and Sallust at eleven o'clock and at four on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. The Greek are Homer in the morning, and Xenophon at eleven and four o'clock on the same days of the week. On Friday we have very little to do. In the morning when we first went to college we used to read in the *Art of Reading or Speaking*. On Friday afternoon we recite in Dr. Lowth's *English Grammar*. On Saturday morning we used to recite in rhetoric; but when we return we are to read "*History, Ancient and Modern*," by the Abbé Millot. At half after eight we attend the professor of mathematics, which I like very well; and at nine we attend the French instructor, which finishes the week.

Under date of March 1, Colonel Pickering writes to his son:—

"I received your letter of January 26, giving me an account of college exercises. I have purchased Livy's *Roman History*

in four volumes, and the translation of the first six books in two, for your use. Mr. Wingate¹ takes them on; and if he should not pass through Cambridge, will leave them with your cousin Clarke at Boston, by whom if I have time I shall write to Tim, and perhaps again to you."

In the next letter to his son, dated at Philadelphia, March 3, 1793, Colonel Pickering says:—

"I expect to be absent the ensuing summer, holding a treaty; with a view to make peace with the Western Indians. General Lincoln and Beverly Randolph (late Governor of Virginia) are named commissioners with me. I shall probably write you again before I go, which I suppose will not be earlier than the 1st of May."

On the 23d of April, in a letter to his father, John says:—

"As we have a good deal of leisure time at college after we have learned our lessons, and I think I should like to read some useful books, I should be glad if you would tell me what books you think would be best for me. Next quarter we shall study logic and geography."

In a letter of the 29th of April, Colonel Pickering writes from Philadelphia:—

"I can now say but a few words, having much to do, and to set off to-morrow for the Indian treaty at Sandusky. It may be unnecessary (I am persuaded that it is unnecessary) to urge a diligent pursuit of your studies. On that will depend your reputation and usefulness in the world. As I think you able, so I would fain hope you will arise above mediocrity in learning. But I have formerly been very explicit on this subject, and now I will say no more. Your cousin Mr. Clarke can inform and advise you better than any man I know. I am sure also that to render you any benefit will afford him pecu-

¹ Hon. Payne Wingate, M. C. from New Hampshire.

liar pleasure. He expressly desires that you will make yourself familiar at his house. You will find his conversation as pleasing as it is instructive. Do not, therefore, ever see Boston without seeing him. I expect to be absent on the Indian business about four months. I hope in that time you will write frequently to your mother."

A letter to his mother was written while the yellow fever prevailed in Philadelphia: —

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 17, 1793.

DEAR MAMMA,—While so many are carried off by that dreadful fever which has raged in Philadelphia for a few weeks past, can I think that you are secure against its attacks? When I first heard of its being in Philadelphia, as it was in Water Street I was not concerned about you; but as I have heard since that it has spread over the city, pray let me know, my dear mamma, how you and my aunt and brothers are, especially those of them who you told me were affected by the hot weather this summer. Let me know, too, whether you have removed, or intend to remove, from the city. Have you heard from papa lately? The newspapers here say that they (the commissioners) have not been able to make a treaty with the Indians. I was at Boston about two weeks ago, and saw Cousin Clarke, who told me he had received a letter from papa, dated in July (I think) at Lake Erie, in which he said he had been very well; and as there had been reports here that the commissioners were in some danger from the Indians, he desired Mr. Clarke to inform our friends that he was perfectly safe. I am more pleased with college than ever; and though when I first came I thought I should not find enough to do, I have quite enough to do now. After I have learned the lesson—which is generally in about half of the time allowed for it—I employ myself in reading. I have been reading lately an Abridgment of the History of England by Dr. Goldsmith, which Cousin Clarke lent me, and am very much pleased with it; but I think I would rather read Hume's,—though I do not know but it would be better to let that alone a year or two longer. Mr. Clarke has advised me to read M. de Buffon's Natural History, in French; for he says I

shall then kill two birds with one stone, — while I am getting a knowledge of natural history, I shall also improve in French. Let my aunt and brothers know that I remember them with affection. Adieu.

JOHN PICKERING.

“On the return of the commissioners to Philadelphia, the yellow fever was prevalent there; and soon so great were its ravages and virulent its type that the whole city was in consternation, and the panic spread through the entire country.”¹ Colonel Pickering’s next letter to his son John was from Philadelphia, Sept. 26, 1793:

MY DEAR SON, — This day your letter of the 17th to your mamma arrived. I read it, as well as she, with great pleasure. The state of the family a few days back you will probably learn from Mr. Clarke or Mr. Lyman, by means of communications which I have desired might be made to them. I have the happiness now to tell you that we are all well.

The next letter from Colonel Pickering to his son was written in less than three weeks afterwards:

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 14, 1793.

MY DEAR SON, — I have written you once since my return from the Indian treaty. I have now the sorrowful task to announce the death of your lovely brother Edward. He was only six years and a month old, but he had a strong and manly understanding, far beyond those years, and I had pleased myself with the fond prospect of his useful eminence in the world. But it has pleased God to disappoint my hopes, and doubtless for wise purposes, though to us inscrutable. Your mamma has endured much fatigue and anxiety, but otherwise is well. Your aunt was attacked last Friday. I now think the crisis is past with her, so that she is out of danger. I was exceedingly exhausted by my close attendance upon Edward, but am now

¹ Life of Timothy Pickering.

pretty well again. I hope there is some small check to the disease generally. The uncommon dry and warm weather is much against us. We have not had the value of one hour's heavy rain since I have been at home. Upwards of two thousand persons, I suppose, have died here in about two months, — a terrible destruction. You grew up, my dear son, in such purity of heart and manners, and with so much gentleness of disposition, as endeared you to all your friends. I hope the same purity and benevolence will insure the continuance of their regard, and render you acceptable to your Heavenly Father. So prays your fond parent,

TIMOTHY PICKERING.

The following letter from John, then at Salem, to his father, manifests the anxiety which he felt before the above letter had been received by him : —

SALEM, Oct. 21, 1793.

DEAR PAPA, — I wish you could write to me every day. I am very anxious to know how you and the rest of the family are. I am very glad to hear, by your letter of the 14th ult. to Tim, which arrived to-day, that my aunt is recovering, and my brothers are well. I hope mamma has not been attacked by the fever yet. Do, papa, write as often as you can. Can you tell me whether the fever has abated? I hope it has, but I fear it has not. Mr. Pickman, who was at our house to-day, said that in the newspaper of last Thursday it was mentioned that ninety persons were buried in one night. I hope that account is not true. Do write soon; my uncle Pickering is very much concerned about you. I shall be at Cambridge by the time you receive this, and I hope you will write me often while I am there.

To this anxious letter Colonel Pickering replied as follows : —

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 28, 1793.

To-day I received your letter of the 21st. You mention the arrival of mine of the 14th to Tim. I wrote you at least as

early, enclosed probably in one to Mr. Clarke, which if not already delivered, I wish you to ask for. I am pleased with your solicitude for the lives and health of your parents and friends here, and I will write you frequently while any appearance of danger continues. It is now very small indeed, the mortality having wonderfully abated.

OCTOBER 29.

Last night and the preceding night we had frost, and it continues very cold. This continued a few days will nearly eradicate the contagion from the city. Shops which have been long shut are opening, the citizens look cheerful, and business again makes a noise in our streets. Some citizens who removed are also returning to the city, but they are too precipitate; they had better have waited a week or ten days longer. All the family is now well except your mamma, and she is much better. As soon as a conveyance presents, I shall send you Cowper's second volume of Homer, containing the *Odyssey*. I do not remember your acknowledgment of the receipt of the *Iliad*. I shall continue to enclose my letters to your cousin Clarke, whom I wish you frequently to see.

A few days later, November 2, Colonel Pickering writes to him still more encouragingly:—

“With great pleasure I advise you of the continuance of health in my family; nobody is at all indisposed, except your mamma, and she is much better, so that she sits below stairs. The yellow fever has almost disappeared. I am no longer apprehensive of danger. The citizens are returning, and may, I think, return with safety. During the present week we have had repeated frosts, and within the last forty-eight hours a soaking rain, which must greatly purify the city. All solicitude for the safety of your friends here may cease. It will give me much pleasure to receive letters from you frequently, and writing them will be as useful to you as pleasing to me. I wish to know what exercises are prescribed in the course of education, and what books you voluntarily read. What are you doing about the French language? I wrote you some time since,

desiring you to take pains to acquire the pronunciation as well as to understand that language. I have received no answer on this head."

Colonel Pickering's next letter to his son was written only four days afterwards: —

NOVEMBER 6, 1793.

I have again the pleasure to tell you that the family continue to enjoy health. Your mamma has recovered her wonted degree of it. I have at different times recommended a diligent pursuit of literature, not only such parts as fell into the course of academical education, but other useful branches, as time will permit. I think I shall not need repeat the recommendation to you. But there is one caution which I do not remember to have given, — to take regular and sufficient exercise. Without health there is no enjoyment in life, and health cannot be maintained without due exercise. I wish you, therefore, not to let any fair day pass without a walk or other exercise in the open air. When I find leisure I may be more particular. Affectionately, farewell.

The twin daughters of Colonel Pickering, Mary and Elizabeth, were born at Philadelphia, Nov. 21, 1793. At this time Colonel Pickering was holding the office of postmaster-general, and his occupation must have been engrossing; but the education and welfare of his absent sons was so constantly in mind that his correspondence with them was unremitted. The student in college, busy with his studies, was not so punctual a correspondent, as appears from the following letter to his father: —

CAMBRIDGE, Dec., 1793.

DEAR PAPA, — I have neglected writing to you so long that I am ashamed of myself. I am inexcusable. As soon as you informed me of the recovery of the family from the yellow fever my concern for them was at an end, — as if no other sick-

ness was dangerous. Do, papa, let me know how they are, especially how mamma is.

Before the receipt of the above letter Colonel Pickering had written to his son John the following letter respecting his brother Timothy, still in Salem :—

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 25, 1793.

I have this week received from your uncle Williams a letter offering to your brother Tim an apprenticeship with Mr. Pratt.¹ I have to consider of it, and shortly will write fully on the subject. Before the receipt of that letter I had contemplated a better education for Tim than so early an apprenticeship would admit of,—an education which should be a foundation to qualify him for any employment in private or in public life, the learned professions excepted. With this view I intended to propose to you in the approaching vacation to begin to teach Tim the Latin tongue, from whence so much of the English is derived, which meets the eye in almost every book we open, and which is so inseparably interwoven with all our laws and law proceedings. At Tim's age one year's diligent attention to the Latin would give him a more accurate knowledge of it than the whole period of school education to boys in general at the childish age in which they begin and prosecute it. I had thought during the vacation you might assist your brother in his first essays, and that afterwards he might proceed under the tuition of Mr. Rogers, his schoolmaster. I also wish Tim may learn French,—the language of universal use in active life. On these hints I request you to begin with your brother, be his future destination what it may. You will favor me with an answer by the first post.

The reply to this letter was as follows :—

SALEM, Jan. 8, 1794.

DEAR PAPA,—Your letter of the 25th, in which you write concerning Tim's education, arrived to-day. I showed it to Tim,

¹ William Pratt, Esq., married Mary Williams, daughter of George and Lydia (Pickering) Williams. He was the partner in the wholesale dry-goods house of Boott & Pratt, Boston.

and after he had read it he did not seem to be much pleased. He says he don't like to learn so much by heart as is necessary in learning the Latin language. He seems to be very fond of writing; not long ago he told me he should prefer being a merchant to being a farmer, because a merchant has to write so much: but ever since he has been here, except a few weeks past, he has said that farming was the best business that he knew of. I wish there was more writing to be done in learning Latin. This afternoon he began to study it, and I daresay he would make great proficiency, especially if you will write to him on the subject. I don't know anybody that has a better memory than he. Uncle has been very well this winter.

The Rev. Dr. John Clarke, nephew of Colonel Pickering, in his letters to him writes thus of his son John, in whom he had always taken a warm interest: —

JANUARY 4, 1794.

Your son is in perfect health, and pursues his studies with great success. He sustains a most exalted character, both in regard to morals and literature.

Again Dr. Clarke writes: —

FEBRUARY 16, 1794.

Your son paid me a visit not long since, and by my advice is reading Tacitus and Buffon. The former will furnish high entertainment as a classical historian, and the latter will at the same time help him in his French and introduce him to the knowledge of nature.

The next letter from Colonel Pickering to his son John was dated at Philadelphia, Jan. 2, 1794: —

“On my return from the Indian treaty, which was not till the 20th ult., your mamma handed me your letter. I have been too much occupied with Indian affairs to think of private ones. I am gratified by all your letters, because I see a constant improvement with your growing years, and a diligent pursuit of your studies. I am sorry to find that the advancement in liter-

ature at Cambridge continues to depend more on the application of the pupil than the attention of the instructor, and that a student may, if inclined, pass four years at Cambridge, and then be almost as ignorant as when he entered college. But my information of you is different; it is all I can wish for, and I trust you will never forfeit the excellent character you have acquired by your morals and learning. The greatest happiness of a parent I enjoy, for I have not yet discovered in one of my children a disposition unkind or unjust. God grant they may ever continue to make my heart glad by being virtuous and useful in life! The degree of their usefulness will much depend on the extent of their knowledge. I contemplated the pleasure of seeing you this winter in Philadelphia; but on the whole thought it best to let you pass the vacation among your friends at the Eastward. At this season of the year the journey would probably be very disagreeable. Yesterday I agreed to accept a new and arduous office, that of Secretary of War. It had long ago been talked of, and it now appeared to be the general expectation (and I understand the general wish) that I should be appointed. December 31 General Knox resigned. January 1 the President tendered me the office, and January 2 he named me to the Senate, who have given their approbation. Do not fail to write me often. I think you may rely that I will not let your letters pass unanswered."

A few days afterwards Colonel Pickering wrote again to his son : —

JANUARY, 8, 1794.

I wrote you lately about assisting your brother Tim in his first essays to learn Latin. If Tim should decline, or his friends not think it worth his while to learn Latin, yet at all events I would have him learn French. In his first attempts you can assist him; but the pronunciation he must learn from a Frenchman. By the way, you have never answered my question on this point with respect to yourself. Do you learn the pronunciation of French from one to whom it was vernacular? Pray do not neglect this. To you, a pretty just pronunciation

would be easy to acquire, and there is no agreeable conversing without it. Your mamma is remarkably well; perhaps in the last seven years she has not enjoyed so good health. The rest of the family are well. I have a great desire to see you, and trust I shall be gratified the ensuing summer. I received Tim's letter of December 21, and am glad to find he has made such proficiency in school education. Both of you are very dear to your fond father,

T. PICKERING.

The answer to this letter was written at Salem, Jan. 23, 1794: —

DEAR PAPA, — I have received your letter of January 8, in which you mention your desire that Tim should learn the Latin and French languages. Immediately upon the receipt of your first on that subject, Tim, though then very unwilling, began Latin; but after two or three lessons he was so much pleased with it that it would not have been very easy for any one but you to have dissuaded him from studying it. His fondness for it still continues. I am very sorry that the French instructor in this town is not a Frenchman. He is an Italian; but I heard a French gentleman say this of one of his scholars, "He speaks French as well as I do." There is no other French instructor in this town. Would you be willing that Tim should learn of him? Tim has left the writing school in order to go to the Latin, and will be very much disappointed if you should alter your opinion. Our French instructor at Cambridge I think pronounces French more agreeably than I ever heard any one before. He is a Frenchman. There is a French Club at Cambridge, of which I am a member, and which meets once a week for the purpose of conversing in French. The members of it are chosen by the instructor, who is present at every meeting and corrects our mistakes. I had quite a long conversation (if it might be so called) with him one evening. He asked me who was my instructor, when I learned French, how long I studied it, etc. I could not answer this last question. I wish you would answer it. He says I pronounce *doucement*.¹ You

¹ His musical ear, delicately attuned, gave him always great facility in the pronunciation of foreign languages.

will know better what he means by this word than by any translation of it which I could give you ; for this reason I have written the original. I should be glad if you would excuse my giving you a detail of my progress in the books prescribed for study, also of the books I read, till I return to Cambridge, which will be on the 5th of February. Uncle Pickering is as well as usual. Tim joins me in my love to you. I am your obedient son,

JOHN PICKERING.

In the next letter to his son Colonel Pickering writes from Philadelphia, Feb. 24, 1794 : —

“This is to inform you that last week I delivered to Christopher Gore, Esq., Cowper’s translation of Homer’s *Odyssey*, which he promised to deliver to you. You may inquire whether he has got home ; and if you do not receive it soon after, it will be proper for you to go or send for it. If he resides at Waltham, one of your cousins Williams can get it ; if at Boston, you can call for it yourself.”

John writes to his father as follows : —

CAMBRIDGE, March 21, 1794.

There will be a public examination of the scholars in a short time. Some question is asked, or a sentence of Latin, Greek, etc., is given to each scholar, which if he answers or construes, his name is put down as one excelling in such a particular branch. But, papa, I think it a very uncertain way of judging of a scholar’s abilities by a single sentence, etc. I think that the tutors and professors whom they attend every day ought to be judges in this case, and inform the corporation (for the examination is before them) of those scholars who excel. I have received your letter of the 24th of February, and Cowper’s translation of the *Odyssey*. I have a deal more to tell you, but cannot now, as it is very late, and this goes to-morrow. Adieu.

In reply to this letter Colonel Pickering writes from Philadelphia, April 2, 1794 : —

“I have been favored with your letter of the 21st ult. We are all well. Henry and Charles have lately considerably improved in reading, and have entered upon French under a teacher from Paris.”

In answer to Colonel Pickering's letter of April 2, his son wrote to him from Salem, April 26, 1794, as follows:—

“Next quarter some in our class will have a part at an exhibition; and there are so many ‘fishing’ for parts that I can hardly be persuaded to follow your advice in all respects, though I am certain it would be for the best. I am almost afraid to study, lest I should have a part,—than which nothing would be more disagreeable to me; and if I should have one, I really believe I should feign sickness in order to get clear of performing it. Performing publicly would not make me a better scholar. The fame it would procure would ‘perish with the day.’ I see no advantage in it; and whatever is of no advantage, and attended with so much anxiety as I think that must be, is hardly worthy of pursuit.¹ You have often desired an account of our progress in college studies; but I believe I have not given you one yet. I do not know what the reason is; I will do it now. The slow progress we have made will surprise you; but if you will consider that we don't learn half so much at a lesson as we did at school, your astonishment will cease. In Homer and Xenophon we have about thirty lines at a lesson,—in the former from sixty to eighty lines was a lesson at school; we have learnt the first three books in each of those authors. We are about half through Horace, have gone quite through Sallust, and have learnt a few pages in Livy. We have just finished Watts' Logic, and next quarter shall begin Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding. We have done studying geography (Morse's), though we have only learnt about two thirds of the first volume; I think it quite as advantageous as Euclid's Elements of Geometry, which

¹ The modesty natural to him, and the diffidence which to a certain extent characterized him through life, furnish a key to these decided expressions of the young student, which were soon afterwards reconsidered and censured as decidedly.

we shall study next quarter instead of it. On Friday mornings we declaim in the chapel, on Saturday mornings we read Millot's Ancient and Modern History. We have got about two thirds through the first volume; there are five volumes of it. It is a translation from the French, and is as bad a one, in my opinion, as could have been written. Besides, papa, it is much too short for 'Universal History,' as it is entitled, — though I don't suppose we shall go through it while we are in college. I had like to have forgotten arithmetic; we study Pike's, in which we have got as far as algebra."

In the next letter from Colonel Pickering to his son, Philadelphia, May 7, 1794, he asks: —

"What is the nature of the intended exhibition? Why should you decline taking a part? If you purposely avoid it now, your aversion to performing anything in public will increase. Should you even commit a *faux pas*, of which, however, there is no danger, yet it had better happen now than when you are older; and all the risk is in the first attempt. Let me entreat you, therefore, not to shrink from any performance which your instructors shall propose to you. Above all, do not feign a misfortune which does not exist, to escape the most disagreeable exercise. If it will not make you a better scholar, yet performing in public will give you what I suspect you want, — a proper degree of confidence in yourself; to which, or I am greatly mistaken, your understanding and acquirements justly entitle you. And if it only tends, as I am certain it will, to give you this, the advantage will be very great. The oftener you exhibit in public, the less will be your anxiety; and at this early period the more frequently you enter into the company and conversation of respectable strangers of both sexes, the sooner you will secure an easy freedom, which will contribute to your happiness, and certainly guard you from the awkward pains of a recluse. For want of such advice and of corresponding opportunities, I have suffered all my life long anxieties from which I wish you may be exempt. The advice I give you is the result of a parent's experience, and therefore will have its due weight with a son so affectionate and respectful as you. I note what you say of the

studies prescribed in the college. I would recommend to you to advance with speed. If weakness or negligence cause others to creep, you, who are so strong and diligent, may run. If Homer and Xenophon merit attention, let them be learnt to purpose. Instead of stopping daily at thirty lines, proceed as far as your time will permit; and you may get through both, when others have advanced but to a few of the first books. So of Millot's History: when it will come in as a grateful change, pursue it; and you may read it through before the class in general arrive at the end of the first volume. Five volumes are enough for the first essay at general history."

In reference to the study of French, John writes to his father from Cambridge, May 15, 1794:—

"I am glad that Henry and Charles have begun to learn French.¹ It appears to me that it is a great advantage to begin so young. I think it has been to me.² I have seen very few scholars here who can pronounce French properly, and those who could, began it when they were very young; but I should not think it impossible for grown persons to attain it. I am more pleased with mathematics than anything we study at college. Mathematical demonstration leaves no doubt in one's mind. I feel a peculiar satisfaction, after puzzling over any problem, in finding it out. If I could persuade myself that mathematics would be of any great advantage to me, I should attend to it more than I do now. I have agreed with one of my classmates to demonstrate a proposition in Euclid every morning. Next week we study Locke. I am afraid I sha'n't like it, but I have determined to study it very carefully. I have read Cowper's *Odyssey*. I don't remember that I ever acknowledged the receipt of it."

On the 21st of May John again wrote to his father as follows:—

"Your letter of the 7th ult. dissuaded me from what would have been the cause of much grief to me,—I mean the not per-

¹ Henry at this time thirteen years old, and Charles ten.

² He began French when only six years old.

forming a part at the next Exhibition, should one be assigned me. I am almost unpardonable for the thoughts I had of it. I had determined not to perform, before I received your letter, for which I should never have forgiven myself. I am unable to express my gratitude to you, papa; why did not you, as many parents would have done, threaten to take me away from college, or banish me forever from your sight, should I dare to make the least objection to performing? By following your advice in all respects, I meant no more than this,—that I should not like to shut myself in my study, lest I should be thought to be ‘fishing’ for a part at exhibition. By ‘fishing’ they mean studying diligently, attending constantly at recitation, etc., that one may deserve a part. I observe as much as possible not to say anything of anybody, unless it be something good of them.¹ In every company here I think of an expression of Mr. Knox in his Moral Essays, ‘Calumny is a kind of salt, which more frequently than wit seasons the feast of conversation.’ The theatre at Boston is a great damage to the University. Every night on which plays are acted some scholars attend. I have been four times, and have always seen scholars there. I did not go four times, papa, because I liked it so well: twice I only went out of politeness to some of my friends; both the others I went to see how the actors performed. The first time a comedy was acted; it was intolerable. However, a good many were enraptured with it. ‘Oh, inimitable!’ said they. The next play I saw was the tragedy of George Barnwell, which I could not read without shedding tears; but when I saw it acted I was disgusted.

“Mr. Clarke advised me to buy Tacitus in Latin. He says there are none in Boston; and if you can buy them in Philadelphia and send them to me conveniently, I should be very glad. I think they are in two duodecimo volumes. We have begun Locke’s Essay on the Human Understanding. I am very

¹ This principle, by which he was actuated in youth, was cherished through life. Dr. James Jackson, who was a classmate in college and an intimate friend for fifty-three years, said to the writer, in speaking of him, after his decease: “Did you never notice that your father when forced to mention anything against a person, would always lower his voice when speaking of it?”

much pleased with it, though the style is rather too old-fashioned and rough. However, the appearance of a thing ought to give place to the utility of it. Papa, if you will write to me in French I will try to answer your letters in French; I think it would be of great advantage. I have had very little French since I have been here. We have begun algebra, but I can't tell yet how I shall like it,—though I like mathematics so well I have no doubt that I shall like it."

On the 9th of June John writes again from Cambridge to his father:—

"I am at length freed from that disagreeable anxiety in which I was when I wrote to you last. The government have assigned me a part in an English Dialogue for the next exhibition, which will be either in three or four weeks from to-morrow."

In reply Colonel Pickering wrote the following letter to his son:—

PHILADELPHIA, June 17, 1794.

Yesterday I received your letter of the 9th. I had before received those of May 15 and 21, which I did not answer because I was unusually pressed with business. This pressure will continue some time, and probably prevent my intended journey to Massachusetts,—at least till autumn. I was much pleased with your letter of the 21st of May, in which you expressed your determination not to avoid a part in the exhibition, and in which you express sentiments which do honor to your head and heart. I am glad you have been at the theatre, and not displeased that to you it has but few charms. Whether it be want of taste or any other defect, so it is, I can barely approve when others applaud; and among a few passages that please, there are so many which are indifferent or absolutely disgusting, that I have seldom visited the play-house. I am gratified that your want of taste corresponds with mine. By the way, the players are worst of all in tragedy. There is a dignity in it which is above them, or else tragedy is an unnat-

ural thing, and of course admits not of a natural representation. I have seen, indeed, but two tragedies, — one by the old, and one by the new company, in this city, and neither in my estimation was tolerable. Mrs. Whitlock (sister to the so much celebrated Mrs. Siddons) alone exhibited anything of nature. I have searched the book-stores here for Tacitus, and cannot find him. From the remarks I have seen on his style and sentiments, I think it will be best for you to postpone your reading him at least for a year, and in that time I may chance to find him. You propose my writing to you in French as the means of your improvement; but, my dear boy, I am probably much behind you in the knowledge of that, as well as other languages. From attention to the pronunciation of Frenchmen at some few opportunities of my life, and perhaps from a facility in imitating sounds, I can read it pretty well; but I need a dictionary and grammar to construe it correctly. I am just able to assist your younger brothers, and in helping them I find a sensible improvement in myself. This, however, need not prevent your writing to me in French. I am sure it would be advantageous to you. The family remain in health, and remember you with kindness. I am, my dear son, yours with all possible affection,

TIMOTHY PICKERING.

The following letter to Colonel Pickering from his son is dated at Salem, Aug. 2, 1794 : —

DEAR PAPA, — The Exhibition, of which I promised to give you an account, must have afforded but little entertainment to the audience, for the English Oration, which is the principal part, was omitted because of the indisposition of the orator, and there is no other English part except the Dialogue. The Latin, Greek, and Hebrew Orations cannot be very entertaining, especially to the female part of the audience. The Latin Oration would pass tolerably well, I suppose, at any exhibition, although it was the first that has been written by one of the junior class. The Greek and Hebrew are not composed by the scholars, therefore as to that I am silent; but concerning the manner in which they were delivered, this I will say, that it did not appear to me to be natural, — though, as I don't understand Hebrew, I ought not

to judge. Perhaps if you had asked somebody else, you would be informed better of the manner in which the Dialogue was spoken. It is difficult for any one concerned to say how well anything is done. I can't tell how I spoke myself; I wish somebody else would tell you. I am to set off for Haverhill with Aunt Gool in a few minutes. I have not seen Mrs. Higginson this vacation. I called at her house a few days ago; she was not at home. There has been a dreadful fire at Boston this week; I believe nearly two hundred buildings burnt, of which about forty were dwelling-houses. All our friends at Boston were at a considerable distance from it, and I believe none of their property was destroyed by it.

Colonel Pickering next wrote to his son from Canandaigua, Oct. 4, 1794:—

MY DEAR SON,—I am here to hold a treaty with the Six Nations of Indians. They were to have assembled here on the 8th of September; but knowing their usual delays, I did not leave Philadelphia till the 10th. I have been here since the 19th. From two to three hundred have arrived, and the rest may be expected the ensuing week. I expect a great assembly, upwards of a thousand, consisting of men, women, and children; for in this manner they carry on their negotiations, and not by a delegation of their wisest men. They have reason for this custom. At the treaties with white people they usually receive clothing and other presents, and those who attend probably appropriate to their own use most of what they receive. Besides, they are usually well fed for a fortnight or more, and get plenty of liquor; and good eating and drinking for that time would alone induce many to travel a hundred miles with their young children at their backs. The women attend because they carry the baggage of the family, cut and bring wood to their fire-places, and cook their victuals; for the men in general think all toil dishonorable except that of war or hunting. The Indians who have long dwelt near the white people are an exception, for there the men perform some labor. I expected to have concluded the treaty and got home to Philadelphia by the last of

this month, but now I think it will be some time in November.¹ I enclose a small map of Pennsylvania and part of the adjacent countries southward of Lake Ontario; and eastward of Genessee River you will see Canandaigua, where I am now writing. Five years ago this country was without a white inhabitant; and now between Genessee River and a meridian drawn thence to the north line of Pennsylvania and the line marked on the map “pre-emption line,” there are five thousand, chiefly emigrants from New England.

¹ This completed Colonel Pickering’s service as Indian negotiator. He had held conferences with the tribes included under the general name of the Six Nations on five several occasions. — *Life of Timothy Pickering.*

CHAPTER IV.

College Exercises. — Oration. — Correspondence with his Father. — Death of Charles. — Commencement Part. — Leaves College. — Returns to Philadelphia.

1795–1796.

FROM Salem, Jan. 29, 1795, John writes to his father as follows : —

“I have, by Mr. Clarke’s advice, begun to read Middleton’s Life of Cicero, and am, as is usual with books which he recommends, much pleased with it. I believe, however, my pleasure consists of anticipation of the pleasure I shall receive from reading Cicero’s Letters to Atticus; to read which Cicero’s life has excited a desire which can no longer be resisted. I shall, therefore, unless my oracle say ‘No,’ begin those letters as soon as I meet them, which I hope will be next quarter.”

From Philadelphia, Feb. 19, Colonel Pickering writes to his son : —

“My multiplied calls to business have left me little leisure to contribute to the education of my children, although it is a matter nearest my heart. You have enjoyed advantages for improving which are the portion of very few, and I feel happy that you have not let them slip. By persevering in the same course of diligent application you will qualify yourself for extensive usefulness on the public stage. By the consciousness of my own deficiencies, and the sensible inconveniences resulting from them, I warn you to be indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge. Now is the time to lay a foundation on which you may afterwards build with as much pleasure as success. In a former letter you intimated your attachment to politics. It

is rather early for you to have entertained political views, and I should advise you to acquire some portion of every branch of learning, without attaching yourself in preference to any one, while you are at the University. That short period will barely enable you to obtain the general knowledge which will qualify you to converse with, or even to understand, men of talents and learning on the various subjects which engage their attention and discussion. When you leave the University, your profession must be chosen. If you should have a predilection for public life, it may be in my power to contribute to your advancement; but the foundation must be laid by yourself by your diligent pursuit of knowledge. With a fund of knowledge you could execute a public office, to your country with advantage, to yourself with ease and honor; for I am persuaded that it is not the fond partiality of a parent which rates your abilities much above mediocrity. The mathematics are a branch of learning taught at the University. I am anxious that you should make a good proficiency in them, and in their most extensive meaning. They are of eminent use in public business. Calculation enters into all political consideration. Without calculation our conclusions are often vague and erroneous. Many questions arise which require a resort to the mathematics for their solution. History is of eminent utility to a public man. This will amuse while it instructs you; and what you read of it at college should be by way of relaxation from studies which are dry or abstruse. I am pleased that the French language is so familiar to you; it is doubtless of all foreign languages the most useful. But let not the Latin and Greek be slighted. Without both, you will hardly obtain the character of a learned man, though you may obtain it if you please, — at least so far as that character is compatible with a man of business. You have spent much time to learn these two languages, and what has cost so much is surely worth preserving, — especially seeing that a little frequent or daily practice will enable you to keep what you have got, and gradually to make additions. Of the two, Latin is doubtless to be preferred. To that our own and most of the languages of Europe are closely allied. I hope you will continue to study it in such manner as to read not only an easy, but the most difficult author with pleasure. And

here let me give you a caution, prompted and urged by my own unlucky experience,—not to lay aside your Latin and Greek books when you lay aside your college-gown. A language neither read nor spoken will soon be forgotten. Should you unfortunately become chargeable with the same blamable neglect that I was, you will be surprised, and grieved while you are surprised, to find how soon much of them will be forgotten. Chesterfield dwells upon the graces, and I would not have you destitute of them. While you aim at an easy, polite deportment, avoid as you would contempt, every semblance of affectation. Indeed, I think you possess such native simplicity of soul as to be incapable of affectation, unless you should be misled by false maxims, or a mistaken conception of the principles of politeness. Continue to write me with your accustomed frankness, for I am a parent, not a master. We are all well, and love you as you would wish us to do. By the way, your handwriting is very legible, and that is the great use of writing; but I approve of your determination to improve its appearance.”

After a longer interval than usual, when John had written several letters without receiving any from his father, he made a resolution to write to him immediately; but upon second thought he delayed doing it, from his desire to prepare for the public examination, by reviewing all his studies. He therefore asks his father, in a letter of June 11, from Cambridge:—

“What do you think of forming resolutions? Is it advantageous, or not? Does not it argue weakness? I have resolved to read Livy in Latin during my last year at college. I have resolved also to read Pliny’s Letters in the original between this and Commencement. Shall I see you here, or in Philadelphia, this summer? How are mamma, aunt, and my brothers and sisters? Tell me how you all are as soon as you can find time.”

From Salem, July 21, 1795, he writes again to his father as follows:—

"There have been so many interruptions, by collegiate and other holidays, for a month past that I have been unable to examine our literary account. Upon inspection I find, to my great surprise, that I am two letters in debt to you. How this has happened I cannot conceive. I am not conscious that it is through any neglect on my part. However, as I am at leisure now, I shall balance the account immediately. The first letter I received from you is dated June 18, the second is of July 11. This I should have answered immediately, had I not been waiting for Tim's examination to be finished, for I received it while he was examining, and I wished to let you know the result immediately. It is unnecessary for me to tell you he is admitted; this you would consider as a natural inference from his examination, did you know how well prepared he was. After his examination, that we might have something else to remember the day by, we walked from Cambridge to Salem, except four miles, which we rode with an acquaintance of mine. I feel the effects of my walk yet, and I daresay you begin to perceive it in my letter; so just telling you that we are all well, and giving my love to mamma, aunt, and my brothers and sisters, I bid you adieu!"

Colonel Pickering's reply to this letter is dated Philadelphia, July 28: —

"Yesterday I received your letter of the 21st from Salem. When you have recovered from your fatigue, perhaps you will give me some account of Commencement. But how happened it that a walk of sixteen miles only should produce effects which you felt for three days after? It is a proof that you exercise too little. I beg you to remember that exercise is as necessary as food to keep the body in health, and that without health we can taste no pleasure. Let not a day pass, then, without exercise. Walking only is inadequate. Labor gives motion to every muscle. You proposed reading Livy the ensuing year; I trust you will not omit it. Have you read Kennet's Roman Antiquities? If not, I advise your doing it. That kind of knowledge will enable you to read both the poets and historians with more understanding."

The next letter to Colonel Pickering relates to a coming exhibition, in which his son was assigned a part : —

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 4, 1795.

DEAR PAPA,—You may thank the governors of the University for this letter. They have given me a part in an Exhibition which is to be on the last Tuesday of this month. I am to exhibit a Latin Oration of my own composition. Never was a person in such perplexity as I am for a subject. I have so many things to do besides thinking, that I hardly know what to go about first, — all my college exercises to attend (which I have told you was as much as I could find time to do), besides this Oration to write. What shall I do? There is now publishing, under the direction of M. Nancrede (our French instructor), A Plan of a Constitution for the French Republic. M. Nancrede asked me whether you would like to have a copy. The reason of this request I can't guess. It may be in consequence of my having translated a part of the work. It is to be published in French and English, and will consist of about one hundred pages 12mo. Tell me whether you will have a copy or not.

P. S. This is the Constitution which has been received by the National Convention with the applause which the newspapers mention.

Colonel Pickering's answer to this letter is dated Sept. 11, 1795 : —

"I had the pleasure of receiving to-day your letter of the 4th. I am glad you have been admitted to take a part in the Exhibition at the University. It is time to make a trial of your strength. Confiding in your capacity, learning, and application, I feel no anxiety about your performance. You will have chosen your subject before this gets to hand ; but if I thought you could imprudently delay the choice and preparation so long, I should scarcely attempt to suggest a theme, for two reasons, — one, that I deem you well able to choose for yourself, the other, that a deference to my opinion might occasion some embarrassment if the subject proposed should require a train of thinking

to which you had not been accustomed. All I request is, that after the exhibition you would send me a copy of the Oration. I will take a copy of M. Nancrede's edition and translation of the French proposed Constitution. I have lately been under the necessity of reading some French letters on business which has given me at this time a tolerable facility in understanding that language. I hope you will seize every opportunity to make the speaking of it familiar. Such are now our foreign connections and intercourse that public business cannot otherwise be well accomplished. The want of the French language I see is very embarrassing to public men. All foreigners in any public employments, of whatever nation, I observe speak French with ease; it is the only universal language of Europe. Tim, I suppose, has made very little progress in it, because it would have interfered with his preparation for the studies of the University. I lately wrote to him or you, expressing my choice of the French instead of the Oriental languages. You can facilitate his studies in that as well as every other literary pursuit. I cannot visit Massachusetts this year. We wish your aunt to return in October, — which is usually the best month in the year for a journey. The plan I have thought of is this: that supposing you have a fall vacation of two weeks, you should devote one month to escort your aunt and make us a visit. The other two weeks to precede or follow the vacation two weeks as the season and other circumstances shall render most convenient. Write me without delay whether this is a practicable measure, and if adopted, when the journey may commence, that I may timely remit the means. Some time ago I gave you a hint that you wrote too carelessly; your hand is naturally very legible, and it will remain so if by too much haste at this early time of life you do not spoil it. A press of business may sometimes excuse a scrawl, but nothing else."

The next letter which passed between Colonel Pickering and his son John was written from Cambridge, Sept. 21, 1795: —

DEAR PAPA, — Considering how difficult it is to choose a subject for any discourse, but especially for an oration, I thought

it best to request one of Mr. Clarke. He gave me one which I thought a very pleasing one, and very becoming a student, and besides very proper for an oration in Latin, in which language it is to be written. The subject is "The Pleasures and Advantages of Classical Learning." With respect to the invitation of company, I intend to invite all my relations and acquaintances at Boston and Watertown. The usual entertainment is the fruits of the season and wines. I wish I had one or two good Philadelphia water-melons. These would seem to make it a grand entertainment. But it is too late. I would have a dinner if I could procure one in this town worthy of a Boston palate. But this is impossible. However, a dinner is so unusual that I shall not be uneasy without one. The next vacation commences the third Wednesday in October. I can probably obtain leave of absence for a fortnight before or after it. My aunt must determine which it shall be. I should like to have you write to the President of the College about it. Then there will be no doubt of my obtaining leave.

P. S. Our friends here are anxious to know whether you are appointed Secretary of State. It has been asserted in the newspapers, and then denied or doubted. Have you ever looked a second time for Tacitus in the original since I wrote you? I wish very much to read him. My love to mamma, my brothers and sisters.

A week after the date of this letter, Colonel Pickering wrote to his son as follows:—

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 28, 1795.

MY DEAR SON,—To-day I received your letter of the 21st. The subject furnished by Mr. Clarke for your Oration was perfectly adapted to the occasion. If I do not forget, you were to deliver your Oration about this time. I am impatient to see it, because the composition was to be your own. If amended or materially altered by any other hand, inform me in what parts the alterations were made. The office of Secretary of State is still vacant,—which occasions me some trouble, as I have to attend to its duties.

On the 9th of October John writes to his father from Cambridge : —

“I should have sent you a copy of my Oration immediately after the Exhibition, but Mr. Clarke requested me to lend it to him, and accordingly took it home on the same day it was spoken. I shall go to Boston this afternoon, and shall probably get it, and send you a copy immediately.”

After a longer interval than usual in their correspondence, John writes to his father from Cambridge, Nov. 30, 1795 : —

“If you are willing at any time to dispense with two or three letters that I may be increasing my knowledge, you will never have reason to repent that I have not at this time been punctual in my correspondence ; for I may truly say that I never received so much instruction, accompanied with so much entertainment, and in so short a time (six weeks only), as the lectures on anatomy afforded me. I was disappointed in the lectures on chemistry. This science is so involved in terms difficult to be remembered as to render it very unentertaining. But an attendance on the lectures has had a good effect. It has raised my curiosity so much as to induce me to pay attention to the subject at my leisure hours by reading the best authors on that science, so that I hope to know something of chemistry before I leave college. Besides, six or eight of my class have formed ourselves into a club, to meet as often as is convenient, and read a chapter or two in Nicholson’s Chemistry, and try all the experiments which our small apparatus will permit. Chemistry, however, shall not hinder me from attending to my stated exercises, nor to things which my oracle, Mr. Clarke, shall pronounce more important. I have read the first eight books of Livy, two books of Cicero’s Tusculan Questions, and a few pages of Xenophon’s Memorabilia. These, except the two first books of Livy, I have read since the vacation began, for the lectures obliged me to spend the vacation in this town. I have sent the French Constitution by my aunt. You will find many

typographical errors, and perhaps errors of the translators; but the French will enable you to correct the English.

“P. S. I have received Tacitus, and if you can procure another set easily, a fellow-student who is an intimate friend of mine will be greatly obliged to you.”

From Cambridge, Dec. 5, 1795, John writes to his father as follows:—

“Enclosed is my Oration, which I promised in my last to send you this week. Being obliged by engagement to go to Boston to-day (but much sooner than I had agreed), I have not time to point out the numerous alterations which were made in it by Mr. Clarke. To him I acknowledge myself indebted for all the fame which it procured me,—and this was considerable. One Mr. Elliot, a minister at Boston who is a great admirer of the ancients, either by way of compliment or because the subject pleased him, or perhaps because the Oration had some merit, requested a copy. I complied with his request. Did I act rightly, or not? In my next I shall enumerate all the passages as they were before Mr. Clarke corrected them.”

The next letter to Colonel Pickering from his son is from Cambridge, Dec. 26, 1795:—

“I wrote to you, about three weeks ago, a letter containing my Oration, and have been waiting till now for an answer. But yesterday, seeing by the newspaper that you were appointed Secretary of State, and thinking that upon going out of one office into another you would be particularly engaged, it seemed inexcusable to defer writing any longer under pretence of your being in debt to me. Did I ever tell you that the government of college have given books to a certain number of scholars in each of the two upper classes? Last year, about the month of September, I was presented with Burke on the Sublime, and last September they gave me Robertson’s History of America. The value of these is much greater than that of any other college honors, for this reason,—the books have, by the confession of all college, been distributed with more impartiality than has ever been known in any other instance. I promised you in my

last an entire copy of my Oration as I wrote it ; but I afterwards thought of another plan, which would save much of my time and your labor. You have it in the enclosed.¹ Have you been able to purchase a Tacitus for that acquaintance of mine whom I mentioned in my last ? It will oblige him very much. My love to mamma, aunt, and brothers and sisters."

The illumination of the college buildings by the students in honor of the birthday of Washington drew forth the following letter to Colonel Pickering from his son John :—

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 24, 1796.

If gratitude were ever evinced by the unanimous concurrence of any society in some public act, the President of the United States on the 22d of this month, had he been here, would have had as great testimony of it as man could wish. On the evening of that day, at the universal request of the students at this University, an illumination of the college buildings was permitted. The request was for several reasons with difficulty granted. The risk of destroying, by carelessness, so much valuable property was urged, with much reason, against the permission of it. But the birthday of Washington was an *argumentum crucis* in its favor. The united request of Federalist and Jacobin could not be denied by a government which has so federal a president at its head as our college has. When a celebration of this day was first proposed, the idea met a reception which exceeded the warmest expectations. You will wonder that such a thing should be discouraged among students at a university, who cannot be supposed to concern themselves much about anything which does not immediately relate to literature, and who are always ready enough at inventing reasons for play-days. But you will not be surprised when you are informed that the students interest themselves in the politics of our country as much as many members of Congress do, and (it is to be feared) much more than some do. A student is as much obliged to take a side in State affairs as a citizen of

¹ A copy embracing the original composition and the corrections.

Athens was in the days of Solon. This being the case, there are some Federalists and some Jacobins at college. Very few of the latter, however, dare show themselves openly, because the greater part of the scholars are firm Federalists; and I dare say that the strength of the Federal party, together with the celebration of the night, will not leave one Jacobin among us.

The next letter to Colonel Pickering from his son is dated at Cambridge, March 21, 1796: —

“The government have assigned me a part at another Exhibition, which is to be about the middle of April. I am to exhibit solutions of certain mathematical problems. I choose the problems myself, and the manner of solution. I have not yet fixed upon the problems, but my manner of solving them will be partly by algebra, and partly by fluxions. I shall preserve a copy of my performance, and send it to you next quarter.”

The following letter from Colonel Pickering, addressed to his two sons jointly, is dated at Philadelphia, April 17, 1796: —

MY DEAR SONS, — In my last I mentioned the sickness of Charles. He still continues sick. It seems to be a slow fever, and his lungs are affected so as to occasion a troublesome cough. The doctor, however, does not seem to apprehend much danger, and thinks that if we were to have warm, mild weather, and he were carried into the country, he would soon recover. I have taken a house at Germantown, whither the family will move in ten days. I shall have no house in town. We hope for the best, but are not without some anxiety for Charles. The rest of the family are well. Affectionately, adieu.

From Salem, on the 21st of April, John writes to his father: —

“Day before yesterday I exhibited to the corporation and overseers my solution of problems by fluxions, and had the satisfaction to be informed that my solution of one of them was

more elegant than the solution of the great Mr. Simpson, who wrote a treatise on Fluxions, in which the same problem is solved by him. I mention this that you may determine whether I have derived any advantage from going through college. I mean that this not alone, but with other circumstances, should direct your judgment."

The apprehensions of Colonel Pickering and his family, caused by the illness of his son Charles, were soon painfully confirmed, and on the 12th of May he wrote from Germantown to his two absent sons in Massachusetts: —

MY DEAR SONS, — Again it has pleased God to wound the hearts of your parents, and you will mingle your tears with ours for the loss of your highly estimable brother Charles, who expired this day.¹ But we do not grieve as those who have no hopes beyond the grave. We look forward to a glorious resurrection, to a life immortal. Here the believers in Christianity manifest their superior advantages; for life and immortality were brought to light by the gospel of Jesus Christ. Prior to that revelation, even the wisest and best of mankind were involved in doubt, and they hoped, rather than believed, that the soul was immortal. But with such prospects in view, what manner of persons ought we to be to participate in their enjoyment? The same revelation which opens to us immortal life shows also the way to obtain it. There our various duties to God, our Creator and Benefactor, to our neighbor, and to ourselves, are clearly delineated, and they are all concentrated in love, or the exercise of kind affections. How happy would be the world if we were "kindly affectioned one toward another!" But there is so much unkindness, so much envy, so much malice, and hence so many evils in the world, that a good man who has experienced some of those evils, instead of feeling for himself any anxiety for long life, will rather be disposed to say with Job, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come," — importing the necessity of patience to endure

¹ He was twelve years old; born at Philadelphia May 25, 1784.

them. And well may he patiently wait, when he considers this present life as a transient scene, as the first and momentary stage, from which he will pass to a never-ending existence. To bring home to our view, to penetrate us with such necessary reflections, are doubtless the benevolent designs of our Heavenly Parent in the afflictions which he permits to befall us. Hence is verified the saying of the wise man, that "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." Grief softens the heart and renders it susceptible to impressions which are essential to prevent us from deviating from the paths of virtue and religion. All my information concerning you, my dear sons, gives me the sincerest pleasure, because you sustain a reputation for morals as well as a diligent pursuit of knowledge. Persevere in these paths, which will conduct you to honor here and to happiness and glory hereafter.

I had promised myself the pleasure of taking your mamma and brothers Henry and Charles to Massachusetts in July; but the event we now deplore will prove one obstacle, and public business will probably present to me some that are insurmountable. If, however, we cannot visit you, you must come to us immediately after Commencement. It will be particularly consoling to us to see you both, after the melancholy event to which this letter refers. Besides, I wish to converse with you, my eldest hope, on your future pursuit in life. If this could be entered upon most advantageously in Philadelphia, I hope your kind uncle and other friends will not be hurt by my desiring it. You can take an opportunity to break the matter to them, and write me their, as well as your own, sentiments. Much as my happiness will depend on my children and the enjoyment of their society, yet my wishes will give way to whatever presents the fairest prospects of permanent advantage to them. God bless you both, my dear sons, is the earnest prayer of your ever affectionate, now your afflicted, parents.

P. S. I wish you both to put a crape on the left arm; it is all the external sign of mourning that I shall use. I am as little fond of funeral pageantry as was my father.

On the 25th of May John wrote again from Cambridge: —

DEAR PAPA, — Lest you should think I have not received your last letter, giving an account of my brother Charles's death, if I should be entirely silent (which my desire to avoid calling your attention to that melancholy subject prompts), I acknowledge the receipt of it, and quit the subject. In my last, you recollect I had something of importance to communicate. I have now something which is the more important as it immediately relates to myself. The exercises which are to be performed by my class at Commencement are assigned. I have a part with one Wells, an Englishman, who entered our class at the beginning of the senior year. We are to deliver, in a Dialogue, a panegyric upon classic literature, in English. I am very much pleased with this assignment, both because the subject is a favorite of mine, and I consider the assignment of this part to us as a kind of compliment, or rather reward, for our particular attention to the classics. I confess to you, my ambition, together with the most servile flattery of some classmates, had promised me the "Latin Oration." But I resign now to my fate with the calmness of a philosopher and with these resolutions, — to throw off what remains of my *mauvaise honte*, and to cultivate oratory. Pardon me, my dear father, if I am faulty in speaking favorably of myself; I do it unwillingly, and to nobody but you. You know what extravagant hopes young people entertain; reason is not able to give law to their imaginations. I am reconciled, as I have observed, to my fate, and the reason is that I have such a partner. My love to mamma, with all the consolation which the sympathy of a son can afford. Adieu.

In reply to a former letter, Colonel Pickering wrote from Philadelphia, May 31, 1796: —

MY DEAR SON, — By some accident your letter of the 17th got mixed with some other papers, which not looking over till now, yours remained unopened. You will have received mine of the 12th, informing you of the death of Charles, as grievous as it was unexpected. On that day I expressed to you my feelings and reflections, to which I wish you and your brother may often recur. Afflictions make useful impressions on the

mind, and those which frequently remind us of the uncertainty of life are above all beneficial if, according to their obvious tendency, they lead us to prepare for our own dissolution. I have written to M. Nancrede about the *Studies of Nature* which he is going to publish, and have desired him to put my name down as a subscriber. Let your subscription remain. You tell me, my dear son, of my promise, — I suppose to visit Massachusetts; but I have in my letter of the 12th expressed my opinion that it will not be possible: yet it may take place, but do not reckon upon it. I spent the last Sunday with the family; all were well. Henry received last week a letter from Tim. Give my love to him, and receive it yourself. Both, from all I hear, merit the warmest affection.

T. PICKERING.

P. S. The loss of Charles makes me more than ever desirous to see you both.

At the date of the above letter Mrs. Pickering, with her four sons and young twin daughters, was living at Germantown, in a house which her husband had hired, and to which he had removed them, in the hope of restoring the health of Charles by the benefit of country air. Colonel Pickering's official duties required his presence in Philadelphia daily; but his home was near, and he could pass Sunday with his family quietly. With the two eldest sons, then in college, he could only communicate by correspondence. His son John, within a few weeks of his graduation, wrote from Cambridge, June 6, 1796: —

DEAR FATHER, — In my last you perhaps recollect I observed that my ambition and the hints of a few flatterers had promised me a Latin Oration at Commencement. I am happy to inform you now that my ambition had not aspired to what was beyond the wishes of the government, and that a few flatterers unintentionally promised what might reasonably be

expected. Mr. Clarke told me, a few days ago, that the president assured him that the government wished to give me the Latin (Salutatory) Oration, but were afraid, from my delivery of one at an Exhibition, that I should be too intimidated, in the presence of such a large assembly, to proceed. This, I assure you, was welcome information, as it gratified me in not having had too good an opinion of myself, but principally because I should be able to satisfy in some measure the doubts which you have entertained concerning me, on account of my having a part which is considered as inferior to an Oration. You see, I am obliged to talk, contrary to rules of modesty, about myself. I do it most unwillingly, but I do it in order to satisfy you. Honors are not always justly bestowed; and if I should never have any conferred upon me, I hope at least I shall have this to console me, — that I have deserved them. I have bought a book entitled “Epistles Domestic, etc., of General Washington.” Many circumstances, which I would enumerate if it would not exceed the limits of a letter, lead me to conclude that they are spurious. I have never heard that they are; can you determine? I think it shameful that the public should be so imposed upon; and if you can assure me that they are, my indignation would prompt me to hint something concerning it in the newspapers. I am sorry to say it is a great while since you have written to me. Your silence, however, leads me to conclude favorably concerning the family, and by mine you know our New England friends are well. You may expect another letter this week; so for the present, adieu.

Colonel Pickering, under date of June 4, acknowledges the receipt of his son's letter of May 28, and writes further:—

“I do not think you have anything to regret in the part assigned you for Commencement. A very small portion of your audience will understand the Latin Oration. I dare venture to say that not one fourth, even of those who are sons of Harvard, are so prompt in that language as, on the delivery, to judge of the sentiments, and much less of the elegance or deficiency of style. Like me, the greater part of collegians, imprudently

neglecting to read Latin daily, or at least weekly, after they leave college, and until they commence lives of business which for the most part put a period to classic reading, forget the language. You see I mention freely my own defects; I do it the more effectually to warn you of the cause, and save you from the consequences. I am glad, then, that your exhibition is to be in English. If the composition should be good, and if — which I hope — you can get rid of what remains of your *mauvaise honte*, so as to deliver yourself with that degree of confidence which will insure propriety of utterance and action, your ambition will have a vastly wider field for gratification. The learned who would be critical judges of the Latin Oration (a very small number indeed) will do equal justice to the English Dialogue, and to them will be added a host, comparatively, of as nice judges of sentiment, action, and language — and among these not a few ladies — on whom the highest style of Latin eloquence would be wholly lost. Instead of mortification, then, you have reason to congratulate yourself on your disappointment. I received Tim's letter to his brother Henry. Charge him to write me soon, and do both of you make up your minds to visit us here as soon as Commencement has passed. God preserve you both !”

The next letter in the correspondence was from John to his father, and was dated at Cambridge, June 20, 1796 : —

DEAR FATHER, — I think, with you, that I have nothing to regret in the part assigned me for Commencement, except that I shall not gain much credit as a writer, if I do as a thinker. You will wonder at this, especially as you told me once that I wrote in a good style. But, my dear father, when you said this I feared, and still fear, that it was the dictate of parental fondness, wishing to encourage a son to continue his pursuit the more ardently. I never expect to attain a good style, but I hope to acquire what Dr. Blair calls a “neat” one, as this may be accomplished by mere industry. You will not wonder at this when I tell you my reasons. Our professor never noticed the first pieces of composition which I carried to him, as he did

the composition of many classmates. This was more than I could bear. It threw so effectual a damp upon my expectations that after three or four themes I could not take any pains about composing. This is the reason I have for wishing to perform in Latin. However, I promise you that I will do my utmost for Commencement. If you were here, I would ask you whether I shall make an entertainment. If I can do it for a few particular acquaintance, without being obliged to invite a large number, I shall do it; otherwise I shall not. I shall tarry in this town about a fortnight. We have liberty to depart to-morrow, but I must stay to finish my Dialogue.

The last letter from Colonel Pickering to his sons jointly, at college, is dated at Philadelphia, July 5, 1796 :

“I have the satisfaction to inform you that all the family are well. We shall expect to see you both very early in August. On the subject of this journey you have not said a word in answer to my letter in May. Pray write me soon, and mention the time when your journey may commence.”

From Cambridge, July 11, 1796, his son John wrote as follows : —

“As you gave me no directions respecting an engagement of a passage to Philadelphia, I have, with the permission of my uncle, engaged one for the Monday after Commencement in the mail-stage. My reasons for going in the stage are a wish that Tim may spend as much of the vacation in Philadelphia as he can without being obliged to intrude upon the next term on his return, and that I shall have company with which I am acquainted, M. Nancrede and Mr. Spotswood. I have finished my part of our Commencement Dialogue, but not to my own satisfaction, nor, I fear, to the satisfaction of the critical part of the audience. I am afraid I have not adhered closely enough to the idea of a panegyric, but have rested the excellence of the ancients too much on the worthlessness of the moderns. My enthusiasm for the ancients has sometimes made me ridicule the moderns; but I will soften it as much as possible, for by

yielding a little we sometimes gain much: and if I can make one convert to the study of the classics, I shall never repent having written on the subject. My love to mamma and my aunt. Adieu."

In anticipation of the arrival of his sons John and Timothy at his home, from which they had been so long absent, Colonel Pickering wrote as follows to his nephew, the Rev. Dr. John Clarke: —

JULY 22, 1796.

I expect the pleasure of seeing my two sons from Salem in one week. For the joy and solid satisfaction I anticipate in meeting them, the eldest particularly, I am greatly indebted to you, their guide, philosopher, and friend. They, I hope, will manifest their gratitude by continuing to follow your enlightened and benevolent counsels.

Before receiving the above, Dr. Clarke had written on the 24th of July to Colonel Pickering, saying: —

"I have only time to inform you that your son did himself and the College honor by his performance on the Commencement Day. His elocution was excellent, and made the most favorable impression on an admiring auditory. It is impossible to describe the sentiments of respect with which he has inspired all who know him. He is, without exception, the best youth in the whole circle of my acquaintance. In composing the small volume of letters which accompanies this, I had your son in contemplation. Consider them as addressed to him."¹

Mr. John Lowell, of Boston, in a letter introducing his son, John Lowell, Jr., to Colonel Pickering, writes thus: —

"I cannot resist gratifying your parental feelings by assuring you that your son, after having passed his literary course at Cambridge with an unblemished character, leaves it with the

¹ Letters to a Student in the University of Cambridge, Massachusetts. By John Clarke, minister of a church in Boston.

high approbation of the governors of the University and the affections of his fellow-students."

"The two brothers reached Philadelphia on the morning of July 30. After so long an absence of each, the meeting was of the highest interest, — the elder returning on the completion of his college course, crowned with academic honors, the other to enjoy a vacation at the conclusion of his first year as an undergraduate." ¹

¹ Life of Timothy Pickering.

CHAPTER V.

Letters to his Brother Timothy. — Enters Mr. Tilghman's Office. — Embarks for Lisbon. — Extracts from his Journal and Letters. — Residence in Portugal.

1796-1798.

THE family home was now at Germantown, and Timothy remained with his parents until the 17th of August, when he left for Salem, on his way back to college. His brother John, in writing to him from Germantown, Sept. 12, 1796, tells him that he is reading Robertson's History of America, and he sends for his "Commonplace Book, Cicero de Officiis, Latin Bible, Lucian's Dialogues, Mr. Clarke's Letters, Pearce's Longinus, and De Moivre on Chances." In a subsequent letter to Timothy he writes:—

"Be not so attentive to library books as to neglect your college exercises. If you should spend all your time upon them (which is not by any means necessary, on account of the smallness of the task), it would be better than not to learn them well. There was a prevailing idea when I was at college that very little useful knowledge is to be gained from the course of college studies, but that the library books were the only source of knowledge. Many of my classmates adopted this idea; and I can safely say, without an exception, that those of them who thus acquired a reputation of belles-lettres scholars were the most ignorant of belles-lettres in the class, while those of them who were stigmatized with the name of 'pedant' for their attention to college exercises and such books as had relation to those exercises, were the only persons who gained any really useful knowledge.

Luckily I had somebody who informed me of the impropriety of calling such studies as the first ‘belles-lettres studies,’ and that the only way of acquiring useful learning was to lay firmly the foundation, of which collegiate studies make a considerable part.”

In his next letter to his brother Tim, dated Germantown, Oct. 3, 1796, he says : —

“Mr. Tilghman,¹ of Philadelphia, has agreed to take me into his office during the time he shall continue in practice, which will perhaps be not quite three years. What is the state of music? Does the Sodality flourish? Assure Mr. Abbot of my remembrance of him, and inform him that I requested you to ask about the Sodality. Tell him that I have not forgotten that respectable body, and shall ever remember with gratitude the honor they conferred upon me by the presidency of it. I want to have a good laugh with him on this subject.”

His next letter to his brother, who was at Salem in his college vacation, is dated from Germantown, Oct. 17, 1796. It informs him that the family intend going back to Philadelphia in about two weeks. He asks: “How does the garden at the mansion in Salem look, and what is the state of my grape-vines?” On the subject of sleep he says :—

“Too much sleep is as prejudicial as too little. The middle path in this, as well as in most other things, is the safest. You will find two lines in Horace on the safety of this middle way. The lines are, if I am not mistaken, —

“Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.

These lines I used to have fastened up in my study; but they were not fastened so securely to my memory that I always

¹ Edward Tilghman, brother of Chief-Justice Tilghman, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, was one of the leading lawyers of the old Bar in Philadelphia, and rose to very great eminence in his profession.

obeyed the maxim. This Latin quotation reminds me of our promises about writing in Latin to each other."

On the 27th of November, 1796, John writes to his brother from Philadelphia as follows: —

"This is the first time I have had it in my power to say with truth that I have not had time to answer your letters punctually. I have in truth been so much engaged in law that this day, which is Sunday, is the first leisure I have had to attend to anything else."¹

To his brother, in a letter dated Philadelphia, Dec. 25, 1796, he says: —

"I am now studying law with a Mr. Tilghman, of this city. The only leisure I have now is before breakfast and in the evening. This last is frequently interrupted by company, and when this does not happen, the little boys are generally in the room. I have read here the first book of Cicero de Oratore, and part of his Tusc. Quæstiones. I have read no Greek, except a few quotations in the Encyclopædia. I expected to have had my Demosthenes from you. This city has been so alarmed by some attempts to set it on fire that many of the citizens patrol the streets every night. It will be my turn, perhaps, by and by."

In writing to his brother from Philadelphia, Jan. 8, 1797, he says: "This day I had the satisfaction of hearing Dr. Priestley preach;" and again on March 7 he writes: —

"I was much gratified, as you have supposed, with seeing and hearing Dr. Priestley. I have attended him four or five

¹ Among his papers is the following: "List of publications, including reviews, notices, etc., by me; arranged in the order of time." The first on his list is: "Politico Civilis, an ironical piece on the official note of M. Adet, the French minister, to my father, Secretary of State, published in Fenno's Gazette, 1796-1797. This was the first thing I ever wrote to be published."

Sundays past, with great pleasure. He preaches in the college hall, and has always as many hearers as the room will hold. I would give you some description of his person if there was anything to distinguish it from other persons. I can see nothing remarkable in his countenance. He is a small man, and very thin of flesh. He is upwards of sixty years, I believe, but he continues writing yet. It is reported that he is engaged in a chemical work, and in opposition to some of the French and German chemists, who have contradicted the existence of phlogiston, which he maintains."

In writing to his brother, March 27, 1797, in regard to Latin, John says:—

"It would be a disgrace to any student in my opinion to be ignorant of that language. In confirmation of my opinion I can produce Chesterfield's, who was a much better scholar than a moralist. He tells his son, in his thirty-seventh letter, to 'mind his Greek particularly, for to know Greek well is to be really learned; there is no great credit in knowing Latin, for everybody knows it, and it is a shame not to know it.'"

April 5, 1797, he again writes:—

"I wish you to be a great scholar in the ancients, acquainted with their sentiments, as well as their language. Instead of seeing the inutility of the classics, as many of my classmates predicted I should, I am more convinced of the contrary, inasmuch that I am pursuing these studies with more ardor than ever, particularly Greek. Don't fear the charge of pedantry, merely because you study the language; the pedantry lies in boasting of it to your companions. A man may be a pedant in what the students call *belles-lettres*, as well as in Latin or Greek; indeed, in the opinion of most men of learning a knowledge of the latter is essential to the forming of a polite scholar, or, in college language, a '*belles-lettres* scholar,'—witness Bishop Watson, who is probably the most polite scholar of the age, as well as the best acquainted with the ancients."

Writing to his brother, John Pickering, at Salem, Colonel Pickering says: "John has grown considerably fleshy, and exchanged his pale Cambridge face for a good color." To Dr. Clarke he writes as follows: "John appears well pleased with law; but I think he would equally apply to any other study or business deemed useful to himself, and approved by his friends. He is very diligent and very intelligent." To another relative in New England, in writing of his children, Colonel Pickering says:—

"John is closely studious; besides the law, refreshing his memory with the dead languages, and improving in the knowledge of them. He also occasionally reads French, and has made such progress in the Spanish as to translate it without much difficulty. His pretty extensive knowledge of the Latin and French I knew would render the Spanish, as well as the Italian, easy to learn, and the knowledge of various languages facilitates the learning of others. I therefore encourage these pursuits, which are not laborious, but rather, by diversifying his studies, give pleasure."

To his brother Timothy, John writes from Philadelphia, April 30, 1797:—

"I think it would be well for you to read some volumes of Buffon's *Histoire Naturelle* in French. It is elegant and very easy French, and very entertaining. You will find French almost necessary, and I advise you to study it considerably while you are at the University. You will learn to speak after you leave it. If you will tell me what books in English you have read, I will in my next endeavor to give you some kind of a course of reading according to my ideas of the latter. I shall give you liberty to criticise it, and perhaps both of our heads together may devise something which may be of use to you."

In a subsequent letter he recommends him to read Rollin's *Ancient History* and Russell's *Modern Europe*,

and to consult ancient and modern maps, telling him also that Philip Cluvier, in Latin Cluverius, has written the best Geography of ancient Italy. The constant and deep interest which he felt in the improvement and progress of his brother Timothy at college is seen in the following letter:—

PHILADELPHIA, May 24, 1797.

DEAR BROTHER, — The object of reading, and indeed of the studies at the University, is the attainment of general knowledge. This, whatever the student may think of it, you must consider as a fundamental maxim. Students are generally desirous of shining in some one branch of knowledge; they of course direct all their attention to that one alone. The consequence is that they are pedants in their favorite branch, and ignoramuses in every other. It is so great a satisfaction to ambition to be distinguished above all one's classmates in any study, however unimportant, that youth can seldom resist the temptation. But you must have had so many occasions of pitying the ignorance which such scholars betray on every other subject than their favorite one, that you have no need of a caution against obedience to this foolish desire. Your ambition is not, I hope, confined to a wish for excellence within the walls of college only. His is confined, indeed, which extends not beyond these narrow limits. A common objection to the pursuit of general knowledge is that it gives one a smattering of many things, but a complete knowledge of nothing. This objection has much weight when applied to any other than young persons. Nothing indeed would be more ridiculous than for a person to continue this pursuit through his whole life. It is necessary that a man who wishes to be useful (and this every man ought to wish) should devote himself to one study; for the most vigorous mind cannot, within the short period of our life, attain to excellence in everything. How few do we find really great in any science! But the case of a young person just entering on his studies is very different. It is absolutely necessary that he have a smattering of several sciences, that he may at a future period be master of one. All the sciences, you have

often heard and read, are so closely united that it is impossible to excel in one without some knowledge of others, — how much I shall not determine. I need not add that without being engaged in several studies, he will not have an opportunity of determining for what his genius is best suited. You will be convinced then, I think, if not from my few arguments, at least from the reflections which they may have excited in your own mind, that whoever undertakes to recommend a course of reading for you should remember that general knowledge only is the object of it. I intended to have given you a list of books in this letter but I have extended my observations on what will constitute a good one to such a length that I must let you rest a little while. Meantime write to me your reflections on the subject.

In the quiet life of the young law-student in Philadelphia a great change was soon to take place, promising the advantages of several years' residence in Europe, under auspices no less favorable than rare at that day. A letter from him to his brother Timothy gives the following details: —

PHILADELPHIA, July 8, 1797.

In about two weeks I embark for Europe. I go with Mr. William Smith, of Charleston, S. C., who is to be Minister Plenipotentiary at Lisbon. We shall sail in company with one or both of the Envoys Extraordinary to France. Where we shall first land is uncertain; but the greatest probability is that it will be at Holland, — it may be in England. From one of these places we proceed to Lisbon, where I expect to reside (though not constantly) about two years, — perhaps more; however, this is quite uncertain. During my absence I shall study the Civil Law, and learn as many languages as the time will permit. Mr. Smith is a man of great talents, and a very amiable man, so that I shall have a very agreeable absence. The foundation and indeed the whole body of the Civil (or Roman) Law is found in compilations made by the order of the Emperor Justinian. They consist of the Pandects, or Digests, the Institutes, and the Novellæ, or Novel Constitutions; but there are thou-

sands of Abridgments, etc. Perhaps you will wonder why I study the Roman Law. The reason is, because it is the only law resorted to in the courts of admiralty; and besides, it is very conducive and almost necessary to a good foundation of law in general.

In a letter to John Quincy Adams of July 15, Colonel Pickering says: "W. Smith, Esq., of South Carolina, succeeds you at the Court of Lisbon." To Colonel D. Humphreys,¹ Colonel Pickering writes, July 18: "My eldest son, John Pickering, goes with Mr. Smith as his Secretary." A year previous to this time Mr. William Smith had been named as extremely well adapted for diplomatic service at the Court of Spain, and it was then said that a familiar knowledge of the French language, which Mr. Smith possessed, would render his communications with that Court perfectly easy. For this, among other reasons, Mr. Smith seems to have been qualified for diplomatic service at the Court of Lisbon, while the youth now to act as his Private Secretary shared in this qualification from his knowledge of French and his facility in speaking the language. On the 19th of July John Pickering, in company with his father, set off from Philadelphia and proceeded to Newcastle, where the vessel lay in which he was to embark for Europe; and he sailed from that port on the following day.

The following is an extract from his Journal:—

"*Sunday, Aug. 20, 1797.*—The Rock of Lisbon appeared in sight this morning at about four o'clock. It was not within the

¹ Colonel David Humphreys, of Connecticut, who went to France as secretary to Jefferson, was afterwards transferred to Portugal. In 1797 he married Ann Frances Bulkeley, daughter of John Bulkeley, Esq., an English merchant resident at Lisbon. He was afterwards Ambassador from the United States to Spain.

reach of my sight till between seven and eight; this was partly owing to the dazzling reflection of the sun on the water. The voyage of four weeks, which had before seemed as many months, now appeared reduced to a few days. Everything seemed to be the effect of enchantment. I could not realize my being three thousand miles from home. The solitary tinkling of a convent bell, which was heard after we came round the Rock, by recalling to my mind all the stories, real and imaginary, which I had heard of convents and friars, tended to keep up the delusion. The first remarkable object after coming round the 'Rock,' as it is called (though rather a promontory composed of several hills gradually rising behind each other to such a height as to be seen at the distance of fifteen or sixteen leagues) is a convent called *N. S. da Penha* (*Nossa Senhora da Penha*), situated on the very summit of one of the highest hills which compose the Rock. The placing of a habitation in such a situation seemed to me at this time the most inconceivable madness. The coast had not a fertile appearance, — which is always the case at this season of the year; but the mildness, or rather softness, of the air, which is beyond description, together with a few scattered spots of verdure, led me to believe we were approaching the pleasantest, if not the most fertile, country in the world. We passed by several small forts erected on the coast. At Cascaes, the first principal village you meet with, there is a fortification very formidable in appearance. The next fortification of importance is Fort St. Julian, situated at the mouth of the River Tejo (Tagus). We had a fine wind till we came near St. Julian's, when it suddenly died away. The captain, finding we could not get round this point without being in danger of running aground on the Cachopos, — two dangerous shoals opposite St. Julian's, — gave orders to stand out to sea again. After a very pleasant sail back along the coast about a league, we had the good fortune to meet with a favorable breeze, which brought us safely round St. Julian's, which we passed so near as to be hailed from it. This was the first voice, except that of the pilot and his companion, that we had heard from this continent. This fort guards the entrance of the river. Vessels are not obliged to anchor, however, till they arrive at Belém Castle, situated in a town of the same name, which is about two miles from Lisbon.

"*Monday, 21st (August).* — The wind being favorable, we set sail early this morning for the city, and in a short time found ourselves opposite to that part where our house is, where we anchored. While lying there we saw a vessel outward bound, and which we saw would come near us on one of her tacks; and the captain consenting to send his boat to her, I hastily scribbled a few lines to inform my parents of my safe arrival. Shortly after this we weighed anchor, and about nine o'clock, A. M., I had the satisfaction of finding myself once more on land."

At the age of twenty years John Pickering was now entering upon the duties of his new life. In a distant, foreign land, and surrounded by strangers and a strange language, he was to share a home for several years with Mr. Smith, the only person there whom he could call a friend. The voyage to Lisbon had proved prosperous, as appears by the first letter received from the young traveller: —

LISBON, Aug. 19, 1797.

MY DEAR PARENTS, — We are now lying at anchor in Lisbon harbor, after a passage of twenty-seven days from land to land. We expect to go on shore to-morrow morning. We have had a remarkably fine passage, rough weather only about two days; this, however, the captain called winter weather, — indeed, the whole of it has been winter like as to cold, for I have lain with a blanket almost every night. I have dated at Lisbon; but I should have dated at Belém, about four miles below Lisbon. I must now bid you farewell, as the vessel which is to take this is close by us. Your affectionate son,

J. PICKERING.

The next letter, dated at Lisbon, Aug. 23, 1797, is to his father: —

"I must tell you, but with great regret, that I was idle almost the whole passage. You will recollect that I intended to have kept a 'reckoning,' as the seamen term it; but, to my great surprise, I found I had not taken my writing-paper. I read my

Portuguese grammar once, and translated the newspapers; so that I can now read Portuguese without any difficulty, and I hope to speak it tolerably in three or four months. I read no French, except a few newspapers; and all the English I read was Price's Sermons, a volume of 'Elegant Extracts,' and three or four novels belonging to Mrs. Bulkeley. These were all the English books I found on board. We met no privateers; but four or five days before we arrived, we met three vessels of war, the 'Concorde' (the same frigate that lay at Boston so long), and the 'Néreide,' each of forty-four guns, and a corvette called 'La Bergère,' of about twenty-eight. They boarded us; but treated us very politely, and after about half an hour's examination of the ship's papers they suffered us to pass. The commandant of the squadron gave us also a certificate to secure us from French privateers, in which he said he had examined the papers, etc., and requested all French vessels, not only to let us pass, but to give us all the assistance in their power, etc., — pretty much in the usual form of passports. When we met these vessels we were about one hundred and twenty miles northeast of the Azores. They told us they were bound to St. Domingo, but the captain of our vessel strongly suspected they were cruising to intercept some of the Portuguese Brazil ships. When they were first discovered they had English colors hoisted, but when they were so near us that we could not escape they hoisted the national flag. They begged two loaves of sugar in a very curious way. They said they had lost all their sugar by a *coup de mer*. I thought it was somewhat strange that they did not lose anything but their sugar. — They also begged some newspapers. However, we should have been glad enough to get out of their power at a much greater price; we were all much alarmed, as I think we had good reason to be. If they had been privateers I don't think we should have been suffered to proceed. Mr. Smith and myself are at Mr. Bulkeley's father's at present, where we meet with every attention. Next week we shall go to a village called Cintra, where we shall reside a few weeks. Mr. Smith has taken the house Colonel Humphreys lived in. Colonel Humphreys has been at Madrid about a week or ten days. Mr. Smith will give you politics, I suppose. All the news we have here is the failure of an expedition against the Island of Teneriffe by the

English under the command of Rear-Admiral Nelson. Two hundred and fifty men perished in the surf, and Nelson lost his right arm. This news I have not seen in the papers; 'tis believed to be true, however. Admiral Jervis is before Cadiz yet, blocking up the Spanish fleet. He has bombarded Cadiz two or three times, but I believe has not done much damage. I can yet give you no account of this place, except that everything is new to me. Remember me affectionately to mamma, my aunt, my brothers and sisters, and to all other friends who may inquire about me. I am in as good health as ever."

To his brother Timothy John writes from Lisbon, Sept. 8, 1797:—

"I have been in this city about a fortnight, — or more properly it is about a fortnight since we arrived; for the greater part of the time I have spent at the country-seat of Mr. Bulkeley, an English merchant in Lisbon. His country-seat is very pleasantly situated about five miles from the city. I have not seen much of the city yet. I have seen enough, however, to know that it is the most dirty place I was ever in. There are a great many curious public buildings, but most of them are unfinished; for when they begin a work in this country, if anything takes place which they consider as a bad omen, it is neglected for a long time, and sometimes till it falls to pieces through age. There is a very elegant square called *Praça do Commercio*, or Place of Commerce, that is, an Exchange, which was begun several years ago, but was not finished, because during the work the Queen became insane,—in which state she is at this time. In the middle of this square stands an equestrian statue of King Joseph I."

To Colonel Pickering his son wrote from Lisbon, Sept. 8, 1797:—

"We are still at Mr. Bulkeley's father's. Yesterday we returned from his country-seat, where we passed a week very agreeably, to his house in town. We are not to stay here long, however; on Monday we go to Cintra, a village about eighteen miles from Lisbon. We shall stay there probably four or five weeks; but

this depends wholly on our situation there. From the accounts I have had of the place, it seems very much like Bath in England, — for which reason I am not so desirous of going as when I first heard of the place. Indeed, the pleasure of being settled, even in town, would more than balance that of an excursion into the country for a few weeks only, however pleasant the country might be. But the place we are going to must differ very little from the town; and if I were obliged to play cards, go to balls, etc., I had much rather do it in its proper place than have the additional trouble which is caused by the inconveniences of the country. Yesterday Mr. Smith had his first audience with the Prince.¹ He will, no doubt, give you an account of it, as several curious circumstances took place. The Baron de Schladen, the Prussian Minister, had also his first audience yesterday. After their return from Court they went to dine with the Danish Minister, Warnstedt. I dined there also, agreeably to a very polite invitation, which I could not (nor wished to) refuse, for the Danish Minister appears to be one of the best men I ever saw; he is very sociable. I am obliged to speak in French, — which I am very glad of, as it will make me study the language assiduously. French will be of more use to me, even in this place, than Portuguese; nothing else was spoken at the Danish Minister's. I shall learn Portuguese, however, and I hope in a short time. I can now make myself understood very easily, and can understand Portuguese without much difficulty. I could read it before we came on shore. Last night I was at the theatre. The performance was an Italian opera, which I was told was a very nonsensical piece; but with the help of some good music, tumbling-feats, and rope-dancing, it appeared to give great satisfaction. You have probably heard that they allow no females on the stage here; the female character last night (there was only one in the opera) was performed by an Italian, and it was very well done. He had a fine voice and a good figure, — indeed, I should not have known that it was not a female if I had not been previously informed of it. Last Tuesday I was on board of

¹ In 1792 the Prince Juan Maria Joseph was declared Regent on account of the illness of the Queen, his mother, which ended in permanent insanity.

one of the Spanish ships, taken by Admiral Jervis¹ in the great battle last February or March. They have been in this river ever since that time. The one we visited was the 'San Josef,' of one hundred and twelve guns. The commander told us that she is as large as the 'Trinidad.'² She was very much battered; her sides are full of hatches. The captain was very attentive to us; he showed us the place where Admiral Nelson entered with two men by the quarter-gallery, described to us the situation of the Spanish commander, who was found dreadfully mangled, — in short, gave us a very particular account of every principal event which happened during the engagement.³ Before we visited this ship we went on board the 'Britannia,' an English first-rate, which has been in the harbor a few days. I was amazed at almost everything; it seemed like an empire itself. We saw about eight hundred men, which is nearly her complement. Seeing these two ships has been a greater gratification to me than anything I have met with in this country. I have within a few days become acquainted with two French priests who live in a convent about four miles from town. They have been in this country nearly five years, so that they speak the language very well. I believe we shall have one of them in the house with us for a month or two, after we have taken up our residence in town; if this happens, I shall certainly make as good a use of it as I am capable of doing. They appear to be very good men. Remember me affectionately to mamma and my aunt, and to all my brothers and sisters who have any recollection of me."

The next letter to his father is dated at Cintra, Sept. 24, 1797: —

"We have been in this town nearly a fortnight. It is the most beautiful place I have ever seen.⁴ It is what is com-

¹ Created Earl of St. Vincent for his victory off Cape St. Vincent.

² The 'Santissima Trinidad,' of one hundred and thirty-six guns.

³ "In the battle off Cape St. Vincent, Feb. 13, 1797, Nelson commanded the 'Captain,' on board of which he attacked the 'Trinidad;' and passing to the 'San Nicholas,' of eighty guns, and the 'San Josef,' of one hundred and twelve, he obliged both those ships to strike their flags." — *Encyclopædia Americana*.

⁴ Southey, in his "Reminiscences of Portugal," calls Cintra "the most blessed spot on the habitable globe."

monly called a 'romantic place,' which is the best description I can give you of it. Orange and lemon trees are the principal kinds used to ornament the gardens; besides these there are a great many cork-trees, which I was very much surprised to find bear a kind of acorn. Yet I don't know why I should have been surprised, for I had never heard any account of the tree or its fruit; but I had an idea that it could not be like any other tree. The leaf is nothing like the oak-leaf; it is about as large as an apple-leaf, but the edges are scalloped,—something like the leaf of what is called the scrub-oak. In a letter which I wrote you by the vessel I came in, I expected to find Cintra too much like what I had heard of Bath in England; but I have not found it so. There is a place which they call 'The Rooms,' where there is company every night, either to game or to dance. They generally dance twice a week; and these evenings are agreeable enough, as there are a good many ladies, and officers from the French and English camps—which are five or six miles off—generally come on those evenings. But the other evenings would be intolerably dry to me, for there are only a parcel of people around card-tables, and a profound silence through all the rooms. However, luckily I am not obliged to visit them on these evenings,—nor, indeed, on the others, for I am acquainted with nobody yet. One curious circumstance I must mention, which is that on Sunday nights there is always most company at the Rooms, and the most dancing. You can easily imagine my astonishment at this. I have spent my time here partly in reading Portuguese, but principally in exercising myself by walking and riding about the country. The royal family have a palace here, which I have seen. Though I always wish to leave all the news for Mr. Smith's letters, yet there is a report of so interesting an event that I cannot help mentioning it. Letters from France (not from Paris) and from Madrid state that there have been great disturbances at Paris, that Carnot and Barthélemi have been deprived of their office of Directors, that many emigrants have been massacred, and that consequently the three remaining Directors—or rather the Directory's party—have come off masters in the dispute between them and the Councils. How much of this news is true, is uncertain; there have been no

accounts from Paris, for all communication with that city is said to be cut off."

The next letter to Colonel Pickering bears the date, Lisbon, Oct. 8, 1797:—

"We are at length at home. Mr. Smith has taken the same house that Colonel Humphreys occupied. It is a neat house and in a very pleasant situation; and our street is almost the only clean one in the city.¹ From a balcony on the back of the house we have a very good prospect of the sea, the mouth of the Tagus, the remains of a palace which was partly destroyed by fire a few years ago, and some handsome gardens. From the front windows we have a view of the river and shipping, and the opposite banks, which are not very beautiful at present, for there is not the least verdure upon them. Besides all these beautiful objects which are at a distance, we have one at home, which is a small garden, that with a little (perhaps I should come nearer the truth if I say much) labor will be a pleasant retreat in summer. It contains lemon-trees, and some other kinds which I am not acquainted with. In addition to all this I am told we have good neighbors, of whom I have yet seen only two,—a Mr. Hill,² an English clergyman, and a Dr. Moore (or More), an English physician. In this situation I anticipate spending my time very pleasantly, and I hope not unprofitably. My only study now is the Portuguese language, which I wish to be able to speak as soon as possible. Both Mr. Smith and myself can already speak enough of it to give directions to the servants, to go shopping, and to inquire the way when we are lost in the city. We have yet had no master, but Mr. Smith intends to employ one immediately. I am impatient to hear from you. This is the sixth letter I have written to you since my arrival, and I have not received one from you. We have had American papers to the 12th of August."

¹ "In the western part of Lisbon is the district of Buenos Ayres, the favorite residence of the English, the foreign ambassadors," etc. — *Murray's Handbook for Portugal*.

² The Rev. Herbert Hill, uncle of Robert Southey the poet.

On the 21st of October John Pickering, writing to his father, says: "The day before yesterday we celebrated the President's birthday 'with great good-humor and festivity.'"

The communication between Portugal and the United States, for the transmission of anything in safety, seems at this time to have been very uncertain, on account of the disturbances existing between the European maritime powers, and the consequent search of all vessels at sea. In a letter to Colonel Pickering from Lisbon, October 31, his son says:—

"There is so little chance of a vessel's arriving safe in America that I am afraid of spending my time in vain by writing to you. For the same reason, too, I feel myself obliged to write by every vessel (even when they sail within a day or two of each other, in which time very little can have happened worth relating), that I may the sooner relieve you from the anxiety you entertain for me."

On the 17th of November he wrote again, as follows:—

"I was freed in some measure from the alarms which the newspapers had excited with respect to the yellow fever in Philadelphia by a letter from Mr. Cutting to Mr. Smith, which stated that the fever had considerably abated. This letter was dated the 26th of September. Since that information I have had the satisfaction to learn by American newspapers that you had removed from the city to Trenton,—beyond the influence, I trust, of the contagion. For want of books, I have not yet been able to enter upon any regular course of reading, nor do I know when I shall. It is a difficult matter to get books from England. I find a plenty of Latin and Greek books here, and in my opinion cheap. In order to keep myself employed till I can borrow or buy some others on law or history, I have bought Cicero's works (the edition of Olivet, nine

volumes in quarto), and Burman's edition of Quintilian (three more quartos). These, I think, will employ me till I can procure others, and I am afraid much longer. I find Mr. Smith has among the few books which he brought with him, and which were opened a few days ago, Blackstone's Commentaries. After reading these I think of beginning Justinian's Institutes. If you do not think advisable, it will not be too late to prevent it in your answer to this. I wish, too, you would tell me what to do, for really I don't know. I am spending my time in desultory reading, with little advantage."

Although the yellow fever in Philadelphia proved less destructive than in the year 1793, yet a widespread terror was caused by its recurrence, and multitudes of the inhabitants removed from the city. To his son in Lisbon Colonel Pickering wrote from Trenton, Sept. 23, 1797:—

MY DEAR SON, — To avoid the misfortunes of 1793 I removed my family and office to this place. We are all very well, and comfortably situated. I have not had any late letters from Massachusetts, but my last informed me of the welfare of our friends. When I consider the date of this letter, I am surprised at the rapid and insensible lapse of two months since you embarked; and this is the first time I have sat down to write to you. I enclose five letters which have come to hand since your departure. I hope these will find you in good health at Lisbon, and pleased with your station. I cannot promise you many letters from myself, although I shall expect many from you, which I will acknowledge, and express the satisfaction I anticipate from your communications. If anything interrupts the even tenor of domestic affairs, you will be advised of it, and political affairs will be discussed in my public letters to Mr. Smith. You will recollect the letter I received from the Rev. Joseph Pickering in England, and that I wrote him an answer, giving, as requested, all the information I possessed concerning the emigration of my ancestor from that country. Lately I received his reply, dated the 30th of June. From the narrative

which I sent him of my ancestry, he positively concludes we are both of the same stock. Should you visit England and make an excursion to Hampshire, I would have you call on Mr. Pickering. He is at Wickham, near Fareham, in that county. You may also find others of the name whom you may have the curiosity to see, equal to Mr. Pickering's to ascertain his connection with us. I am, my dear son, very affectionately yours,

TIMOTHY PICKERING.

In his next letter from Philadelphia, Dec. 2, 1797, Colonel Pickering says : —

“ I have received your several letters from Lisbon, from August 19 to September 8, and I believe one of later date not now by me. Mr. Smith mentions you in his letter in terms that give me the sincerest pleasure. I can only add at this time that the several letters to your college friends have been transmitted. Binney¹ arrived lately, and is going to study law at Mr. Ingersoll's office. Perhaps the enclosed letter is from him. He brought me your diploma, which I enclose. I sent your letter for Mr. Clarke with the line to me which covered it. I hope you will continue to write to him as occasions present. The correspondence of a man like him, benevolent, pious, and learned, with strong affection to animate his sentiments, must be as useful as pleasant.”

To his father John Pickering writes from Lisbon, Dec. 6, 1797 : —

“ You have heard so frequently of the mildness of this climate that I suppose you will not be surprised to hear that I am writing to you in the month of December without a fire. For a few days past we have had very pleasant weather ; but previous to that, during the greatest part of November and the latter part of October, we had a good deal of rain, but cloudy and misty days were most frequent. The rainy season is at present suspended. It generally begins at the end of October, they tell me, and continues till about the end of November ; then there

¹ Horace Binney, of the class of 1797 at Harvard, afterwards the eminent jurist and citizen of Philadelphia.

is an interval of fair weather, which some (the common people) call the young spring, or St. Martin's spring, for two or three weeks (which have now nearly elapsed); and then the rains come on again in earnest, and continue I don't know how long. The fields are now just beginning to look green. The rains, however, will deprive me of the enjoyment of walking over them for a good while. We have a very pleasant walk near our house, which I visit every day. It is called the garden of the *Necessidades*, a convent which was formerly a palace, — from which circumstance you may judge of the elegance (a stiff, old-fashioned kind, however) of its gardens.¹ Here I became acquainted with the librarian of the convent, who appears to be a very obliging man, and has given me leave to come and read any book in the library when I please. I converse with him in Portuguese, with Latin words occasionally intermixed whenever I don't recollect the Portuguese. This indeed seldom happens; for it is a common observation of all the foreigners I have seen, that the Portuguese understand what a person means, from almost any kind of jargon that he uses, with greater quickness than any other nation. I have a Portuguese master,² of whom I have taken already twenty-four lessons; that is, I have studied the language twenty-four hours, and can speak it with tolerable ease. What a wonderful progress! Indeed it would be if that were the whole truth; but it is not. I had studied the language very diligently for the three months that I have been here; not a day has passed without reading either my grammar or some other book. You will not wonder that I cannot speak it yet, for I remember to have heard you speak of the difficulty of attaining the most easy language. The Portuguese is certainly not so difficult as some others, but it has difficulties enough. One characteristic of its ease is said to be (and this is most frequently mentioned) that the words are all spelt as they are pronounced. This is far from being true. It may be more generally the case than in any other language.

¹ Southey describes the place in these words: "The Convent of the *Necessidades* has a very large and fine garden, laid out in shady walks like the spokes of wheels that centre into fountains, the space between the walks being occupied with oranges, lemons, and other fruit-trees." — *Southey's Life*.

² Pinheiro was his teacher of Portuguese.

“Not long ago I had the honor of shaking hands with Lord St. Vincent. When I was presented to him he said that he was very happy to be acquainted with anybody of the name of Pickering. I did not perfectly understand this, but I did not puzzle myself in trying to find out the meaning of it. It was probably in consequence of having seen your name in the papers, or perhaps a mere compliment. He is a very sociable old gentleman. His captain (a Mr. Grey, brother to the one in the House of Commons) dined with Mr. Smith on the same day with him. Three days since we received Boston papers to the 3d of November. I received much satisfaction from reading part of your answer to the Spanish Minister. Unfortunately the remainder of it was in none of the papers. It gave me much pleasure, too, to find that the fever is nearly over in Philadelphia.

“P. S. — I have just received your letter of the 23d of September, dated at Trenton, with five others in the same packet from my acquaintances. My answer must be deferred till the New York vessel sails, which will be in about a week.”

To his brother Timothy, John Pickering writes from Lisbon, Jan. 16, 1798: —

“To give you an idea of our January weather, let me tell you that we have flowers in the garden, and the almond-trees, which are the earliest, are in full bloom. Notwithstanding this, a fire is a very comfortable thing, as even the natives confess. They tell me, however, that the weather has been uncommonly cold this winter. I trust that by this time you can read French with ease. If I durst believe that this is not the case, I would urge you to study it with more attention than you have done. If you should ever be in Europe, you will find it absolutely necessary. I find occasion for it almost every day, — indeed it is nearly as necessary as the language of the country. I am obliged almost every day to speak both. Our servants are Portuguese, and when I walk out I generally meet somebody of my acquaintance who speaks French.”

To Colonel Pickering his son writes as follows: —

LISBON, Jan. 26, 1798.

I have just returned from on board the "Ville de Paris," where I have been dining with Mr. Smith. I have not time to give you any account of the ship, nor of the civilities of Lord St. Vincent. As the vessel by which this goes to-morrow may be the first from Europe, I will mention some of our latest news. The Chevalier Araujo,¹ the Portuguese Minister, has been confined at Paris, the reason unknown here; report says, for attempting to bribe the Directory. We have heard nothing of our Envoys lately; by the last accounts they had not had an audience. There is a very strange report here that the Directory had demanded of them two millions of dollars before they would listen to any proposals from them. The current news of the day is that there has been an insurrection at Rome against some French troops sent there (I believe by the Cisalpine Republic), and a hundred and odd killed in the tumult. The consequences are not known yet.

On the 30th of January he writes to him again : —

"In my last, dated about the 26th inst., I gave you an account of the tumult at Rome as we had it on that day. Mr. Smith has since received Paris papers, from which he has taken the account which you will receive by this vessel. You will find it originated in a different manner from that which was first reported. I wish you could send us some American newspapers occasionally, particularly after a session of Congress. We have had none since November 6 or 7."

¹ Antonio de Araujo de Azevedo, Count da Barca, a Portuguese statesman, Ambassador at the Hague, etc., born 1754, died 1817.

CHAPTER VI.

In Lisbon. — Cintra and Setubal. — Absence of Mr. Smith. — Occupations and Pursuits. — Correspondence.

1798–1799.

AFTER a residence of six months in Portugal the young Secretary had doubtless become familiarized with the requirements of his position, and he was left at Lisbon, in Mr. Smith's absence on a visit to Spain, as appears from the following letter to Colonel Pickering: —

LISBON, March 3, 1798.

MY DEAR FATHER, — Mr. Smith having found a good opportunity of visiting Gibraltar, has availed himself of it. He embarked yesterday at one o'clock. Previously to his departure we had heard of the arrival of the "Crescent" frigate and another vessel (an armed brig, I believe) in her company at Gibraltar. Mr. Smith's original intention was to return in the same vessel, which will probably be in three or four weeks; but as this will depend upon circumstances, in order to provide in some measure against any accident which might happen during his absence, he has desired the Secretary of State¹ to transmit any communication he may have to make, relative to the United States, to me.

The next letter from John Pickering to his father bears the date of March 29, 1798: —

"I avail myself of the opportunity afforded by a convoy which sails for America, of writing you a few lines. In my last, dated March 3 (of which I sent a duplicate), I informed you that Mr. Smith left Lisbon on the 2d for Gibraltar. The

¹ Timothy Pickering, in his official capacity as Secretary of State.

situation of this country is certainly far from pleasant. We have no news of peace with France yet, and a thousand alarming reports are propagated respecting it. One day an army of several thousand men is said to be at Perpignan; the next day the French Minister at Madrid has obtained leave for this army to pass through Spain; the third they are actually on their march; but on the fourth or fifth the Peace is signed. This has been the course over and over again for about a month past. You have probably heard that the British have orders to capture all neutral vessels,—in similar cases to those in which the French capture them. All the ports of France, the London papers say, are to be blockaded; so that, between the two belligerent Powers, there is almost an end to neutral commerce.”

Mr. Smith had now been absent nearly a month from Lisbon. In the meantime John Pickering, left in charge of affairs in their home, found employment in reading, and recreation in music, as appears from his memoranda of purchases of Ernesti's Homer, five volumes, and of music and “Instructions for the Flute.” Previous to the beginning of this year it is believed that the violin was the only instrument on which his fondness for music had led him to attempt playing, and it was also his instrument in the Pierian Sodality at college. To Colonel Pickering his son wrote from Lisbon, April 10, 1798:—

“I have already informed you that Mr. Smith left this place, on a visit to Gibraltar, on the 2d of March. We are not in a very pleasant position here. Nothing certain is known respecting the invasion of Portugal by the French. You will have heard, probably before this reaches you, that the ‘Prince of the Peace’¹ is out of office, or rather has retired with all his

¹ Manuel de Godoy, Duke of Alcudia, born at Badajoz, May 12, 1767, favorite and prime minister of Charles IV. He received the title of “Prince of the Peace” from negotiating the Treaty of Basle, July 22, 1795.

offices. I have seen the account of it which was published in the Madrid Gazette. In this it is stated to have happened in consequence of repeated verbal and written requests from the Prince, and the King is extremely sorry that it was requested. He is to retain all his offices and emoluments. Another person, however, is appointed to be acting Minister. It appears to me at present a very curious business. I will send you a copy of the account if I can procure it."

Two days later, John Pickering writes:—

"I send you a copy of the Prince's dismissal, and some papers relative to the French who are in Spain. You will see that the emigrants are ordered out of the kingdom; but the King graciously permits them to go to the Island of Majorca. The emigrants in Portugal are trembling under the expectation of a similar fate. On the evening of the 10th I received a letter from Mr. Smith, dated April 1, on board the vessel he went in, then near Cadiz. He is going to Cadiz, and has directed me to forward the letters I may have received for him to that place,—from which it appears that he will not return immediately, but probably will proceed to Madrid, as he at first intended, provided it should be convenient. I shall send the Spanish papers that I have mentioned by an American who leaves this place in a few days."

In a letter to his father a few days afterwards, he says:—

"Our latest news is that the French have lost a great many men in Switzerland; some state the number at twelve thousand, others differently. However, as the French gazettes are silent respecting Swiss affairs, it is highly probable they have not met with success in that country. The Cisalpine Republic, too, is said to have shown a little obstinacy in complying with late requisitions of France. We have no news of our commissioners."

A letter from Colonel Pickering to his son, dated Philadelphia, April 10, conveyed to him most unex-

pectedly the painful intelligence of the death of the Rev. Mr. Clarke, the much-loved cousin, many years his elder, who had been the faithful and respected friend and counsellor of his college life. Colonel Pickering thus writes:—

“I have not time now to recur to the several letters from you which remain unacknowledged. This morning I received that dated the 14th of February. Your relative, friend, and patron, Mr. Clarke, is no more. On the 1st inst., in the afternoon, he was preaching. About half through his sermon his voice faltered, he put his hand to his head, and immediately sank into his seat. Assistance was given, and he was conveyed to his house. A paralytic affection pervaded the whole system; he was never able to speak, and expired on the 2d at three in the morning. A solemn and distressing scene! Where shall we find genius, learning, amiableness, virtue, piety united in one person, and all shining with such lustre! You knew his eminent worth, and with me and all his friends will long and deeply lament the loss we sustain. To us his death is untimely; to him it could never arrive too soon. Painfully separated from those we love, let us strive to imitate their good example, that we may joyfully meet them in another state of existence.”

In a subsequent letter Colonel Pickering says:—

“In your letter of the 24th of February you said you were going to write to Tim, and perhaps to Mr. Clarke. His name renews my grief. In my last I informed you that he was dead. When such excellences, in the meridian of their splendor and usefulness, are taken away, we who remain have the deepest cause to mourn the deprivation. The disappointment of our hopes and expectations, in its first effects, almost induces the exclamation, Why should we toil for years for acquisitions which in a moment are destroyed and lost? Alas! all is indeed ‘vanity and vexation of spirit.’ And if in this life only we had hopes, the exclamation would not be unreasonable.

But viewing the cultivation of our talents in relation to another state of existence, our pursuit of every useful acquirement is desirable; considering the state of man as progressive, and that our enjoyments hereafter may be proportioned to our acquisitions in knowledge, virtue, and piety,—all our toils, all our labors will be abundantly rewarded. God bless you, my dear son, with health and long life, usefully and agreeably to employ your talents, which you are so laudably disposed to increase by diligent study and meditation.”

Under date of the 28th of April, 1798, Colonel Pickering writes to his son as follows:—

“Under cover to Mr. Smith I send copies of the instructions to, and letters from, the Envoys of the United States at Paris. The publication of them here is producing very happy effects. Addresses full of spirit and energy are coming in, manifesting great satisfaction with the conduct of our Government, and pledging lives and fortunes in support of the freedom and independence of the United States. I entertain not the smallest doubt of the union, zeal, and courage of the people of the United States effectually to maintain their rights against all the open or insidious attempts of France to deprive us of them. In addition to the frigates, twelve sloops of war, from twelve or fourteen to twenty-two guns, are to be equipped immediately for the protection of our commerce, and the merchants are at liberty to arm their vessels, all in self-defence. Another regiment of artillery is to be raised, and a provisional army of twenty thousand will be authorized, and our principal seaports are to be fortified. These are measures of precaution while we remain in suspense between peace and war. In one word, with the necessity of the times, the spirit of 1776 has revived, and I have observed nowhere the smallest symptoms of fear.”

In a letter from Lisbon, April 21, 1798, to Colonel Pickering, his son writes thus concerning his studies :

“In consequence of your advice respecting Justinian, I shall not enter upon him. I think at present of beginning Vattel, which we have here in French. I don’t know whether it is not

beyond my forces, but I shall try to master it. With respect to English books, I have now formed an acquaintance with an English clergyman¹ (of the English factory here) who has a pretty large library, and has very obligingly offered me the use of it. He lives next door to us, so that I can procure a book at any time. His library, however, appears to me, from a slight view, to contain few English books in proportion to those in other languages, and they are, I suppose, principally upon divinity. I am most embarrassed about a course of history; for with respect to the laws of nations, Vattel (I speak from the general reputation of this author) certainly deserves the preference, and will be sufficient employment for some months. But in regard to history, I should hardly know what selection of authors to make. Mr. Smith has the *Cours d'Étude* of the Abbé Condillac, — a very celebrated work; and this contains, in five or six volumes octavo, an abridgment of general history which is said to be excellent. He rapidly passes over the common events of histories, as sieges, battles, etc., and pauses at important revolutions. The work is in French; but this is no objection. I don't know that I can find a better work to begin my course of history. But I find myself so shamefully ignorant of the history and Constitution of my own country that I devote the greatest part of my time to that. I am reading the State-papers and other publications relative to the country; and to understand the Constitution, I began not long since Colonel Hamilton's 'Federalist,' by advice of Mr. Smith. I am very often asked some question relative to the United States which I cannot answer. My first object then is, upon returning home, to study this question; and by the time I am master of it, some other is proposed, — and so on. With respect to getting books from England, it is not so difficult as I imagined at the time I wrote on the subject; but they must be smuggled, unless you wish to have them pass through the hands of the Inquisition. One fact relative to books, etc.; the English gazettes and magazines are freely admitted, yet other books must always be examined.

"Lisbon is at present very much infested with robbers. I don't suppose a single night passes in which somebody is not

¹ The Rev. Herbert Hill.

murdered. I hear of a murder myself at least twice a week ; and how many must be committed in such a large city which I hear nothing of ! The soldiery, it is said, have no small share in the robberies ; yet, notwithstanding all this, the streets are patrolled every night by some of the cavalry. A few nights ago, I was told, a paper was posted up, as being written by some of the robbers, advising people to carry money with them always at night, — that if they carried a half-jo, they should meet with no harm ; if less, they should receive a number of stabs or gashes proportionably greater ; but if they carried two or three half-joes, they should have two persons to see them safe home. This, you will perceive, was meant as a satire upon the police-officers. You may wonder how such a thing could escape punishment ; but I will unriddle it all to you when we meet. You will have heard, perhaps, before this reaches you, that poor Switzerland is at length free. This is the principal news we have here ; not a word about our commissioners.”

The city of Lisbon would seem, from all accounts, an undesirable place of residence at this time, notwithstanding the charms of its genial climate. Southey, the poet, in writing of Lisbon, where he had spent much time in the family of his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, mentions that a murder took place thirty yards from their house, which they only heard of by accident ten days afterwards ! He had spent six months at Lisbon and Cintra in 1795 and 1796. Of the climate, to which he resorted for his health in the year 1800, Southey writes enthusiastically : “ This climate so completely changes my whole animal being that I would exchange everything for it. I would gladly live and die here.”

A letter from John Pickering to his brother Timothy, dated at Lisbon, April 30, 1798, thus alludes to the climate : —

“ I am well ; I have, in fact, the best health possible. This is a most delightful climate ; we have fruits and all kinds of

vegetables throughout the year. Oranges are now, according to the Portuguese, in full perfection."

From Mr. Smith, still absent on his excursion to Spain, the following letter was received by John Pickering:—

SEVILLE, April 23, 1798.

DEAR JOHN, — I am here on my way to Madrid; the journey I have been tempted to undertake by the offer of an excellent opportunity, having met at Cadiz with a Spanish gentleman who speaks good English, going there in his own carriage, and who offered me a seat. We left Cadiz the 24th, and arrived to dinner at Xeres (where the sherry wine is made), where we stayed till the 26th, and arrived here the same night, travelling post. We set out to-morrow for Aranjuez, where the Court now resides, and where I hope to arrive in a few days. My stay there will be short. I hope to return to Lisbon by the middle of June at farthest. You will be so good as to have everything prepared for going to Court on the Prince's birthday,¹ which I think is towards the end of that month. The carriage, etc., must be prepared, and the new liveries, with the lace the tailor was making, and another footman must be previously engaged, in the room of Thiago. You and Thomaz will be able, without consulting me, to settle everything; should you wish for advice, you can have an answer from me in time. Write to me, directed to the care of Colonel Humphreys, at Madrid. I wish to have mosquito-nets prepared for the beds; pray order them immediately. I recommend your making any little excursion in the neighborhood of Lisbon you may wish, — to Cintra, St. Ubes, etc., — as you must be tired of Lisbon at this present season. I have not yet heard from you, but hope to get your letter to-morrow from Cadiz, as I stay here till the post arrives. I was obliged to leave Cadiz sooner than I at first intended, to have time to make my tour by Madrid. There must be a new hat for Thiago's successor, and the others brushed up. I wish the coats of the liveries to

¹ The Prince-Regent, acting sovereign in consequence of the insanity of the Queen, his mother, bore the title of "Prince of Brazil." He was Dom Joao VI. (King John VI.) on succeeding to the crown.

be lined with orange, and the waistcoat and breeches also of orange; if orange can't be got, yellow, the nearest to it. There must be additional plated harness for the leaders, and the mules must be frequently exercised in the new chariot, with the cover on. I shall write again from Aranjuez. Adieu.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM SMITH.

The next letter from Mr. Smith is dated at Aranjuez, May 8, 1798:—

“We arrived here Friday afternoon, the 4th, after a journey of five days from Seville. On my arrival I found your last letter of April 17, but learned from Colonel Humphreys that the large packet had been sent on to Cadiz, so that your supposed blunder operated differently from what you expected. Had it produced the effect you apprehended, I should have found the packet here; the delay, however, was not long, for it arrived from Cadiz to-day, containing a number of letters, some very interesting to me, others of old date and unimportant. I was disappointed in not hearing from you at Seville, as I had expected. In looking into the almanac here I find the birthday occurs on the 13th inst., so that you will pay no attention to my directions about the liveries, etc. There will be no Court day till the 25th of July,¹ and I hope to be home long before that, intending to leave Madrid early in the next month. I find Aranjuez in all its beauty at present. The Court being here, there is a curious *mélange* of Court magnificence and rural beauty. I shall go to Madrid next week, and am not yet determined whether I shall make that place or this the point of departure.”

Mr. Smith writes again from Aranjuez, 11th of May, 1798:—

DEAR JOHN, — To-day I received yours of the 21st ult. So far from disapproving of your opening the letter under the seal of office,² I am sorry you did not open the cover of the other, in

¹ The 25th of July, the birthday of the Senhora Dona Maria Benedicta, widowed Princess of Brazil, was one of the grand gala-days at the Portuguese Court. — *Portuguese Almanac for 1799.*

² Letter from Timothy Pickering, Secretary of State, to Mr. Smith.

which you would have found a letter from your father, which is herein enclosed. As I shall leave this place early in next month, you must not forward any more letters to me after the receipt of this ; but you may write me, once more, any domestic occurrences or news from home, — that is, the United States. This is a very charming place, and I am so much pleased with it that I shall make but a short stay at Madrid, where I propose going in a few days. I shall return here, and make this my point of departure. Adieu.

Sincerely yours,

WM. SMITH.

During part of the month of May, John Pickering employed his time in keeping up his study of the Portuguese language with his master, Pinheiro, and in visiting some of the churches of Lisbon, of which brief memoranda are found in his Notebook, under the head of “Curiosities, Public Monuments, etc.”

To Colonel Pickering his son wrote from Lisbon, May 24, 1798, as follows : —

“Three days ago I had a letter from Mr. Smith, dated 11th inst. He was then at Aranjuez ; he intends to be in Lisbon by the middle of June. I have lately been gratified with the sight of the ruins of an ancient theatre, which were discovered here about two weeks since. You may judge of the sensation it produced in me, who have heard of hardly anything except the Romans and Greeks during the greatest part of my life. I send you a copy of the inscription, and a clumsy drawing of it by myself. It appears to be the front of the stage ; nearly opposite to it were discovered parts of two circular steps, at about forty or fifty feet distant, which doubtless were parts of the seats for spectators. There was discovered in the same place a mutilated statue, apparently a sleeping Hercules, of white marble. The letters of the inscription are as fresh as if they were just cut ; but the statue, as well as some fragments of pillars, have felt the effects of time. From all appearances the building must have been thrown down by an earthquake. The stones discovered are about eighteen or twenty feet below the surface of the

earth; and this eighteen or twenty feet consists of nothing but rubbish, which has gradually accumulated by earthquakes or other causes. The ruins are found at a place called the C^osta do Castello. There are various conjectures about the antiquity of them, but none bring their date lower than the reign of Caligula. I shall not trouble you with the reasons on which these conjectures are founded, as I have been sufficiently prolix on the subject already. I yesterday learned, to my great disappointment, that the digging will not be continued, as the owner of the land is impatient to go on with his house. There's a reason for discontinuing a work which certainly promises a great deal! I don't mean to blame the owner, however, but the want of taste, or rather of curiosity, in the people of this country.

"I am unable to express my feelings on hearing of Mr. Clarke's death. How much I had anticipated from his correspondence! I hope he has left some work to alleviate in some measure the loss which the public has sustained by his death.

"I have had, for a week past, the company of an old class-mate, a son of Mr. Winthrop of Boston. I shall go with him to St. Ubes¹ in a day or two, where his vessel lies, partly to see that town, and partly to get some letters which he brought for me; and among them is one from his uncle, James Winthrop, at Cambridge. We have papers here containing the communication of our Envoys at Paris. This is our latest news from America."

On the 26th of May John Pickering and his class-mate, John Winthrop, set out on the excursion to St. Ubes mentioned in the above letter to Colonel Pickering. The following letter to Colonel Pickering gives some account of the excursion:—

LISBON, June 2, 1798.

Yesterday I returned from St. Ubes, where I have spent five days very pleasantly. We travelled about half way by water,

¹ "Setubal, commonly but absurdly called by the English St. Ubes; seventeen thousand inhabitants, and ranking as the first town in Portugal. It is on the north side of its magnificent harbor, inferior only to that of Lisbon. The great prosperity of this town arises from its commerce in salt."
— *Murray's Handbook*.

and the remainder by land, over a barren sand and through a pine-wood, — this last I thought was a thing not to be met with in this country, and indeed it would hardly be called a wood in America. We rode about eleven miles. On our arrival at St. Ubes all we had to do with our mules was to give them a kick and send them away; this, to be sure, appeared very strange, but it is the custom. This town I think pleasanter than Lisbon; but I am told it is much warmer in summer, — which is certainly a great objection to it.

JUNE 10.

I have received the letter from Judge Winthrop, of Cambridge. He pays me the compliment of asking information on some philosophical questions; two in particular. The first is the recession of the sea on both sides of Spain, the shoaling or filling up of harbors, etc., which has taken place on the other side of the Mediterranean, and probably on the shores of Spain. The second is the temperature of the climate of Spain; for he thought I was to go to Spain. As I am not furnished with information on either of these questions, and as I think an account of the climate in Portugal would not be unacceptable, I shall send him a volume of the Royal Academy's Memoirs, containing meteorological observations during one or two years, — this being the only thing I can find on the subject.

The next letter to Colonel Pickering from his son is dated at Lisbon, June 26, 1798: —

“I wrote you a long letter on the 10th inst. by a Boston vessel, in which went as passenger Mr. Winthrop, a classmate of mine, who has passed a month in this place. As he intended to visit Philadelphia, I gave him a letter of introduction to you. Mr. Smith returned from his tour through Spain on the 18th inst. He has given me an interesting account of that country, which has not failed to increase the desire I have long had of seeing it. Of the Spanish language he speaks in the highest terms, and says it is inconceivable what a shock he experienced on crossing the frontier on his return home and hearing Portuguese, — which no doubt is bad enough at such a distance from

the capital. He dwelt with such emphasis on the horrid sounds of the Portuguese language that I almost tremble when I speak it in his presence. My health is uninterrupted, and I think, after ten months' experience of this climate, I ought to be under no apprehension of a change; the two worst months, however, are yet to come. We have had no rain for some time, and the plants begin to appear parched; but I have not yet felt any weather like the sultry days of Philadelphia."

A letter from Colonel Pickering to his son, dated at Philadelphia, June 16, and received in Lisbon, July 30, 1798, thus discusses the disturbed state of public affairs in both hemispheres: —

MY DEAR SON, — I have received your letters of March 29 and 31, and April 10 and 14. The manner in which you state the "Prince of the Peace" to have retired is singular indeed, but the manner in which titles and offices have been heaped upon him is also extraordinary. Our accounts respecting Spain are very contradictory. At one time we are told that Spain has granted a passage to a French army to march to Portugal; at another that such passage has not nor will be granted, — we have even received assurances that Spain has long been preparing to resist in arms such a demand; while on the other hand we have been as confidently told that Monsieur Truquet, the French ambassador, rules the Spanish nation. From Colonel Humphreys, however, I have received no ideas on the subject; his last only announced the resignation of the "Prince of the Peace," and enclosed copies of the papers concerning it, some of which you also sent me. I believe I have already informed you that the Spaniards evacuated the posts they held in our territory on the Mississippi about the last of March, but the running of the boundary-line had not commenced. We have received despatches from our Envoys at Paris dated the 3d of April; they will be laid before Congress on the 18th (next Monday). They consist of a letter from Talleyrand of the 18th of March, and the Envoys' answer. Talleyrand's letter I enclose. Mr. Smith, who is acquainted with the history of our relations to France, will see that the letter is a compound of

falsehood and insult. There is neither fact nor argument to support a single assertion. The answer of the Envoys is an able one, and shall be sent to Mr. Smith as soon as it is printed. Herewith I transmit copies of all the Envoys' preceding despatches. The Rubicon is passed, war is inevitable, the negotiation is at an end, and Mr. Gerry stays at Paris (in opposition to the remonstrances of his excellent colleagues) under the idea that so long as he remains there, a rupture will be suspended; but not to negotiate,—this he has explicitly declared in a private letter which I have read. The orders sent from hence the latter end of March will determine his return. We are increasing our naval armaments, and as there remains, not even to the most pacific, the smallest ray of hope of an accommodation, we shall most assuredly go into all the preparations for a certain war. On Monday or Tuesday next a formal proposition will be made to the Senate to annihilate all our treaties with France, and a bill will pass for the purpose.

Not long after the date of the above letter the aspect of public affairs experienced a change. "The French Directory saw that it had gone too far. It had broken down what it had fully relied upon,—the influence of the French party, as it called them, in America, and started the United States on a line of action that threatened an armed and active co-operation of England and America on the sea and throughout the world. The country was carried through the crisis of the French Republic with a wise statesmanship and in a spirit of true, vigilant, and resolute patriotism."¹

During his intervals of leisure, and in his walks in Lisbon, John Pickering improved every opportunity to become acquainted with the objects of interest within reach; and his brief memoranda on a great variety of subjects show the activity and thoroughness of his

¹ Life of Timothy Pickering.

observation and research. Many of these memoranda consist of statistics relating to the commerce, productions, and resources of Portugal and Brazil; others have reference to the public institutions interesting to a stranger, and also to the habits and observances most striking to a foreigner. The grand and beautiful aqueduct of Lisbon was an object of peculiar interest and admiration, often attracting him in his walks. Of it he says:—

“This wonderful structure was built by John V., surnamed the *Magnifico*; it was begun in the year 1732. The water which supplies it comes from a stream which rises near Bellas, about two leagues (eight miles) from Lisbon; but in its course it receives some others. This stream is called *aguas livres* (free waters); which is the name generally used by the people when speaking of the aqueduct. To defray the expense of building this aqueduct, a tax of one rea per pound was laid on all the meat used in Lisbon.”

Of the streets of Lisbon, John Pickering writes:—

“They are very filthy, and not lighted except by the gleams of a few solitary lamps which are placed before the Madonnas. You are obliged to have a servant, who carries a large torch made of grass, twisted like a rope and dipped in rosin. Farriers’ shops are in the streets; they finish the horse-shoes when cold; you often see them sitting at their anvils. The number of beggars is very great; it is impossible to say how many. Lisbon swarms with dogs,—most in the fall (September and October), while the grapes are ripening; for then they are sent over from the other side of the river, and from the country, to keep them from the grapes, of which they are said to be very fond. I often wondered that I never saw a mad dog in Lisbon, as there is such a vast number of these animals in that city. Upon asking the reason, I was answered that it was prevented by a custom of always placing a vessel of water by the doors in the streets for the dogs to drink as they pass. They say that

the madness arises from want of water; whether this is the fact or not, I cannot tell. I have frequently seen pails of water standing at doors, and dogs drinking at them. It is remarkable that Volney gives an account of the dogs at Cairo which is applicable to those of Lisbon. Dallaway says the same also of Constantinople."

In Lisbon during the summer the bull-fights take place, and as a national amusement attract the notice of travellers and foreigners. A letter to Colonel Pickering from his son, dated July 16, 1798, names the time of their commencement: —

"Last Sunday the bull-fights began in this place; and as the first day on all similar occasions is generally distinguished above the rest, I had resolved to attend. But I shall have no great desire to see a second; the poor beasts were butchered in a most dreadful manner."

He was, however, induced to attend another bull-fight a week afterwards, when he accompanied Mr. Smith, and was more disgusted than with the first. Writing to his friend Horace Binney, Aug. 2, 1798, John Pickering continues this subject: —

"Since my last I have seen the famous entertainment of a bull-fight (or, as they are often called, bull-baiting), — and a miserable entertainment it was too; the poor animals are absolutely butchered, and in the most clumsy manner. The bulls have a very unequal chance against the man; for besides their weakness (occasioned by hard driving from the country, and starvation after their arrival) they are not allowed the full use of their horns, which are rendered almost harmless by large knobs of wood on the ends of them. You have perhaps read of the bull-fights in Spain. In those the bulls are allowed fair play, and very frequently kill the horses, and not infrequently the men. It is only about a month since I heard of the death of one of the best fighters in Spain. These are the rational entertain-

ments of the two countries! Why do our whining and sympathetic moralists and historians inveigh so bitterly against the barbarous custom of wild-beast fights among the Romans, and pass over the same trait of barbarism in our own times? I suppose because the Romans fought lions and tigers and panthers, and we fight bulls! *De belluis hactenus; redeamus ad humana.* In my last I gave you an account of a Roman inscription lately discovered here, and I have the mortification to tell you that this ignorant, incurious people have suffered the foundations of a house to be begun upon that part of the ruins which remained under ground, — by far the greater part. What brutes they are! I promised just now to speak of the affairs of men; but this conduct would have been more properly introduced under the head of *belluina*. I am glad to hear that your classic spirit has not left you, and that Homer is to have a thorough reviewing. I shall review him myself very shortly. I have just finished a Greek life of Homer (attributed to different authors), in which I think there are several good remarks intermixed with a good deal of nonsense, or rather trifling. To spur you on a little, let me tell you that I have read all Cicero's letters to Atticus lately with inexpressible pleasure, and I would advise you (if I durst) to read them also. My reason is, to make yourself acquainted with characters whom he frequently mentions by name only in his other works. His letters *Ad Familiares* I think must be easier, as they have not so many hints, half-sentences, *demi-mots*, etc., which nobody but Atticus could have understood, but which nevertheless some of the commentators explain with wonderful wisdom. I imagine, however (I have not read them), that they have not the advantage of displaying the characters of those days so fully as the letters to Atticus. I used Mongault's edition, with a French translation on one page and the text on the other. You will find this edition in Philadelphia; but remember it contains the epistles to Atticus only. It is so excellent an edition, however, that you ought not to be without it. At present I am reading the treatise *De Officiis*. This Lord Mansfield commends to the law-student, so that you can't refuse it one reading at least. But, to let the classics rest for some time, I must say a word or two on law; and as the first thing we do is to complain or

lament, I must here mention my sincere regret that I have abandoned it, not only for the reasons you mention, but for others which I shall not trouble you with. It will be soon too late for me to return to it. All the consolation I have is that I have acted only in obedience to a parent's advice in forsaking it, and what greater consolation ought I to wish? Why, to be sure, none; so away with this repining. Wooddeson, it is true, is not much read; but I had read him before I left Philadelphia. I recollect being pleased with him on the whole, and yet dissatisfied, for a reason which he himself gives,—that he has dwelt on those parts which Blackstone has scarcely touched upon. Tell me what you think of him. I only read, but you have studied. But enough of law, as I am no longer *legalis homo*.

“I have never, that I recollect, troubled you with politics, nor should I at this time, if it were possible to restrain my indignation at the vile means employed to keep our countrymen in such a disgraceful apathy. How long shall these Catilines abuse our patience? How long shall the hireling presses of America vomit forth their poisons among our citizens? Have we no laws? Yes, but they are evaded. But the Yankees, when laws were evaded, never used to permit the subject to escape tar and feathers. They seem to have forgot their old manner of punishing such miscreants. The Democrats profess great love for the ‘sovereign people;’ it would therefore be no more than right to indulge them with a short experience of King Mob’s administration. What a patient people we are, to suffer so long the injustice and insults of the proud republic! Forbearance so long is more than Christian, it looks like fear; and this it is that encourages the haughty tyrants to persevere in their insulting demands. The French Government do not believe such patience is the lot of human nature; they at once call it fear. And in any other nation but our own, would you yourself hesitate to brand it with the same disgraceful appellation? We shudder at the crimes of the republic; we suffer ourselves to be pinched till we are black and blue under the grip of this mighty monster; and yet continue to look upon the one as necessary evils in a revolutionary state, and are taught to believe the other to be a wholesome chastisement for our ingrati-

tude. In addition to all this, you Americans will have soon to hear of the malconduct of one of the Envoys. I can say no more.

“College. What news have you from our good old Alma Mater? Have the students formed themselves into military companies? This, you know, has frequently been in contemplation, and as often abandoned, — generally on the ground of there not being arms at hand. Pray give some of your correspondents a hint to propose the thing once more; they never will have a better opportunity to prevail on the Government to permit them to form companies, and certainly the State Government can never have better reason for allowing them arms. What a fine opportunity for some of the College composuists to display their spouting faculties in a petition to the College government, — the topics to be youthful patriotism, fighting *pro aris et focis*, example of their fathers, cause of virtue and religion against vice, atheism, and the whole train of crimes that have distinguished this bloody revolution! What a field! I almost wish myself there again, to see such a thing going forward.”

To his father John Pickering, in a letter from Lisbon, August 4, writes as follows: —

“Yesterday arrived in this port the ‘Sensible,’ a French frigate taken by a frigate of Admiral Nelson’s squadron in the Mediterranean. She was taken on her way to Toulon, carrying the intelligence of the taking of Malta. She is said to have had on board one of the French generals (Baraguay d’Hilliers), with several staff-officers. I saw the British commissioner (Coffin), who arrived yesterday from Lord St. Vincent’s fleet, but he brings no intelligence of the French fleet which is in the Mediterranean.

“In a fortnight my first year’s residence here expires. I am amazed at the lapse of time. If I were engaged in any regular course of study, I think it would not appear so rapid; or if it did, I should at the end of the year be sensible of some improvement. This year appears to have been a year of idleness; and yet I don’t remember that a day has passed without study of some kind. A vessel sails direct for Philadelphia in a few days,

by which I shall send one or two little trinkets for the children. One is a present from Mrs. Bulkeley (the *consuleza*, as the Portuguese call her) for the little girls. I will here repeat the polite, or, more truly, friendly, attention of Mr. (Thomas) Bulkeley, and indeed of the whole family, to me since I have been here. I wish you would make acknowledgments to Mr. and Mrs. Waln for the civilities I have received from Mrs. B."

During the summer the yellow fever again prevailed in Philadelphia, and was more malignant than in any former year. The public offices were consequently removed to Trenton, and there also Colonel Pickering and his family remained for three months. The greater part of the month of August was spent by his son in Lisbon, as appears by the dates of his letters. He wrote to his father from Lisbon (Aug. 7, 1798):—

"I have lately received two letters from you, one of June 2, and the other of the 16th, with the sermon on the death of the excellent Dr. Clarke. I was not much struck with the sermon, I had expected something better; but this perhaps was because I knew Mr. Clarke deserved a better eulogy. I will mention one piece of news which perhaps Mr. Smith has forgotten. I yesterday saw a letter from a captain (American) at Bordeaux which mentions that there is an embargo in that place 'on all American vessels and people.' I know not what he means by the expression 'people,' but suppose he refers to the vessel's crew."

On the 29th of August he writes to his father:—

"I had intended to write you a long letter by the present conveyance, but some unexpected copying for Mr. Smith prevents me. I enclose you a book containing the signals used at the several towers along the river. I don't know whether it will be of any use to you, but it may possibly, and I have another copy. I send also by this vessel, commanded by Captain Howland, a box of the manufacture of nuns; it is a present from Mrs. (Thomas) Bulkeley to the little girls. The weather here has

not been so warm as to incommode me in the least; our situation is very high and airy. The people in the lower parts of the town, I have heard, complain of the heat, and I myself have found it very hot in walking from our house to Mr. Bulkeley's, near a mile; but never so sultry as in Philadelphia. We have a sea-breeze every day at about noon. In short, I think this as fine a climate as possible."

A letter to his brother Timothy (Lisbon, Sept. 1, 1798) contains the following inquiries as to his college studies:—

"Does the course of study continue without the least alteration at Cambridge? If not, what new studies have you? Have the College government profited by the hint which our friend the excellent and ever-to-be-lamented Dr. Clarke gives them in his 'Letters to a Student,' relative to the establishment of a professorship of ethics and politics? Nothing would be more useful. I am told that at Princeton they study (for information on one branch of politics) a book written by Mr. Smith, the gentleman with whom I live. The author has made me a present of one. It is a most excellent work; and if you have already any interest in the subject of it, you can get one from Philadelphia. It is entitled 'Comparative View of the Constitutions,' etc. It is a small volume, but deserves the motto of *multum in parvo* as much as any book I know."

In a letter written the next day to his father, John Pickering says:—

"I received yours of July 16, informing me of Tim's election as a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge,—an event which gives me great pleasure. I shall begin Vattel in a day or two; we have so many newspapers (English, American, and occasionally French) that I hardly seem to have time for anything else. I am no longer in any embarrassment with respect to English books. I can procure them from London by the packets at a trifling expense, and Francis Williams has offered me his assistance in getting anything I may want from England.

“If I could, without intimating a strong desire to return home (which I know you would immediately gratify), ask you how much longer I am to remain in Europe, I should have done it before this. I am not impatient to return; but you recollect about two years were allowed me when I left you, and all I wish to know is whether you have made any alteration in your plan. One of my years has passed away already, and the second is rapidly passing. In the present state of affairs I have no opportunity of seeing any other country, nor shall I as long as the war continues, so that I might as well be at home.

“I forget whether I have ever mentioned the library in this city. It is on a very liberal establishment; you may go there and read, and take extracts from any book you please. It consists of several chambers, each of which contains the books upon one science, — divinity in one, philosophy in another, etc. All this is gratis. Unfortunately it is above a mile from our house, or I should visit it frequently; it is only open four hours a day.”

In his Notebook John Pickering states “that the library has now eighty thousand volumes all arranged, and a great number in boxes, which they are arranging daily. You may go there and call for any book you please, and read during the whole time the library is open. The present librarian appears to be an excellent man. I once began to make apologies for giving him so much trouble; but he interrupted me, and politely requested me to refrain: ‘For I am placed here,’ said he, ‘by her Majesty to serve the public, and you, sir, as one of that public, have a claim to my attentions.’”

Towards the close of August John Pickering was again at Cintra for a stay of some weeks, September being one of the summer months in that climate. As the temperature of Cintra is several degrees cooler than that of Lisbon, it afforded a refreshing relief from the closely built city with its glaring white buildings. In

his Notebook he refers to the unfavorable effect of this dazzling whiteness on the eyes, mentioning that "blindness is a very common thing in Lisbon; and as it is a local thing, it must have a local cause, which is perhaps the whited houses of this city. The reflection from them is insufferable." Of the attractions of scenery at Cintra, a late writer (Murray) has said:—

"In extreme beauty there is nothing to equal it in Portugal; for where else can you find its palaces and humbler habitations nestling so admirably in quintas, teeming with trees of every size and variety, as in this charming spot? The town lies on the edge of a granitic Serra (ridge), varying in height, the extreme continuation of the Estrella (chain), and itself terminated in the 'Rock of Lisbon.' The views from its highest part (1,800 feet in height) are fine. It requires fully a week to explore its many enchanting views, and it ought to be visited in spring, when the songs of nightingales resound in all directions, and when the surrounding and distant country is not parched and yellow as it is in summer and autumn. Cintra is thronged during the summer by Lisbon visitors anxious to exchange the intense heat and sickening closeness of the capital for the fresh cool shades and breezy heights of these mountains. Most of the Portuguese nobility resident in Lisbon, and of the British merchants, have a quinta here; and no doubt the great fame of Cintra has partly arisen from the striking contrast it affords them."¹

The month of September, 1798, was spent by Mr. Smith and his secretary at Cintra. After returning to Lisbon, John Pickering wrote to his father, October 29, as follows:—

"Since my last (dated at Cintra) we have received intelligence of a great and important victory gained by Admiral Nelson over the French fleet at Alexandria; the details I presume

¹ Murray's Handbook.

you will receive from Mr. Smith, who writes to you by this conveyance. The newspapers (which we have received down to the 5th of September) informed me of the progress of the fever in Philadelphia, as well as in some other parts of the Union; they also mention the removal of the public offices to Trenton, which has freed me from no small anxiety on your account. I hope you all continue safe from the attacks of this dreadful disease. The beginning of this month we returned from Cintra, where I have spent six weeks to great advantage as it respects my health, for I have done little else than walk or ride the whole time; little time was left for study, but it shall be made up this winter."

From Trenton, November 7, Colonel Pickering writes to his son John:—

"I have received several letters from you which remain unanswered, and which I have not now time to enumerate. I am sorry your studies do not satisfy yourself, for I am sure you waste no time idly or on unprofitable subjects. Mr. Smith's great satisfaction in your company and conduct is a proof (if any proof were wanted) that you are what I and all your friends wish you to be."

While his father was engrossed with the imperative duties of his office as Secretary of State in those trying times, Henry Pickering was relied upon by his absent brother for intelligence from his home, and he proved a faithful correspondent. To him his brother John wrote from Lisbon, December 31:—

"I have lately received your two letters of the 7th and 18th of October, with their several enclosures. You ask a variety of questions, some of which I can answer at this time, but others must be reserved for a future letter. You may naturally wonder why I don't make frequent excursions around Lisbon; but in addition to the inconvenience of being absent when Mr. Smith might want me at home, you must know that in this country travelling is attended with a great deal of trouble,—you

must carry your provision with you; the roads are dreadful beyond description, particularly in the spring, after the heavy rains of the preceding winter; there is not an inn where you can be lodged comfortably to refresh yourself after a long journey; and in case of any accident to yourself or horses (I should have said horses or mules) you are destitute of the means of repairing it. It is remarkable that in going to Queluz, where the Court is, people are obliged to take a circuitous and very bad road, because on the other nearer one there is not a blacksmith's shop, and the roads here being all paved, and that very ill done, a carriage is every moment exposed to injury. The distance to Queluz is two Portuguese leagues; that is, eight English miles. The palace is a collection of buildings without the least elegance; they seem piled up together without any order; they are painted yellow. The Cortes never assemble now. During the several reigns of the kings they have met in different places, — Lisbon, Coimbra, Lamego, etc.

“The Prince of Brazil you speak of, is not the present one, but was his elder brother; the present Prince is married to a daughter of the King of Spain. The Queen seldom appears abroad. I met her once; but she was shut up in her carriage, and it was almost sunset, so that I have no idea of her features. I presume the impression on the half-joes is a tolerable likeness. This unfortunate Queen, you well know, has lost her senses. The cause of this I think it not prudent to explain fully, lest, my letter being intercepted, it may cause me some trouble.”

In John Pickering's Notebook, however, are the following particulars relating to the Queen and other members of the royal family: —

“On my return from Cintra, met the Queen, who had been taking an airing. She was preceded by a man on horseback carrying a torch (though it was barely sunset, and the moon shone), and a few others. After her coach went some other officers of the palace. She was attended by about eighteen or twenty persons on horseback. All the drivers of carriages who met her, dismounted and pulled off their hats, but did not kneel. It is the custom for people to stop till she passes. The Queen

is said to be of an excellent disposition; in her present derangement she is said to spend most of her time in a musing posture, with her hands clasped, and frequently exclaiming: *Jesus, estou perdida, estou perdida*, 'I am lost, I am lost,'—meaning on account of her sins. The Prince, her son, is said to have an excellent heart; he is fond of the chase. The Princess, his wife, is also fond of hunting, and an excellent shot. When the Court takes a journey, they carry everything, even to a bed, with them, as they have but one palace furnished, and that badly. In Portugal the departments of Foreign Affairs and of War are united in one person. There is a Minister of Interior, or Home Department, a Minister of Marine, and Premier."

Having sent to England to obtain books not to be had in Lisbon, John Pickering received the following answer from his cousin, Francis Williams:—

LONDON, Jan. 14, 1799.

DEAR JOHN,—It is a long time since I received your letter of November 2. I was extremely gratified, and should have answered it sooner, could I have procured your books when I expected. Murphy's Travels, at two different periods in two quarto volumes, I shall send to you by the American ship "Perseverance," Captain Norman, under convoy. The Letters founded on Information obtained from the Marquis de Pombal I cannot find. Southey's Letters are now reprinting at Bristol. My bookseller sold me an octavo book which was translated and printed here in '98, written by General Dumouriez when he was pretending to teach the Portuguese the art *militaire*, as long ago as 1766. It is written with truth, and has displeased both Portuguese and Spaniards. I shall not send it, because I do not know whether it would pass the Holy Inquisition. What a book-making race the Germans are,—endless commentators! If religion no longer supplies the Leipsic fairs, the French Revolution, which has destroyed that, has raised up another subject of polemics.

From Frank Williams, John Pickering received his next letter, dated at London, April 2, 1799:—

You will have heard of the good news of this quarter. The Archduke Charles has defeated Jourdan's army at Aach, near the Lake of Constance. Massena, with the right wing in the Grisons, is thereby cut off, and St.-Cyr, who was advancing towards Ulm, on the Danube (the point of junction for him, Jourdan, and Massena), is retreating towards Heidelberg. Should Russians, Imperialists, and Prussians improve this advantage, we may yet find Portugal no longer in fear of an earthquake above ground. This is my last letter. I regret that it must be so,—that we merchants must follow that jilt Fortune, in spite of inclination. In short, I sail in a few days for Boston; thence to reside in New York. I have seen Major Lenox several times; he desires warmly to be remembered to you, as does my brother. With the best wishes for your happiness, I bid you farewell.

F. W.

To Colonel Pickering his son wrote from Lisbon, January 29:—

“By this conveyance I have only time to mention the receipt of your last letter, dated 30th of November. Mr. Smith, I presume, will have given you the details of the displeasing news from Italy,—the ill-success of the King of Naples. As you are so much engaged now with public affairs, Henry must write me all domestic occurrences. My health is excellent, as usual. Some weeks ago I had a pretty severe cold. The air in this country is exceedingly penetrating, so that you are in great danger of taking cold if you venture out after the least exercise.”

CHAPTER VII.

Visit to the Northern Provinces of Portugal. — Proposed Mission to Constantinople. — Study of Turkish and Italian Languages. — Collares and Oporto. — Turkish Mission abandoned. — Departure for England.

1799–1800.

AT this period of John Pickering's stay abroad his father's thoughts were directed to his son's future course, and a correspondence ensued, discussing the subject, under the disadvantages then existing, of a separation by distance, infrequent communication, and the disturbed state of public affairs in both hemispheres.

To his son Colonel Pickering wrote from Philadelphia, Jan. 20, 1799:—

“ You will recollect that I proposed to limit your absence to two years, as the longest interruption to your professional studies compatible with your future interest. Of this term only six months remain ; and I was contemplating your return, when, observing that Mr. King might be soon destitute of a secretary, my original wish that you might visit England recurred. If I could imagine any reluctance, or even indifference on your part, I should urge a compliance. But motives in abundance will occur to prevent any hesitation, except on one ground,— that of leaving Mr. Smith, who has given you so many proofs of his kindness, esteem, and friendship ; but that friendship will prompt him to consult your advantage, which must evidently be promoted by a residence in London. With your industry you will render Mr. King all the requisite services as his secretary, and find time to resume the study of the common law and to

visit Westminster Hall. Your departure from Lisbon you will make as agreeable as possible to Mr. Smith, whose advice you will follow as to the mode of passing from thence to England. There is a regular packet to Falmouth, which place, being remote from London, would give you a view of some parts of England that may otherwise remain unseen. But if present hostilities continue, — and there seems to be no prospect of a speedy peace, — you would find a safer passage in a British man-of-war; and perchance Mr. Smith's acquaintance and friendship may procure for you this favor."

In the spring of this year, writing to his brother Henry, under date of March 4, John Pickering says :

"I find such a strong resemblance between the Portuguese and Spanish languages that I read the latter almost as often as the former, and as easily. I am at present reading *Don Quixote* in Spanish, and I have nearly finished it. I have had an opportunity of comparing Smollett's translation with the original. There is, indeed, a great difference. This must be the case in all translations to a certain degree, and particularly in works of humor."

At this time there was, it seems, much uncertainty in regard to John Pickering's destination. His father had been desirous that he should visit England, and he expected to do this on leaving Lisbon, and to fill the office of private secretary to Mr. Rufus King, the American Minister in London. Subsequent events having agitated the subject of a mission from the United States Government to that of Turkey, it was proposed to transfer Mr. Smith from Lisbon to Constantinople, in this official capacity. On the 2d of April, Colonel Pickering wrote as follows to his son : —

"Lately I received your letter in which you ask when you are to return. I have often thought of it, and concluded that you should by the expiration of your two years proceed to Eng-

land. But I have already advised you to accompany Mr. Smith to Constantinople, presuming that he would wish it, and that it would not be disagreeable to you. Mr. Smith has written me so many grateful things about you, it would have been impossible for me to propose your abandoning him now, unless he could provide himself with a secretary equally agreeable to him. Samuel Hall is printing a selection of Dr. Clarke's sermons in one octavo volume, which I will send you. In one of your late letters you mentioned your being pressed for time. How does this happen? While attending to current politics, I presume you do not omit severer reading, — studies whose utility will be permanent. I enclose a letter from some one of your friends, and Mr. Barlow's letter, to which I refer and which I quote in my report on Mr. Gerry's despatches. In your letter to Henry you mention the labor of writing to him in French. Seeing it is the common language of European intercourse, I really think it worth your while to learn to write and speak it fluently. Have you learned Italian? This language is more known at Constantinople than the French, and much more useful. So it is on the coast of Barbary."

In the spring of this year a journey into the northern provinces of Portugal, which had been for some time in contemplation, was undertaken; and on the 10th of April Mr. Smith, Mr. Browne, American consul at Oporto, and John Pickering set out from Lisbon on this tour. In a letter to his father, April 5, John Pickering says:—

"On the 10th of this month we set out on a journey to Coimbra, Oporto, etc. I anticipate much pleasure from this excursion, and particularly on our visit to the University. We travel as far as Coimbra in the stage-coach, lately established here under Her Majesty's patronage (this is the only thing of the kind in Portugal), thence to Oporto on mules,—a distance of about seventy miles. The whole distance from Lisbon to Oporto is eighty Portuguese leagues, or about three hundred English

miles, a paved road all the way, and in a most dreadful condition. We shall be only four days, however, on the road."

Writing to his father from Oporto, April 30, he says: —

"Oporto is a much more agreeable city than Lisbon; you are not obliged to go a mile or two every time you have occasion to pay a visit, and walking is practicable, — which can hardly be said of Lisbon. I am delighted with the society here, and am only sorry that we are to leave the place so soon. I had almost forgotten to mention that I have found a family of our name here. The old gentleman — who, it seems, is curious in matters of heraldry — showed me their arms and genealogy. The arms are the same; but the genealogy did not contain any name that I could determine to be a common ancestor. The arms, however, were a sufficient reason for our becoming great friends immediately; but the reason for continuing our friendship is a much better one, — which is that the family is a very worthy one."¹

In a letter to Horace Binney from Lisbon, John Pickering says: —

"When I left you, I expected to have returned again by this time to my law pursuits; but the period for this seems still farther removed. I do not know my father's determination respecting my future pursuits. In the expectation of accompanying Mr. Smith to Constantinople, I have already begun to study Arabic, which is useful as a foundation for my Turkish. This engages my attention very strongly, being a language so different in its genius, or idiom, from any of the languages of Europe. I find it difficult, on the whole; but I am far from despairing of overcoming all the difficulties. I have a master who is a native of Damascus, where the purest Arabic is spoken, and who is a learned man. I have a double embarrassment in my undertaking, for I am obliged to translate into Portuguese or Latin, both which are foreign languages to me. But every obstacle redoubles

¹ The "Quinta de Pickering" and the "Quinta de Warre," both country-houses of English merchants at Oporto.

my ardor, and I don't suffer this to be cooled by a single reflection on the utility or inutility of the study.

"The Prince of Brazil has lately (August 13) declared himself Regent; hitherto he has governed in the name of the Queen. You will see the Decree, probably, in the American newspapers. This measure has been followed by no other visible effect than the dismissal of the Minister of the Home Department;¹ he has been ordered to remain at one of his country-seats, which he is not to leave without orders from the Prince. The reasons of this dismissal do not yet appear. You will believe that though this affair is the subject of much conversation, there are not many discussions in the newspapers relative to it, — I should have said the 'newspaper.' When do you enter on the practice of the law? I am astonished when I consider how far you are before me."

Communication with America was at this period so uncertain and infrequent that much suspense and embarrassment were experienced by John Pickering in regard to his pursuits and his future movements. The two years' absence proposed on his leaving home had now almost expired. A residence in London, as private secretary to Mr. King, had been in prospect, as affording many advantages in connection with his law studies; but before this could be decided upon, the mission to Constantinople was in contemplation by the United States Government, and the consequent transfer of Mr. Smith to that post, thus involving the personal plans and interests of himself and his secretary. The transmission of letters was embarrassed and delayed by the hostilities existing in European quarters, and letters were often thrown into the sea to escape the search and scrutiny of those who might intercept and board the vessel on its passage.

¹ José de Scabra da Silva, Minister and Secretary of State.

In a letter to his father from Lisbon, June 3, John Pickering writes:—

“We received the first intelligence of the mission to Constantinople while we were at Oporto. It could not fail to be very agreeable to me. I shall profit by your advice respecting the French language. I am conscious that I have neglected it too much; but at the same time must observe that there is a great difference between speaking and writing a language. Though I believe I speak Portuguese with correctness, yet I would not venture to write a letter in that language; my only reason is because *littera scripta manet*,—mistakes in writing (and I shall never learn a language to perfection) are never forgotten. French, however, deserves more attention than any other, for the reasons you mention; I shall therefore devote the greatest part of my time to that language. I shall begin Italian in good earnest immediately. I can read it already, and by the time we arrive at Constantinople I am determined to speak it with ease. I shall then study the Turkish language, which I am informed is far from being difficult. Nothing is more pleasing to me than the study of languages; but a person cannot devote all his life to that alone. I propose learning Turkish because I see daily the embarrassment of persons who have resided here several years and have remained ignorant of the language of the country. I would always begin to learn the language of a country if I were not to remain in it more than six months. I shall be very glad to have everything which is from the pen of my much-lamented friend Dr. Clarke. His Letters to a Student I brought with me. Adieu, my dear father; remember me most tenderly to my mother and brothers and sisters, and believe me to be, with the warmest affection, your obedient son.”

June 19 he writes again to his father as follows:

“I have lately received several letters from you of the following dates, — January 20, April 2 and 6, and May 5. The different tenor of these letters has very much embarrassed me. I am very impatient to know your final decision; putting my

wishes out of the question (which, however, rather incline to accompanying Mr. Smith to Turkey), you will weigh the advantages of spending a year or two more in Europe, with the necessity of my beginning immediately to prepare myself for the profession by which I am to support myself. Whatever you do, I know my advantage is consulted. You cannot require my opinion on this question, for you must know me to be incapable of forming one. Pray let me hear from you as soon as possible. The letter of May 5 arrived yesterday, with Morse's Gazetteer, in the ship 'Samuel Smith.'"

In this last letter, Philadelphia, May 5, Colonel Pickering says to his son:—

"This accompanies a private letter to Mr. Smith, in which I inform him that his mission to Constantinople will probably be suspended; but by the first opportunity after this I shall write him definitively. In a letter of an old date, but lately received, you mention the approach of the period which I proposed for your absence. I had not forgotten it. I have often thought of it with solicitude. I do not expect you to go to Constantinople, and you may contemplate returning home by the way of England. I continue of my original opinion, that to make yourself master of a profession is essential to your independence, whether you do or do not prosecute the profession as your sole means of living. You should practise in the profession to assure yourself of your power to live by it; so that if the calls of your country should occasionally withdraw you from it, you may resume it with a confidence of success. The Chevalier de Freire and his lady embark this day for England. After a few months they propose to go to Lisbon. They depart with the regrets of all who had enjoyed the pleasure of their society."

During the absence of Mr. Smith at Cintra, John Pickering wrote to his father from Lisbon, July 13:

"The day before yesterday Mr. Smith went to Cintra, where he will spend a few days. He had not engaged a house there for the season,—which circumstance rendered it inconvenient for

me to accompany him. You will have heard before this that the French and Spanish fleets have formed a junction and entered the Mediterranean. This day we have two different accounts respecting them. One is that they both sailed from Carthagenæ on the 30th ult., and the other, directly contradictory of that, states that they still remained there. Their number must be about forty sail of the line. Lord St. Vincent's fleet has been increased by reinforcements to thirty-eight or thirty-nine sail of the line ; but we have no accounts of where they are. We know they are in search of the French, but how near to them is uncertain. It is thought by some that the combined fleets have some intentions of attacking Minorca ; others think they intend to get out of the Mediterranean (if they can) and steer for Ireland. In confirmation of the former conjecture, I am told to-day that two of the English regiments stationed here are under orders for Minorca. By the French papers of this day's post, Berthier had his headquarters at Lucca. Moreau on the 6th of June was at Genoa, having been on board the French fleet to pay a visit to Admiral Bruix. These papers also state (but it is not to be credited) that the Austrians have evacuated Turin and Coni ! The French headquarters in Switzerland are at Arau. The Archduke was at Zurich. The same papers say that Bonaparte is at Angury, in Natolia, within eighty-five leagues of Constantinople, at the head of two hundred thousand men of all tribes. The article is dated May 29, at Ancona. We know that on the 23d of March a part of his army was checked before Acre by the exertions of Sir Sidney Smith, whose despatches are published in the English papers. The artillery, etc., of the French was coming along by sea ; Sir Sidney intercepted them, and applied them to strengthening the town of Acre, which otherwise the French would have perhaps taken. Enclosed you have the opinion of Sir John Nicholl on several points relative to salvage. It has been of service here, for since the receipt of it our consul has been able to settle salvages without allowing anything for agents of the captors. They had before demanded (but I believe they never obtained it) five per cent agency ; but they are now convinced they have no right to it. The sending for this opinion is a proof of Mr. Bulkeley's zeal for the interests of our country. I wrote you, at his request

also, on the subject of consular certificates. The allowing of this privilege gives room to great frauds."

A month later, on the 25th of August, he writes again from Lisbon to his father, saying:—

"I have written you so many letters lately on the subject of my accompanying Mr. Smith to Constantinople that it is superfluous to repeat at this time what I have there said. It is impossible that some of those letters should not have reached you. Day before yesterday a vessel arrived here, in twenty-two days from Boston, by which we received a paper of July 29. I see the yellow fever had not made its appearance in Philadelphia; I hope you may escape this year. The captain of this vessel reports that the 'Constitution' and 'United States' frigates were coming to the Mediterranean, and were to touch here. Had not this happened so soon after the suspension of the Constantinople mission, we should have supposed their coming out had some relation to that business. We are very desirous of seeing one of our frigates in the Tagus. I trust she would be very far from the *velut inter ignes luna minores* of these skies."¹

In answer to his son's letter of the previous June, Colonel Pickering wrote from Philadelphia, August 9, as follows:—

This morning I received your letter of June 19, by the "Dominick Terry." I see no cause for your embarrassment by any diversity in my letters about your proceeding in regard to your destination for life. You had reminded me of the original term of two years fixed for your absence; my letter of January 20 would convince you that I had not been unmindful of it, or

¹ "The frigates 'United States' and 'Constitution' were built while Colonel Pickering was Secretary of War. He gave their names to the frigates 'United States,' 'Constitution,' and 'Constellation.' The preliminary arrangements were made by Knox, the vessels were prepared for sea by McHenry, but they were built under the care and direction of Pickering."—*Life of Timothy Pickering.*

without anxiety to provide for your permanent interests. But when the mission to Constantinople was projected, I so far departed from my design of your going immediately to England as to propose your accompanying Mr. Smith. I was influenced in this by two motives,—his confidence in your abilities and fidelity, the utility of your services as his secretary, the difficulty of his engaging a substitute equally qualified and confidential, and hence of the extreme reluctance he would feel to part with you ; the other, that it would give you an opportunity of seeing a race of men whose society and manners you would otherwise never personally know, of seeing the places most remarkable in ancient history, and of your returning by way of Italy, where also I thought Mr. Smith might have intrusted to him some diplomatic business. Thus you would gratify a laudable curiosity in seeing new manners, in visiting the classic grounds of Greece and Rome, so interesting in ancient story, and acquiring much useful knowledge. And to enable you to make the most of the tour, I expressed my desire that you would make yourself master of the Italian language. This, I presume, you will think was not a visionary plan, but one calculated so much for your advantage as to warrant the absence of a year or eighteen months beyond the original term of two years. But when the state of things was so deranged by French successes in Italy and Egypt ; when the Ottoman throne itself seemed to be tottering, and it was concluded by all the members of the Administration to advise the President to suspend the mission ; when I even thought it probable it would not in a long time be resumed,—I naturally recurred to the original design of your going to England. And with all my respect for Mr. Smith and for his friendship for you, I thought it would be no deviation from their demands to propose your changing the diplomatic scene from Lisbon to London,—to London, the great theatre of diplomacy, where in six months you would get more acquaintance with real business than at Lisbon in six years, and at the same time gain some advantages in relation to your future profession, the law, which it is impossible to obtain elsewhere in Europe. Having thus explained my motives, I will now leave you to determine for yourself. In a private letter, dated the 19th of June, Mr. Smith writes me about my proposals respect-

ing you, concluding with these words: "At the same time I cannot help suggesting that in my opinion John's abilities qualify him so much for a diplomatic career that it would be a pity to divert him from it." If you, my dear son, entertain a strong attachment to diplomatic business, if you feel a reluctance to resume the study of the law (which I suspect), I, who never attempted to coerce your inclination, must again leave you to your choice. But consider the nature of the employment, the changes in the administration of a government, the outs as well as the ins, the precarious tenure of public offices, and above all, the misery of a state of dependence on court favor for one's bread. After a diplomatic career of about thirty-five years, Mr. Liston, getting the mission to America, was enabled to marry and get settled in life. This is a goal to which every man looks forward, — it is a goal which every man, for his own happiness and honor and the good of society, cannot reach too soon. God bless you!

T. PICKERING.

From Lisbon, September 16, John Pickering writes to his father, saying: —

"On the 1st inst. I received your two letters of July 1st and 10th, by the way of England. You wish me to leave Lisbon as soon as possible. This I should certainly do, if it were not for some circumstances of which you are not aware, and which induce me to remain here a little longer, — perhaps till the middle of October. Mr. Smith has written to you, suggesting the expediency of his going to London to consult upon the Constantinople mission, and to procure presents, etc. In case this should be thought expedient, I could accompany him, instead of going alone, as I should be obliged to now. If it should not be deemed expedient, I shall lose nothing by the delay. Your reasons for wishing me to leave Lisbon without loss of time are, I presume, that I may be in London in time for the terms and the opening of Parliament. The first term does not begin till the 6th of November, and Parliament will be opened about the same time. If, therefore, I remain here till the middle of October, I shall still reach London in good season.

In addition to these reasons, Mr. King is now at Brighton, and will probably not return, or at least will not have made his domestic arrangements for the winter, before that period. All these reasons considered, I have no doubt you will approve of my determination to remain here till the time above mentioned, before which I hope we shall receive answers to our letters of the middle of June, with the final determination relative to the Constantinople mission."

In Philadelphia the yellow fever this year appeared again, and Colonel Pickering, with his family, was again compelled to change his residence. Writing to his son John from Trenton, October 28, he says:—

We are here a third season, to escape the yellow fever of Philadelphia. New York has also been again visited with that fatal disease. Neither city, however, has suffered this year as heretofore; a few hundreds only have fallen. It has ceased in both cities, and the inhabitants have chiefly returned. My family goes back this week. I have written so fully on your future course of proceeding, finally resting the matter on your own choice, that I have nothing to add. Your own permanent advantage alone could interest me in the ideas I have communicated. Whatever shall be your pursuits, I have no doubt of your becoming a useful citizen, and that you will persevere in acquiring those branches of knowledge which, recommended by patriotism, integrity, and an amiable disposition, will introduce you into business or employment satisfactory to yourself, beneficial to your country, and grateful to your affectionate father,

T. PICKERING.

During the months of the summer of 1799 John Pickering's residence seems to have been confined to the home in Lisbon, Mr. Smith not having taken a house at Cintra, as in the preceding years. From some brief memoranda in his notebook, he enjoyed occasional recreation at the opera of St. Carlos, and in

visiting public institutions possessing an interest for him, where he might gratify his desire for information.

Among the characteristic traits of the Portuguese, their national pride is thus mentioned by him in his notebook : —

“The Portuguese servants are excessively proud; they would rather walk a mile to hire a *gallego* (Gallician porter) than carry even the smallest bundle half that distance. *Gallego* signifies literally a native of Galicia, in Spain; but because almost all the porters in Lisbon are Gallicians by birth, the term *gallego* is always used for a porter. *Mariola* is the proper term. One day, through inadvertence, or rather ignorance, I hired a Portuguese porter to bring home a bundle. When I arrived at the house, I offered him the price usually paid for that distance; upon which he asked me if I thought him a *gallego*. An American servant that we had with us had brought home some things himself one day. This was immediately remarked by his fellow-servants, who were all Portuguese; they asked him how he could be such a fool as to do what was so degrading, adding that all foreigners were asses and beasts of burden, but that the Portuguese were men.”

The notebook, in mention of some peculiarities of Lisbon, contains the remark that the palace and the *fidalgos*' (noblemen's) houses are not furnished wholly, and as one feature of Portuguese life that the great keep dwarfs for their amusement.¹

“The Portuguese have a ridiculous prejudice (for such all appear which are not our own) against Indian corn. It is reckoned disgraceful to be seen roasting it, and therefore it is generally the blacks who do it; I believe the whites eat of it now and then. It is thought highly degrading, too, for a gentleman to have *sardinhas*² brought upon table, though they are an

¹ “The nobility, comparatively speaking, are not very rich; for though their patrimonies are large, their rents are small.” — *Murphy's Travels*.

² Sardines, caught in great abundance near Spain and Portugal.

excellent little fish. The common people may almost be said to live upon them.”¹

The early part of the month of October was spent by John Pickering at Cintra and Collares, — at Cintra² boarding, and at Collares in visiting the Dias family, one of the few Portuguese families with the members of which he seems to have been intimately acquainted. Amid the scenery of this beautiful region, in excursions with parties mounted on donkeys, and in visiting acquaintances at Cintra and Collares, John Pickering made his farewell visit of two weeks.

His residence in Portugal was now drawing to a close. The two years of his stay had been not unprofitably spent. In his duties as Mr. Smith’s secretary he had been diligent and faithful, as well as efficient and satisfactory. As a companion and friend he had won the esteem and affection of Mr. Smith in

¹ “Many of the Portuguese eat no breakfast. The custom of bowing to excess is mentioned; in playing cards, it is the custom to bow to each person of the party as you deal the last four cards. A Lisbon merchant passes his time in the following manner: he goes to prayers at eight o’clock, to change at eleven, dines at one, sleeps till three, eats fruit at four, and sups at nine; the intermediate hours are employed in the counting-house, in paying visits, or playing at cards. Footmen play at cards while they are waiting for their masters.” — *Murphy’s Travels*.

² Of the scenery of Cintra, Southey says in his Letters: “The Rock of Lisbon is the Sierra, or mountain, of Cintra; above, it is broken into a number of pyramidal summits of rock piled upon rock. Two of them are completely wooded, the rest bare; upon one stands the Penha convent, and on another point, the ruins of a Moorish castle crest the hills. The road is like a terrace; an open heath on one side of the road purple with flowers, and the stony summits wooded chiefly with cork-trees. The cork is perhaps the most beautiful of trees. Its leaves are small, and have the dusky color of evergreens; but its boughs branch out in the fantastic twistings of the oak, and its bark is of all others the most picturesque. From the valley the town appears to stand very high, and the ways up are long, winding, and weary; but the town itself is far below the summit of the mountain.”

the close intimacy of his household and constant companionship. The intervals of leisure from his official duties he had employed in reading and in study, neglecting nothing which could procure him information in his Portuguese residence as to the history, resources, and characteristics of the country and its inhabitants; while he engaged with earnest enthusiasm in acquiring such a knowledge of the languages of other countries as might fit him for future usefulness. Possessing close and discriminating powers of observation for a young man, he had improved the opportunities afforded him for gaining an experience of the world and a knowledge of men and manners in a sphere remote and wholly different from any one which could have offered in his own country at that period. His absence from home and early friends had doubtless overcome much of his natural diffidence by throwing him entirely on his own resources, while his intercourse with society in diplomatic life was of the most improving kind, though necessarily limited by the unyielding *régime* of Portuguese conventionalism. The formalities and ceremonies of official life in Lisbon must doubtless have proved monotonous and irksome to a young American.¹

Among the few valuable friendships contracted by John Pickering while in Portugal was that of Mr. Joel

¹ A contemporary British visitor in Lisbon, giving an account of the customs of the people, says: "To visit any one above the rank of a tradesman, it is necessary to wear a sword and chapeau. If the family you visit be in mourning, you must also wear black. The servants would not consider the visitant as a gentleman unless he came in a coach. To visit in boots would be an unpardonable offence, unless you wear spurs at the same time. The master of the house precedes the visitant on his going out; the contrary takes place in coming in." — *Murphy's Travels*.

R. Poinsett, of South Carolina, afterwards United States minister to Mexico. When separated, one being in Lisbon and the other at Oporto, some letters passed between them, and they afterwards met in London. Joseph Cope, a young Englishman attached to the surgeon's staff of the British army in Lisbon, and John Winthrop, of Boston, who made a short visit there, seem to have been the only contemporaries of his acquaintance speaking his own language. With a few of the Portuguese families social intercourse existed to a certain extent, and an intimacy with the Bulkeley family was formed which resulted in the permanent respect and friendship of John Pickering for its various members. By way of recreation, he enjoyed extremely the fine music which he had the privilege of hearing in Portugal. Crescentini, the famous Italian singer, was in Lisbon, at the height of his celebrity, singing in opera at the Italian Theatre. Mademoiselle Gerbini, an amateur performer on the violin and pupil of the celebrated Viotti, created a sensation in Lisbon by her extraordinary genius in performing some concertos on the violin, between the acts of the opera, in the same theatre. Besides these public performances there were musical parties in some of the Portuguese families; and as Mr. Smith was a lover of music, both he and his young friend had great enjoyment from this recreation, as well as from the meetings of a musical club composed of Portuguese and foreign performers, masters of their instruments, in which amateurs took part. In these meetings John Pickering joined them in playing the flute, and in this school of practice he acquired the correct taste and cultivation which were at that time

impossible to be obtained in his own country. In many other and more important respects the residence in Portugal had proved a valuable school, by enlarging his experience, and consequent views of life in general, as well as in giving him an interest in the history, politics, people, literature, and language of Portugal, which he always cherished.

Before leaving Lisbon, John Pickering received the following letter from the Hon. Rufus King, United States minister at the Court of St. James : —

LONDON, Sept. 21, 1799.

DEAR SIR, — In a late letter from your father he informs me that he has recommended to you, previous to your return home, to pass some time in England; and I consider it as a particular mark of his friendship that he has also given me his consent that during your residence here you should make one of my family. I flatter myself with the hope that you will have no objection to the arrangement. As I am not able to form any opinion respecting the time when, with convenience to yourself and Mr. Smith, you can leave Lisbon, I can only renew to you the assurance that we expect and shall be glad to receive you whenever you come. With esteem and respect, I am, dear sir, your obedient and faithful servant,

RUFUS KING.

On the eve of embarking for England a letter to Colonel Pickering was written by his son : —

LISBON, Oct. 19, 1799.

MY DEAR FATHER, — I have taken passage on board the "Zealous" (Captain Hood), a British seventy-four, for England. She sails on Tuesday, the 22d instant. I have this day received a letter from Mr. King, renewing the obliging request that I would consider myself as one of his family, etc. My books which are here, I shall leave with Mr. Bulkeley to send to America. I should be glad if you would give me a letter of

introduction to our relation Mr. Pickering in England. Adieu.
I am with affection yours,

J. PICKERING.

In view of the hostilities still existing between the maritime European Powers, a passage in a man-of-war was at this time most desirable; and to the young landsman, whose comfortable hammock was swung over one of the large guns, the voyage proved favorable. From London, November 19, John Pickering wrote to his father:—

I arrived here on the 10th, after a good passage, considering it was with a convoy of merchant ships; for we left only on the 26th October. We landed at Deal, where, with a fellow-passenger, I took a post-chaise for this place. Though the season is so far advanced, yet I was delighted with the appearance of the country through which I passed,—so different from that which I had left. The verdure, indeed, has lasted longer this year than it usually does, on account of the wetness of the summer,—which has been such, I am told, as to prevent the wheat and other grain from ripening in many parts of the island. The expectation of a scarcity from this cause has given occasion to the permission to import foreign grain, which you must have already had notice of by the newspapers. I called on Mr. King immediately. He is now in the country, and will not come to town till the end of December. Our arrangement is that I shall take lodgings near him, and dine, etc., in his family. I am at present with my cousin Williams, and shall stay with him till Mr. King comes to town. I have seen Mr. Gore and Trumbull, but not Mr. Pinckney. Mr. Lennox is at present in Scotland. The Chevalier de Freire and lady had embarked for Lisbon before my arrival. I have had the pleasure to meet two of my fellow-students at Cambridge here.¹ They are both attending medical lectures, and will remain here, I believe, to complete their studies; so that I shall have their company during my stay in this place.

¹ These Cambridge fellow-students were Dr. John C. Warren and Dr. James Jackson, both of Boston.

One of them is a classmate of mine, and an intimate friend. I shall certainly profit by your hint to attend the sales of law-books, etc.; they are very frequent. I feel the same ardor I ever did for the profession, as I am convinced it is the only means of attaining eminence in the kind of life I am ambitious of; and I hope to derive no small advantage from having constantly in view some of the models which this country affords. I shall have frequent opportunities of writing to you, and I shall not fail to avail myself of them. Remember me affectionately to my mother and the family, and believe me ever, with the warmest affection, yours,

J. P.

To Colonel Pickering his nephew, Mr. Samuel Williams, writes:—

LONDON, NOV. 20, 1799.

DEAR SIR,—I was happy to embrace my cousin on his arrival from Lisbon, in perfect health. He is all you could wish. He will remain with me until Mr. King returns to town, and as much longer as he desires. With perfect regard, your very faithful

S. WILLIAMS.¹

During John Pickering's residence in England frequent letters from Mr. Smith kept him informed of all that could most interest him concerning Portugal and his friends there. On the 14th of November Mr. Smith writes from Lisbon:—

DEAR JOHN,—The morning after you embarked I went to Cintra, where, and at Collares, I passed about eight days. On my return I found your two letters, and was sorry to hear you had been so long detained in the river. A few days ago I received two private letters from your father, one dated at Philadelphia, August 9, the other at Trenton, September 4. In the last was one for you, which with two others by the same conveyance I now enclose. The "Sophia" had arrived. In the letter of

¹ Mr. Williams's residence was at No. 13 Finsbury Square.

August 9 your father says that my proposition of going to England pleases him, and that he will confer upon it if the President should determine to resume the mission to the Porte, which he thought very doubtful; however, in his letter of September 4 he says: "A late letter from the President has manifested the opinion that your mission to Constantinople should yet proceed; Mr. King has a good while since been desired to pave the way, — a measure which his letters, since received, show that he had anticipated." Not a word here about England, or when the mission would be resumed, so that I remain in the same uncertainty. Show the above to Mr. King. The opera has been lately very brilliant. I like Gerbini's acting and singing; she and Crescentini make a fine couple for the stage. When I returned from Collares I found Mrs. O'Neill in the drawing-room playing at cards. Last week we had a great christening-supper, preceded by a concert. Your friend Climaco desired I would remember him very particularly to you, and assure you of his *saudades* for his *menino*.¹ All unite in affectionate remembrance of you, and are anxious to hear of your safe arrival in England. Adieu. Believe me ever yours sincerely,

W. S.

Mr. Joel R. Poinsett, whose acquaintance with John Pickering had been formed in Portugal, was at this time in London pursuing his studies in military engineering. The following note was addressed by him to J. Pickering, Esq., No. 13 Finsbury Square, while still at the home of his cousin, Mr. Samuel Williams: —

I regret, my good friend, that you should have walked so far to no purpose. My being from home when you called was not accidental, as I attend, from two to near four, Marquis, engineer, and am besieging towns, intrenching camps, and directing "those instruments whose rude throats imitate Jove's thunder," to the destruction of some ill-fated castle, for two hours every day. How do you pass your evenings? Mine are entirely at your

¹ *Saudade*, the mingled love and regret with which one thinks of an absent friend. *Menino*, a term of endearment.

service. If you could inform me, by note, what evening you were not better engaged, I will be at home, and we will pass it *tête à tête*. As you are an antiquary, I have a new publication to show you upon Indian antiquities. I am willing to hold out every attraction which may induce you to call early. I am always in until half-past one. Adieu.

J. R. POINSETT.

London Coffee-House. Wednesday morn, Sept. 4, 1799.

From London, December 6, John Pickering writes to his father : —

Your letter of August 9 has but just reached me, under cover of one from Mr. Smith of November 14. I imagined that I had always expressed myself strongly enough on the subject of my future life to prevent any doubt arising in your mind on my attachment to the profession of the law. If I have not, in the course of my correspondence, touched upon that subject, it has been in consequence of a conviction that you believed me irrevocably fixed in my resolution of pursuing that study. For a man to think of public employment as his sole object, I consider as downright madness, but particularly in a State like ours, where he is at the mercy of any demagogue that may have the impudence to set his face against him. It was natural for you to believe that a young mind might be dazzled with the brilliancy of a public life; but you could not surely think me so confident of my own powers as to wish to engage in it totally unprepared. This were presumption indeed. You will have learned, before you receive this, the determination I have made, and that, agreeably to your original intention, I am to remain in this place till the spring. I mentioned my arrival in a letter written about the 26th of November. You will there find that I am to take lodgings by myself, but to dine, etc., with Mr. King. At present I am with my cousin Williams, and shall remain with him till Christmas. I have attended the sittings of the Lords Commissioners of Appeal in Prize Causes, and the Court of Admiralty. But in January I shall be better acquainted with the Courts, and shall endeavor to reap all the advantages which a close attention can afford. My seat, I find, will depend on the

pleasure of the doorkeeper in all the different Courts, and if I should meet with no rich competitor, I may attend with some comfort. There is generally, I am told, a great concourse of people. I find the season not much severer than the winter of Portugal; but it must be considered that I sit by a good fire here. There is not so much heavy rain as at Lisbon; but I have only seen the sun three times since my landing, and this, I am told, is very uncommon in so short a time (a little more than three weeks).

DECEMBER 9.

It is not too soon, perhaps, to begin to think of my return home. What should you think of the plan of returning to Philadelphia by way of Boston and Salem? Perhaps I may not soon have an opportunity of seeing the place of my birth which may in every respect be so favorable. And how early shall you expect me to leave London in the spring? I am anxious to enter upon my studies without loss of time. Remember me affectionately to my mother and brothers and sisters. I am ever, with the warmest affection, yours,

J. P.

In a subsequent letter to his father, John Pickering says:—

I have been at each of the theatres, but find no performers whose powers are great enough for tragedy, except Mrs. Siddons and Kemble. The former is very great, notwithstanding she is somewhat advanced in years. The rest are mere *Gyasque Cloanthus*, like those on the stages in America. *A propos* of oratory, the lawyers here plead in black gowns and wigs, and with gloves on! I think they might as well add masks, to complete their speaking apparatus. You will have had the particulars of the late Revolution in France, of November 10, from better sources than I have access to. Buonaparte, Sieyès, and Roger Ducos (who is a *tertium quid*) form the Consulate. To-day a story is in circulation that the Dauphin is come to life again,—that the child who was supposed to be the Dauphin, and who died (in the Temple, I think), was a poor child of one of the hospitals, dexterously substituted by Sieyès at that time, in

order to rescue the real Dauphin from destruction! *Credat Judæus Apella.* Assure my mother and brothers and sisters that I remember them with the tenderest affection,

J. P.

On the 18th of December Mr. Smith writes from Lisbon as follows:—

DEAR JOHN, — As I have received no letter from you since you left the Tagus, I presume you wrote by the “Lady Harriet” packet, which was taken by a privateer and carried into Corunna. Have you seen or heard of Cope? About a fortnight ago I had a grand *funcaõ* (party) of one hundred and thirty persons at my house, — Lapinha sang, Libon played, and there was dancing afterwards. The Spanish ambassadress, Mrs. Pinto, Mrs. De Friere, Bandiera, Quintella, the O’Neills, etc., were of the party. José Dias superintended the orchestra, Chateaufort the card-tables, and I the ball-room. We have had incessant rain for a month and upwards. Yesterday I went to Queluz, — the Queen’s birthday. The opera-house was brilliant, the Prince’s box open, and the house fully illuminated. I see the O’Neills often, and they inquire very affectionately after you. Adieu. Believe me ever very affectionately,

W. S.

For eight or nine months in the year the residence of Mr. Rufus King (while minister to England) was in the country, about nine miles from London, at Mill Hill. A note from him to John Pickering is dated Mill Hill, December 24:—

DEAR SIR, — We have for some time been expecting you at Mill Hill. I do not know whether the cold or the Courts have kept you in town, as the latter are adjourned, and the former somewhat abated. We should be gratified if you would pass the holidays with us. Come as soon as you can. Yours sincerely,

R. KING.

MR. J. PICKERING.

The invitation was accepted in the following note :

LONDON, Dec. 25, 1799.

SIR, — A variety of circumstances concurred to defeat my intention of visiting Mill Hill before the holidays. I had determined, however, before the receipt of your note of yesterday, not to defer the visit longer than this week, and I shall accordingly have the pleasure of seeing you on Friday. I am, sir, with great respect, your obedient servant,

J. PICKERING.

On the 3d of January, 1800, Colonel Pickering, writing to his son from Philadelphia, says :—

“Our correspondence has been a long time interrupted. I presume you are in London, though I have not yet heard of your departure from Lisbon. I was not unaffected by the painful separation between Mr. Smith and you, and if the Mission to the Porte had not been defeated, I should have been gratified by your longer continuance with him; but to remain at a public theatre so little interesting as that of Lisbon I considered as a waste of precious time. Tim is daily at the frigate here, in which he is to learn the duties of a naval officer.¹ I expect she will be rigged and equipped for sea some time in March. Her destination is Europe, and her commander, Captain Decatur,² is so brave, experienced, and enterprising, I have no doubt of her doing great honor to our country; and in acquiring it I persuade myself your brother, as far as his station will permit, will handsomely participate. I think few persons surpass him in hardihood, guided by steadiness and prudence. Your mother and all the children enjoy good health.”

As Mr. King's private secretary, Mr. Dandridge, was to leave him in March, — having engaged in mercantile business, — Mr. King proposed to John Pickering to take the office, which would be vacant at that time.

¹ Timothy Pickering, Jr., had entered as a midshipman in the navy.

² The elder Captain Stephen Decatur.

In consequence of this proposal the following letter was addressed to Colonel Pickering by his son:—

LONDON, Jan. 23, 1800.

How long do you think it would be advantageous to remain here? You contemplated a year originally; but some portion of that time has already elapsed. Would not a year's residence too much retard my *entrée* into my profession? Or would this loss of time be compensated by the practical knowledge I should gain in a place of business like London? Mr. King's opinion is, I might, as his brother had done, spend a year or more to advantage, both as it relates to my profession and to a general knowledge of business and of mankind. These ideas he said he should repeat to you in a letter by the packet, which you will probably receive with this. He holds out every inducement to me, so far as to offer that in case his business and mine should interfere (that is, in case the Courts should happen to be sitting when an abundance of business should make it necessary for me to be employed for him), he would procure me an assistant, that I might have as much time as possible for my professional studies. I have lately passed two days with Mr. King in the country; and to judge from this portion of my experience, I shall live as happily and agreeably as at home. I hope you will write as soon as possible on the subject of the time which you think might be spent to advantage under the circumstances I have mentioned. You promised some time ago to send me Dr. Clarke's Sermons. I wish you would put two copies of the Letters to a Student with them.

P. S. — *January 24.* We heard yesterday of General Washington's death. The Americans here will put on mourning to-morrow. Our envoys to the French Republic arrived at Lisbon on the 29th of November, and sailed from thence for L'Orient on the 21st of December. We know nothing more of them at this time; they would have to pass through the midst of the Chouans¹ if they landed at L'Orient, on their way to Paris. You will have heard of the late revolution of

¹ The Chouans in the French Revolution,—the insurgents on the right and left banks of the Loire.

November 10, by which Buonaparte is become chief of the Government, etc.

J. P.

In a letter to his friend Binney, John Pickering enters more fully into a detail of his pursuits in London and his anticipations for the future : —

LONDON, Jan. 23, 1800.

MY DEAR HORACE, — I have at length arrived at my new residence. I left the peaceful shores of *Lusitania* in October, and reached those of England on the 10th of the following month. My good fortunes (not, as the proverb says, misfortunes) have been following “one on the heel of the other.” Since my arrival a concurrence of circumstances has put it in my power to hold an office similar to the one I have just resigned by leaving Mr. Smith. I can hardly take it for less than a year. This, however, is entirely uncertain; I shall be able to inform you more precisely of the period in a future letter. In this country I shall find many advantages in relation to my profession which are not to be met with elsewhere, — not to mention the influence of example. Who that is daily hearing the great lawyers plead, whom in America we only know by means of Reports, can help being filled with zeal in the pursuit of studies which lead to such distinction? My ardor for the profession is constantly increasing. To-morrow a term of Court begins, which I shall attend regularly; and after it is over I shall be better qualified to give you my opinion on the merits of the different persons who shall have come within my notice at the Bar. I have already heard Messrs. Erskine, Garrow, Law, Percival, and Park (the author of *Insurance*) in their pleadings before Lord Kenyon. Parliament met on the 21st inst., but I have not yet attended. On Monday there will be a debate on some communications of Buonaparte and Talleyrand to this Government, in which they say they wish for peace. This subject will call forth the powers of Ministry and Opposition, and I shall not fail to attend. You may think, perhaps, that I should attend the debates constantly; but you will not

be surprised that I do not when you know that the House is two miles distant from me, that I must pay the door-keeper 2/6 sterling every time I am admitted, and that I must be squeezed as closely as a lemon over a punch-bowl from five o'clock in the afternoon till five the next morning.

You are undetermined with respect to your future place of residence, and say that if I can define the extent within which I am to revolve, it may help you to bound yours. My residence will probably be in Pennsylvania or Maryland. These States appear to me at present to afford the best opening for our honorable profession. It would be a pleasant circumstance that we should be fixed within the limits above mentioned, and I shall certainly endeavor to effect it, as far as it depends on myself. Poor Pennsylvania, you say, has been abused by every State on her eastern quarter for the election she has made; it will be well if a certain Eastern State does not come off with less honor. We have had your Governor's address to the Republican citizens of Pennsylvania. It is written in a "very moderate and gentleman-like style," say the Republicans.

You will have learned the particulars of the revolution in France of Nov. 10, 1799, by the newspapers. Buonaparte is the supreme ruler of the Republic, under the title of Consul. Like the Consul of antiquity, Julius Cæsar, he has his tenth legion, from which he says he shall expect such and such exploits. He has made his brother Lucien Minister of the Interior, etc. He has suppressed all the journals at Paris, except a certain number, and has ordered an examination of those printed in the Departments, etc. In one word, he is playing the old game. I have already mentioned that he has sent proposals of a negotiation to this Government. As I am no politician, I will not trouble you with my conjectures on this subject. This Government has already said, —

"Terrorum et fraudis abunde est,
Stant belli causæ," —

and great preparations are at present making for another campaign in Germany. We have heard of our Envoys' arrival at Lisbon and departure from that place for France, but we don't

know whether they are at Paris yet or not. They sailed for L'Orient, which is in the midst of the Chouans; this accounts for the delay. They will be obliged to treat with (whom do you think?) Talleyrand, — a man whom our Government has proved to have demanded a fee and tribute of us! (Talleyrand, you know, is again Minister for Foreign Affairs.) These, Horace, indeed, *sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem . . . tangunt*; but I cannot dwell on the subject. We have just heard of General Washington's death. You know what sensation it must have excited. On the 29th we Americans go into mourning. Your classmate Warren¹ I find is here. Two of my class are also here, — Jackson and Tudor;² I am a happy man indeed! Why can't you come, and make up the *quartetto*? My compliments to your family. Yours sincerely,

J. P.

¹ Dr. John Collins' Warren, in after life the eminent surgeon.

² Dr. James Jackson and Mr. William Tudor.

CHAPTER VIII.

Private Secretary to Rufus King, American Minister. — Residence in London and at Mill Hill. — Professional and other Studies. — Parliament and the Theatres. — Letters.

1800–1801.

WHILE in London the intercourse between John Pickering and his Lisbon acquaintances and friends was kept up by occasional correspondence. Joseph Cope, the young English surgeon attached to the British army when in Lisbon, was now in his native country, and the following note announces the post of his station : —

HULL, Jan. 30, 1800.

DEAR PICKERING, — I cannot let pass this opportunity of informing you of my being safely quartered in this nest of commerce. In all seaports of this country you will find food for the speculative powers, but in none that I have seen are they so fully gratified as in this. It is in vain to hope that you are as yet thinking of your Northern tour ; great would be my satisfaction in showing you some parts of my native county. Your great patriot is no more, — I mean locally ; for virtue like his can never die. Will it make any change in the administration with you ? I hope you bear with the inclemencies of our winter ; the very oranges, sour as they are, awake my *saudades* for Lisboa, — or rather for some few beings of which it is an unworthy possessor. Let me hear from you soon, and believe me ever yours,

JOSEPH COPE.

Colonel Pickering, writing to his son from Philadelphia, Feb. 6, 1800, says : —

“Two or three days since I received your letter of December 6, giving me the first information of your arrival in London. Mr. King’s advice and your own good sense will best direct the occupation of your time in London, where I wish you to stay as long as you shall consider it so advantageous as to counterbalance the loss of time in recommencing your law studies. I cannot think it worth your while to attempt the latter in England, to the interruption of the pursuit of general knowledge and information of things not elsewhere to be acquired, with the exception of particular cases in the books referred to, in the pleadings you shall hear, and which you shall find it useful to compare or examine. This year the seat of government is to be removed from Philadelphia to the city of Washington; and seeing the public offices must at all events be opened there by the first Monday in December, it is probable they will be removed in July, before any danger appears from the yellow fever, should it again visit this place. Your brother Tim informs me that Captain Decatur has received his orders to get ready for sea by the 1st of March, so you may perhaps hear of the frigate ‘Philadelphia’ in the European seas.”

A few days later Colonel Pickering again wrote :

I send a volume of sermons selected from those of our departed friend Dr. Clarke. I promised it to Madame de Freire. She, with the Chevalier, are, I suppose, now in Portugal; but I am told it is only on a visit, and that they will soon return to England. Should you see or write to them, make known to them my respectful and affectionate remembrance. I send you Governor Morris’s oration on the death of General Washington. Mr. Morris, speaking from his personal and intimate acquaintance with the General, and being withal a man of uncommon penetration and talents, is likely to delineate the character of the deceased with more accuracy than any other eulogist who has yet attempted it.

FEBRUARY 11.

I have this moment received your letter of October 19, and have just time to write you a letter of introduction to the Rev. Joseph Pickering, in England, — not a relation that I know of,

although he thinks we are descended from the same family.
Adieu.

T. P.

To Colonel Pickering his son wrote from London,
February 24:—

I have lately been attending the Courts. My attention has been principally directed to the admiralty proceedings, as I have found them more interesting on account of their connection with the law of nations, and of their comprehending many American cases. A third inducement was the superior talents of the judge (Sir William Scott), whom some think one of the ablest men in Europe. I have been a few times to the Common Pleas, the Chief Justice of which (Lord Eldon) is also a man of talents. I have been much gratified, and I trust I have derived some advantage from this attendance, though the advantages derived in this way are, like the manners acquired by frequenting good company, almost imperceptible to one's self, and cannot be immediately realized. The *quantum* of law knowledge I have gained is certainly very small. But I suppose I had overrated the value of attending courts in this respect. The influence of example, however, is of some importance. I never return home after hearing the pleadings of the great lawyers here without feeling myself invigorated and confirmed in the pursuit of studies which lead to such eminence. But these feelings (are they ambitious ones?) have never been so strongly excited as the other night after attending the debates in the House of Commons. I had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. Pitt, Sheridan, and all the other speakers, except Fox (who did not attend), on the question of granting a supply of £2,500,000. In the debate all the old topics of the origin of the war, Jacobinism, guiltiness of the ministry, etc., were introduced and pretty fully discussed. Mr. Pitt is decidedly superior to the other speakers, both in fluency and elegance of language, and in grace; though in this last respect there is, to my fastidious taste, room for improvement. Mr. Sheridan is perhaps next to him; but there is too much levity in him, one laughs off the impression his arguments are intended to make. I don't know

but I should prefer Tierney to him; there is a mildness in Tierney's manner that leads us after him almost involuntarily.

I remain yet at my Cousin Williams's. I shall by the beginning of next month enter upon my office with Mr. King. With respect to my prospects in my new situation, I think they are as flattering as possible, — Mr. and Mrs. King the most amiable people, and the company I shall be introduced to, the most desirable. I was much pleased with their youngest child, a boy of four or five; the other day the little fellow hung round me for a few minutes with a very solicitous countenance, and at length ventured to ask me if I would play with him when Mr. Dandridge was gone. I should wish, if convenient, that you would send my Cousin Williams the volumes of State-papers that have been published by our Government. I don't know anything that would be more acceptable, and I think he has some claim upon me. Both Mr. King and he regret the delay in the arrival of the laws of the United States after the sessions of Congress, and I remember Mr. Smith used to have as much reason for regret on that head at Lisbon. You promised, a long time ago, to send me Mr. Clarke's Sermons; but they have not yet arrived. You may add to them, if you think fit, his Letters to a Student, and Mr. Smith's View of the Constitution. A register (of officers of government, etc., a court calendar, in fact) would also be very convenient.

You will receive this letter by Mr. Samuel Cabot, who goes home during the suspension of the treaty business. I have been a good deal acquainted with him, and esteem him highly. Remember me with the tenderest regards to my mother; my brothers and sisters may be assured that they are not forgotten. I remain, my dear father, very affectionately yours,

J. PICKERING.

Colonel Pickering's next letter to his son is dated Philadelphia, March 7: —

“I wrote you by the last packet, and expect this will find you in England. As I proposed your making an excursion into the country, of course I can hardly expect your arrival in the United States before midsummer; and if vessels offer for Salem

or Boston, you will do well to embrace the opportunity of landing in Massachusetts, as you desired in your letter of December 6. Perhaps you may arrive so as to make it convenient to meet your college friends at Commencement in July. The frigate 'Philadelphia,' Captain Decatur, will sail 'in all this month,' as the sailors say, and for the West Indies instead of Europe, in consequence of the 'Constellation,' Truxton, having been dismasted in an action of five hours with a large French frigate, which will oblige him to stay in port some time to refit, — at least this was the intention of the Secretary of the Navy; but I think Truxton (repairing at Jamaica) may resume his station by the time Decatur can man his ship and reach it. Hence I still hope he may go to Europe, according to his own earnest wish. Yesterday letters arrived from Captain Sever, who had arrived with the frigate 'Congress,' dismasted in a gale of wind. She, with the 'Essex' (the frigate built by the merchants at Salem), was bound to Batavia, to protect our commerce and convoy home our rich Indiamen. They sailed the 6th of January, and the 'Congress' was dismasted on the 11th. Captain Sever expresses some apprehension for the 'Essex,' which was a mile from him in the evening when the gale began. We have heard (not officially) that our envoys to France had arrived at Lisbon about the 1st of December. I expected the return of the frigate 'United States' before this time. Captain George Izard, Mr. Smith's brother-in-law, is going to Lisbon as his secretary, resigning his commission in the artillery. The enemies to the present system of our Government are using every possible means to introduce Mr. Jefferson as President at the next election; and as they stick at nothing, they may succeed. Virginia has framed a law on purpose to secure every vote in that State for Jefferson, by destroying district elections. If, however, New York persists in her former course of electing electors by the legislature, they (the electors) will doubtless be to a man opposed to Jefferson, and then Mr. Adams will again be chosen. I am prepared for either event, — determined to act independently, whether in or out of office; my only solicitude is for my children, that I may have it conveniently in my power to give them educations suited to their capacities and dispositions, — and this I can accomplish by sales of lands, if other means fail me.

For the rest, though ashamed to beg, I am willing and able to dig; and if it were convenient to gratify my own inclinations, I would return to the calling of my ancestors and become a 'tiller of the ground.' When the occasion occurs, I shall do this without the least reluctance. The family remain well as usual, and remember you with affection."

To Colonel Pickering his son writes:—

"On the 8th inst. I left my cousin's, and entered upon my new office with Mr. King. I am at lodgings within a few doors of him, but I dine at his house. From one week's experience I augur most favorably of the future. You know the character of Mr. King well enough to believe that my situation in his family must be agreeable; and the amiableness and affability of Mrs. King are no inconsiderable addition to my pleasure. I perceive you were not apprised, at the date of your letters, of my intention to resume the secretaryship, and accordingly contemplated my returning in the spring, agreeably to your original plan. I have written you very fully on this subject, which renders unnecessary any further observations."

On the 24th of March, in writing again to his father, he says:—

"I enclose a duplicate of the material parts of a letter which I wrote on the 17th. You will see by that how pleasantly my time passes. Every day, by diminishing that reserve which is incident to an entrance upon new scenes, brings some new pleasure. Mr. King observed to me lately in conversation that he thought it would be advantageous for me to see France before my return home, even if I were only to make a few days' stay in Paris. In case a peace is made, I think I should be tempted to follow his advice. I would rather curtail my excursions in this country than lose such an opportunity for want of time and funds. I could go and return in a month. You have left it to my own judgment to decide how long I shall remain absent, and I shall leave it to circumstances and to Mr. King's judgment. I think I am not losing time at present; and as long as you shall be of the same opinion, I am sure you will

have no objection to my staying here. I have received the volume of Sermons; and as you have given me a discretionary power as to their ultimate destination, I shall retain them for some friend here, as I doubt whether the Chevalier and Madame de Friere will be in England very soon. I wish I could have met them here. I have learned to correct my ideas of greatness. Instead of comparing men with my ideal standard, I have placed the greatest I can find, with all their foibles, at the head of my scale, and with these I compare the rest. It comes to the same thing; the relative rank is not altered. This is a practical proceeding; my former one was theoretical. I have read Morris's Oration with great pleasure, and think it by far the best of all that I have seen. I only speak of the style and arrangement; of the justness of the character I am not able to judge. Do you remove to the city of Washington this year? The Government, I suppose, must go."

While in London, John Pickering contributed to the "London Monthly Magazine" an article upon longevity, over the signature of "Lusitanus," or "Lusitanicus." This article contained the names and details of persons in Portugal remarkable for their longevity.

Colonel Pickering, next writing to his son from Philadelphia, April 26, says:—

Yesterday Mr. Gore arrived here from New York and delivered me your letter of February 24. I have no hesitation in advising you to stay with Mr. King one year. Before the expiration of that period you will be able to form a correct judgment of the expediency or in expediency of continuing longer with him, and you can communicate your ideas to me. If you can find time to study, as well as to attend the Courts, I think it will be eligible to continue in London after the lapse of a year. I was aware that the mere attendance on the Courts would not be very useful in acquiring law knowledge, for want of the information to be derived from books to render the Process and Pleadings intelligible. Unless, therefore, you can read books of law, as well as attend the Courts, the latter may well

be omitted, except in very important causes; for you would learn more from books in your study in the same time. If you are able to make progress in law knowledge, I am pretty sure you may, on your return to the United States, be admitted to practice without a previous apprenticeship with a lawyer for three years, probably in one year — which will be little enough to get a thorough acquaintance with the practice of the State in which you shall determine to pursue the profession. Your diploma of A. M. I have, and will send you. Tim has but just left the Delaware in the frigate “Philadelphia.” He goes to the West Indies instead of Europe. Adieu. Affectionately,

T. PICKERING.

In the spring of this year John Pickering went to Drury Lane Theatre with his friend James Jackson, where they had the privilege of seeing Mrs. Siddons and appreciating her wonderful powers. Of her transcendent genius, and the impression which her acting made upon him, John Pickering often spoke enthusiastically in after life; and many years afterwards Dr. Jackson mentioned to the writer the wonderful power of her acting and its effect on them both in the tragedy of “Jane Shore,” when the two young Americans found themselves moved to tears.¹

As favorable opportunities for obtaining books at auction and elsewhere existed in London, John Pickering at this time made some purchases of Greek and Latin classics, as well as of works relating to legal and historical subjects of special interest.

On the 10th of May Colonel Pickering was removed from the office of Secretary of State by President

¹ Of the desolate pathos of this tragedy, the poet Campbell says, in his *Life of Mrs. Siddons*: “I am glad that I can recollect the great actress in ‘Jane Shore,’ for it was a spectacle that struck me with a degree of wonder, of illusion, and of intense commiseration that neither she nor any other performer ever excited in my mind; it was terrible and perfect acting up to the truth of nature.”

Adams. In writing to his son from Philadelphia, May 27, he says : —

I have waited for the departure of the packet to write you. The newspapers will have informed you of my removal from office; but I am sure you must think too justly of the rectitude of my conduct to have suffered more than momentary pain. I shall make a second excursion to-morrow to find some country village where I may place your mother and the young children for a year or two at small expense, while with Henry and Tim, when he returns from sea, I shall prepare for their reception on my new land near the York boundary, towards the northeast corner of Pennsylvania, a little to the west of north from Philadelphia. I have there about eleven thousand acres. By selling some, partly for money and partly for labor, to new settlers, I hope to clear a large farm for myself. There are now from fifty to a hundred settlers within from two to ten miles of my land, with provisions in great plenty. We are all in health, and perfectly satisfied with our situation and prospects.

T. P.

On the 7th of June Colonel Pickering wrote to his son, as follows, from Philadelphia : —

“On Tuesday Mr. Putnam and T. Williams arrived here from Salem; their object (by deputation from the family) to persuade me to relinquish my plan of going to improve my new lands, and to invite my return to Massachusetts. I have convinced them of the expediency of pursuing my original plan; I have assured my kind friends that in taking this step I have not resolved to seclude myself from the world, or to refuse a public employment, should a suitable one present. Of this, however, I confess I have little expectation.”

Colonel Pickering, still cherishing his intention of settling and cultivating his Pennsylvania wild lands, writes to his son John from Philadelphia, June 27 :

“To-morrow the family will go to Easton. Henry set off yesterday. In about three weeks I shall commence my journey

to the 'Great Bend.' This week I had the satisfaction to see three men from that settlement, one of whom has lived nine years within six or eight miles of the spot where I shall probably make my homestead. He keeps a tavern, and informs me of the constant travelling of wagons, with families going into the interior of the country. He and the others confirm what I had before heard, — that I can get supplies of provisions and laborers in the neighborhood for all my purposes, and, what I did not expect, apple-trees from extensive nurseries, of full size for beginning an orchard."

After a visit to the Rev. Joseph Pickering at Wickham, John Pickering wrote as follows to his father :

ISLE OF WIGHT, NEWPORT, June 25.

MY DEAR FATHER, — I seize a few moments during the hurry attendant on Mr. Higginson's preparation for his voyage home, to mention my arrival in this island in prosecution of my tour through these counties of England. I passed through Brighthelmstone (called Brighton), thence along the coast to Southampton and Portsmouth, from which place we embarked for this island. I stopped at Wickham, which is near Southampton, and had the pleasure of meeting our friend the Rev. Mr. Pickering. I found him an agreeable man, and everybody I inquired of assured me of one trait of his character which gave me more satisfaction than all the rest ; namely, his benevolence. I was glad to hear from himself that he is in expectation of a living near London. I shall return in a day or two for London by a different route from that in which I came. I write this by Mr. Higginson, Jr., from whom I have received more attentions and marks of friendship than I have been entitled to, or than I shall ever be able to repay. I hope you will join me in making acknowledgments for these favors. Remember me affectionately to my mother and aunt and brothers and sisters, and believe me ever, your obedient son,

J. PICKERING.

P. S. — Letters from Boston inform me of the appointment of a new Secretary of State. I have not yet got your letters ; they will wait for me in London.

In writing to Colonel Pickering from London, July 25, Mr. Rufus King thus mentions John Pickering :

“It will afford you great pleasure to know that your son continues to preserve and in all respects to merit the excellent character with which he arrived in this country. To an amiable disposition and uncommon diligence and attention he adds a thirst for knowledge, as well as a facility and precision in attaining it, greater than I recollect to have observed in any person of his age.”

The following letter from the Rev. Joseph Pickering was received by John Pickering after his return to London : —

WICKHAM, HANTS, July 7.

DEAR SIR,—I have rejoiced very much in the fine weather which we have had of late, as I conclude it has been very acceptable to yourself and your friends on your tour. I have flattered myself hitherto with the expectation of seeing you again here on your return ; but I now fear that pleasure will be denied me, and that you have taken some other route in your way to London. I take this opportunity, therefore, of returning to you my very sincere thanks for the visit, even short as it was, which you were pleased to pay me, and I shall always remember it as a very flattering circumstance of my life, as well as a fortunate one, in introducing me to the personal acquaintance of a young man who, you must allow me to say, needs no introduction but his own,—at the same time honored as I was by your father’s letter. I must trouble you to transmit the enclosed acknowledgment to him for his kindness. I have read a paragraph lately in the papers relating to your father’s dismissal from his high office, which he has so long filled with credit to himself and his country’s advantage. I hope for the sake of America that the intelligence conveyed by our papers is not true. I am, dear sir, with much esteem, your obliged and obedient servant,

JOSEPH PICKERING.

To this letter John Pickering returned the following answer : —

LONDON, July 15.

REVEREND SIR, — Your letter, with its enclosure for my father, came duly to hand; but being obliged to leave town the day I received it, I was prevented from returning you my thanks for this mark of your friendship as early as you had a right to expect. The flattering expressions you have been pleased to bestow upon me demand my most humble thanks. I fear they are but ill deserved; yet they will stimulate me to make myself not altogether unworthy of the kindness which dictated them. The dismissal of my father from office, which your regard for him leads you to consider as an unhappy event for our country, is but too true. It took place on the 10th of May. The reasons which influenced this measure, if I were able to detail them, would be uninteresting to you; but it may afford you some satisfaction to be assured that so far from being the occasion of shame to a man of virtue, they were such as no man would wish to disown, — a frank and honest yet respectful declaration of opinions that sometimes were in contradiction to those of the person from whom he held his office. I must beg you to receive, as an apology for the length of this letter, the solicitude of a son who is desirous of seeing his father retain the place he has held in the esteem of those who have honored him with their friendship. With great truth, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

J. P.

Mr. William Smith, still in Portugal, kept up his correspondence with John Pickering, writing from Lisbon, August 18: —

DEAR JOHN, — I have received no letter from you since that of the 10th of June, which I was prevented from answering by my absence at Collares, where I have been passing five weeks. I came to town about a week ago to answer my letters, visit my friends (few of whom remain in town), and see the opera. I return the day after to-morrow. Major Trant is here with his wife; he inquired after you. The D'Assis and O'Neills, etc., are

well. I saw them all yesterday and the day before. I received the second part of the Admiralty Reports, and thank you; also the letter from my brother. I have seen nothing of Mr. Williams.¹ If he comes this way, I shall be happy to treat him as your friend. We have newspapers to the 2d of July; they mention a report of Jefferson's death. I have been too often deceived by newspaper reports to credit them. Your friends here join in affectionate remembrance. Adieu. Believe me ever very truly yours,

W. S.

To Colonel Pickering his son wrote from London, August 24: —

MY DEAR FATHER, — On my return from Brighthelmstone (a fashionable resort on the south coast of England), where I have passed a week, I found your letter of the 27th of June. I share in all the satisfaction you expressed on your future prospects at the new settlement. May your hopes be realized! My brother George, you say, intends to be a learned man. I hope you will give him all the classical knowledge (Greek and Latin, I mean) possible, as I am convinced this is the only foundation of a right education. I could wish he were at school in this country on that account. More is learned at the great schools here (such as Eton and others), preparatory to entering the Universities, than we learn in the whole course of our college education. Indeed few enter the University at an earlier age than eighteen or nineteen years, — the age when we leave it. It would be foolish for me to use any arguments to persuade you, who are as fully convinced as myself of the necessity of an education of this kind; but I will mention that Mr. King, who was formerly an anti-classical partisan, is now a warm supporter of that system, and the work that effected his conversion was Knox's Liberal Education. I find Chesterfield's observation on that subject literally true in Europe, — that "it is a shame to know only Latin, for everybody understands that; but that a thorough knowledge of Greek must be attained." I feel very humble in the company of a tolerably

¹ John, brother of Samuel Williams.

well educated person in this quarter of the world. My ardor for these studies is constantly increasing; but I fear I have not a foundation strong enough to sustain a large superstructure. I shall never forget the advice of our much-lamented friend and relation Dr. Clarke on the subject of classical learning: he used to talk of nothing else; and to him I owe what small portion of it I possess. Mr. Sitgreaves, to whom you desire me to present your respects, is not yet returned from the Continent (France); by the last letters he was in Holland,—Rotterdam, I think. I wish you would give me a particular description of the geography of the “Great Bend,” that I may find the spot where you are to be settled (if you know it yourself already). No maps that we have here, designate any part of the country by that name. I thank God that you are all blessed with health; as to your minds, none of them, I am sure, will sink under misfortune. Adieu.

His next letter to his father is dated London, September 2:—

I have lately been reading Tully’s Offices (for I don’t begin my law till we remove to town in October), and with more pleasure than I ever felt in reading any book whatever. The irresistible arguments he uses, and the powerful eloquence with which he enforces them, have completely strengthened in my mind those precepts which I owe to your care in my early age. I have paid some attention this summer to the study of botany; I could not resist the temptation held out by the beautiful fields near Mr. King’s country-house. I have thought, from the pleasure it has afforded me, that it would be an agreeable and useful study for my brothers; but I shall wait for your opinion before I send out any books to them. Adieu.

J. P.

To his brother Henry, then at Easton, Pa., John Pickering wrote from London, September 30:—

DEAR BROTHER,—I perceive with pleasure the return of your former taste for gardening, in the letter you have written

me from Easton. I take the more interest in this as I have been studying botany myself this summer, — not with the view of its being useful to me as a gardener, but of the satisfaction which the study of Nature never fails to afford us. The study of botany is the most enchanting I ever engaged in. The system of the great Linnæus, though “arrayed in a Greek garb,” is the most beautiful imaginable, and one summer’s attention to it will enable you to ascertain the class, order, etc., of any new plant that you may see. What a satisfaction will this be to you! In order to facilitate your progress in it, I shall send you by the first convenient opportunity an elementary work on the subject, which is written, in my judgment, on the best plan possible. It is called “Letters on Botany,” by Rousseau and Martyn. This last is a professor at the University of Cambridge, and the greatest part of the work is his; it is accompanied by several plates colored after nature. It is impossible not to be delighted with the study as delivered in this work. With it I will send a magnifying-glass of sufficient power to enable you to see the different parts of most plants. I shall attend to your request about flower-seeds, and shall perhaps send them this winter, as I may not be with you early enough for planting them if I keep them till my return. I will not forget the apricots, nectarines, etc. Adieu. Very affectionately yours,

J. P.

The “enchanting study of botany,” recommended to his brothers, was pursued by John Pickering with enthusiasm during his summers in England, where Mr. King’s residence in the country allowed a most favorable opportunity for the pursuit in hours of leisure, and during his walks in the vicinity of Mill Hill. Several pages of a minute record of grasses, carefully examined, are in his own handwriting, with critical observations and suggestions made by him in the summer of 1801. Flowers had an interest and charm for him through life, though his more important

pursuits prevented, except at favored intervals, his manifesting the taste for botany which he possessed.

The month of September of this year was spent by John Pickering at Mill Hill, with only occasional visits to London. His duties as Secretary to Mr. King in writing letters, copying papers, etc., were agreeably relieved by the enjoyment of society in the family circle, as well as from visitors, while the hours more free were given to his own private reading. Some extracts from his record of books read at this time will give the best idea of the character of his reading and the employment of his leisure hours:—

“September 9. — Began Taylor’s Elements of the Civil Law. About this time began Plautus’s Rudens, in Ernesti’s edition, 2 vols. This morning finished Cicero’s Offices, by M. Du Bois, of the French Academy; Vigenius de Idiotismis Græc. September 10. — Taylor’s Civil Law. Plautus continued. 11. — Taylor. Plautus continued. 12. — Taylor. Plautus finished. 14. — Finished Cicero de Senectute. 15. — Read the Prælections to Browne’s Civil Law. 16. — Began Cicero de Amicitia. 19. — Began Weiske’s Xenophon. 21. — Began Weiske’s Disputatio de natura et usu disciplinæ Cyri. 23. — Began Homer and read Clarke’s preface. Plutarch’s Lives of Demosthenes and Cicero, and his comparison.”

The remaining pages of John Pickering’s Journal of his reading contain similar entries to the above, with brief critical remarks on the works under consideration. While still continuing his course of classical reading, he took up Dryden’s works; commenting on which, he says: “I began here to note those words of the English language which are not found in Johnson, or are given without authority, and was surprised

at the number of them which I found in the course of a few pages."

In a note on Gifford's *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, which he was reading, he writes: "Gifford has found an excellent epithet for Kemble the actor's throat: 'and the hoarse croak of Kemble's *foggy* throat.'"

Murray's *English Grammar*, the *Pursuits of Literature*, D'Anville's *Ancient Geography*, Watts's *Logic*, the philological works of Harris and others, some tracts on Portugal, and a French work on Russia, were successively taken up and read; for "his practice now, as in college, was to pursue different studies each day, mingling with the severer the more lively."¹

To Colonel Pickering his son wrote from London, October 4:—

"The original and duplicate of your letter of the 30th July have both arrived. It gives me great satisfaction to hear that you are so comfortably situated at Easton; your being provided with a school there was indeed quite unexpected to me. I have considered your project of my returning to the place of my nativity to establish myself, and the more I have reflected on it, the more I have been convinced of the advantage that would result from it. Considering that and Philadelphia as alternatives, I could not hesitate a moment in my choice. The latter, indeed, in your absence would be a dismal residence; and as it seems to be my lot to be always at a distance from you, I cannot but prefer a place where the society of friends will compensate in some measure for that loss. With respect to professional advantages, it appears to me desirable to study in the place where one is to practise the law, as you gain so much time in forming an acquaintance with people who are one day to be your clients. That sort of interest, too, which none but friends can feel, is necessary for a young man's advancement in

¹ Eulogy by Daniel Appleton White.

any business whatever. And if I have not powerful friends, *multis opibus*, to assist me, I think I have that influence in my favor which never fails to attend a uniform probity of character in one's parents and ancestors. These are my sentiments on this subject. But I hope you will not abandon me to my own weak judgment on a question of such moment. At present our opinions coincide; if anything should occur that should raise any doubt in your mind, you will not fail to communicate it."

The last letter written to his son in the year 1800 by Colonel Pickering is dated Easton, Pa., December 27 :

MY DEAR SON,—I did not return from my tour in the woods until the 10th inst. With your mother I found your letters of June 4, 25, July 15, August 24, and September 2. I entirely approve of your course of reading to attain general knowledge, preparatory to the reading for your intended profession; you will find an advantage as well as pleasure flowing from it at every step of your future life. But you will find, by a letter written the last of July, that I thought it time for you seriously to devote yourself to your professional studies, and I am glad to see that you were to enter upon them in October. As to your return, I need not say more about it. I have supposed you would embark next spring; but the precise time I wish to leave to your own judgment, after consulting Mr. King, whose friendship for you and me will be your true interest. If you leave England early in the spring, I should suppose you could not do better than to accompany Mr. Sitgreaves, and would rather hasten your departure than miss of his company. In this case you would, of course, I presume, land in Philadelphia or New York, and come directly with Mr. Sitgreaves to Easton. Pray make my sincere acknowledgments to the Rev. Mr. Pickering for his kind and respectful expressions of attachment and esteem. We all remember you affectionately. Adieu.

TIMOTHY PICKERING.

A continuation of this letter was written by Colonel Pickering from Philadelphia, Jan. 5, 1801:—

I came here last week, and have received new proofs of the kindness and esteem of many respectable citizens and friends. In a few days I shall proceed to Boston and Salem, and fulfil my promise to make my friends there a visit, after an absence of more than eight years. It seems that Barry is not to relieve Decatur, but to take the command of our ships on that station. Nevertheless, it is probable Decatur will return by the last of February, or early in March, as the time for which his crew were engaged will soon after expire. I have called on Mrs. Decatur. She has not had a letter from her husband these three months; but one of her sons wrote on the 28th of October that all were well. God preserve you!

T. PICKERING.

CHAPTER IX.

Visit to the Continent. — Paris, Brussels, Leyden, and Amsterdam. — Extracts from Notebook. — The Hague. — England and return Home. — Enters Mr. Putnam's Office.

1801.

WHILE Colonel Pickering was anticipating the early return of his son from England, other arrangements were in progress to delay it for a time. The long-cherished desire to visit the Continent, which had been temporarily frustrated by his connection with diplomatic service at the Court of St. James, and the disturbed state of public affairs, was now about to be realized, and he accordingly wrote to his father from London, Jan. 5, 1801, to inform him of his change of plans: —

MY DEAR FATHER, — I have determined, with the advice of my friends here, and with the permission of those in whose power it was to give it, to make a journey to Paris, and if the season of the year admits of it, to return through the Netherlands and Holland. This journey will not in the least retard my return to America, as I shall be back in the beginning of March. The expense will not be great, and the advantages, I trust, abundant. It is a project not adopted on a hasty consideration or on the dictates of my own judgment only. It is a long time since I have had any letters from you; but knowing where you are, I give myself no extraordinary uneasiness on that account. I am waiting to know from your letters whether you think it best that I should take passage for the Southward or Northward. You will have seen that our views of my final destination coincide. Assure my mother and brothers and sisters of my affectionate remembrance. Adieu.

J. P.

P. S. — I leave London before the 10th, and expect to be here again by the 10th of March. I may be in America by the middle or end of May.

WEDNESDAY, January 7.

I leave London to take passage at Gravesend, and shall be at Calais probably on Saturday. I have just received a letter from my mother, dated November 2, by Mr. Mott.

J. P.

On the 8th of January, the day following the date of this letter, John Pickering left London for Gravesend, about twenty miles distant, with Mr. T. Spaulding, who was to accompany him to the Continent. After a stay of four days at Calais, the travellers set off on the 17th of January on their way to Paris, posting in a cabriolet with three horses, and reached Paris on the third day. No record of John Pickering's stay in Paris is known to exist, except such as can be gathered from entries of expenditures in his account-book, by which the occupation of his time and the objects attracting his attention and interest can now alone be traced. But the memory of the writer of the present pages faithfully recalls much which fell from his lips in after years, as some incidental reference would call it forth in conversation. The Hôtel Grange Batelière, at which he stayed in Paris seventy-seven years ago, may no longer be there; but the Jardin des Plantes, the Hôtel des Invalides, the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and other noble public institutions, claim the early notice of visitors now, as they did then. Though not possessing a decided taste for theatrical representations at any time, he went a few times to the Théâtre Français, the Opéra, and the Vaudeville Théâtre. But the declamation of Talma,

whom he heard in some dramatic readings, impressed and charmed him with powers to be compared only with those of Mrs. Siddons.

At this time, in the year 1801 (the ninth year of the French Republic), the First Consul, Napoleon Bonaparte, at the head of the Government, was established in the Palace of the Tuileries, and Paris had become the centre of attraction. It was at a period of remarkable interest and under the most auspicious circumstances that John Pickering made his visit to Paris. The campaigns and conquests of Bonaparte had filled its museums and galleries with the rich spoils of his victories in the treasures of painting and sculpture which he had seized and transported from Italy. 'At a review of the troops in front of the palace of the Tuileries, John Pickering had a fine opportunity of seeing Bonaparte himself. He was dressed in the gray surtout which history has made familiar as associated with his personal appearance. His face was thin, and his features sharply defined. His person, always below the medium height, was comparatively slight, for he had not begun to acquire the fulness of habit which characterized his later years. Madame de Staël was now also living in Paris, at the height of her celebrity. Her *soirées* were the attractive resort of the *litterati* and liberal politicians of Paris; and at one of them John Pickering had the good fortune to be present, not only affording him an introduction to Madame de Staël herself, but also an opportunity of seeing Benjamin Constant, — not less celebrated as a powerful orator and writer than as a political friend of the distinguished hostess. During the seven weeks of his stay in Paris he improved the opportunity afforded him by

taking lessons in French ; and a portion of his time was employed in collecting books, pamphlets, newspapers, views, and prints illustrating the events of the times and objects of interest.¹ After a stay of a little more than seven weeks in Paris John Pickering set off alone for Brussels, travelling all the way by diligence. The city of Brussels was much enjoyed by him, judging from his allusions to it in after years. On the 26th of March he left Brussels for Ghent, having hired a carriage at Brussels which was to take him to Ghent and Antwerp. On the 28th he left Ghent for Antwerp, — ten leagues distant. Two days at Antwerp gave the visitor an opportunity to see the most interesting objects in the city, for the masterpieces of Rubens had been transferred to the galleries of Paris. A few only of his paintings could be seen at Antwerp, in the private collections of individuals. Beeckman, a picture-dealer, had a large collection of paintings of the Dutch and Flemish schools. From Antwerp, which he left on the 30th of March, John Pickering went to Breda in a cabriolet hired to take him as far as Laage Zwalurre, — a point where he must take passage for Rotterdam. After a night at Breda, he set off early the next morning on his journey, over a flat country and roads heavy but level, which brought him to Laage Zwalurre, where he embarked and crossed the ferry of the Hollands Diep, — an estuary forming one of the wide outlets of the River Maas into the North Sea. Taking a cabriolet at the landing, he drove to Dort, thence proceeded to Ysselmonde, and after crossing the

¹ The tricolored cockade, the badge of revolutionary national distinction, which he was himself obliged to wear when in Paris, is also still in existence, — a trifling, but striking memorial of the troubled times and the rigors which had enforced its use.

River Maas by another ferry, arrived at Rotterdam. At the Hague he was destined to enjoy much from the advantages which the place afforded, and the kind attentions and friendship of Mr. William Vans Murray, minister-resident of the United States at that Court. His time at the Hague was devoted to the objects most deserving the attention of a stranger, to the claims of society, and to the opportunities of making excursions and visits to other towns in Holland within easy reach of his headquarters.

Among the prominent members of the French Government then ruling at the Hague whom John Pickering knew, were M. Ermerens and M. Van Swinden, — two members of the French Directory, the latter gentleman a *savant*. He mentions that there were many gentlemen of leisure and study in the country, and at the Hague fine cabinets of natural history and philosophy. M. Meerman, the owner of the wonderful manuscript of Virgil, and M. Lyonnet, the dissector of the *chenille* (caterpillar), were residents of the place. There also he became acquainted with the learned and estimable M. Van Buren, who owned a very complete *cabinet de physique*, with a shop of tools, and was an excellent artist himself. After a stay of eight days at the Hague, John Pickering made several excursions early in April to some places in the vicinity, — to Delft, less than five miles distant; to Dort, one of the oldest towns in Holland; and to Rotterdam, where he passed several days before returning to the Hague.

The following letter to Colonel Pickering from his son John, written guardedly and without signature, owing to the disturbed state of public affairs, and his

own connection with the American Embassy at London, was forwarded to the care of Timothy Williams, Esq., at Boston:—

HAGUE, April 9, 1801.

DEAR SIR,—I am advanced thus far on my way to Amsterdam, and in a week expect to be ready to take passage again for England, after which I shall make my arrangements for returning home without delay. Since my residence here I have experienced every kindness from Mr. ———,¹ who desires to be particularly remembered to you. A few days before my leaving England I received a letter from my mother mentioning that you were pursuing your plan of remaining where you were; but I have since learned from a relative of mine² that there is a probability of your return to the place of your nativity. As my lot is cast there, I cannot but hope that this is true, both for your future tranquillity and for my advantage. My health is sound as ever. I find myself proof against various climates. I should have been glad to have given you some account of the countries through which I have passed; but the first law of nature forbade it in one, and prudence discourages it in another. Assure my friends of my affectionate remembrance, and believe me ever your obedient son.

P. S.—I have just learned the death of the Emperor of Russia,³—an event of vast importance. It requires no ordinary mind to discern accurately the consequences of it. The Northern Coalition will burst asunder, and Denmark and Sweden will be at the mercy of England. The more remote consequences you will see more clearly than myself; I am no politician.

Of a visit to Leyden, John Pickering wrote the following brief diary in his notebook:—

“April 14.—Left the Hague in the *treckschuyt*,⁴ but too late to get a place in the *roef*. A curious *mélange* in the boat: a Jew

¹ Mr. William Vans Murray.

² His cousin S. Williams.

³ Paul I., father of Alexander I., died March 11, 1801.

⁴ *Treckschuyt*, drag-boat on the canal to convey passengers and goods; the after-cabin, or *roef*, for the better class of passengers, accommodating eight or ten.

with his Hebrew poetry, — a curiosity, as it was printed at Constantinople, the poems of Emanuel, ‘very sublime,’ as he assured me. Called upon M. —, and delivered my letter, which procured many attentions. Leyden is a pretty town. The University Library is very rich in manuscripts, — especially Oriental. The University has about two hundred and fifty or three hundred students, who attend the professors at their own houses. The halls, where lectures were formerly given, are in a building that was a convent. Here Lepsius and others lectured.”

A day’s visit in Leyden at this time not only afforded John Pickering the opportunity of seeing the objects most interesting to a stranger and a student, but procured him the valuable acquaintance of Luzac, the distinguished philologist, jurist, publicist, and Greek professor in the University of Leyden. The Diary continues : —

“April 15. — Left Leyden for Utrecht this morning, in the earliest boat, at nine A. M., April 15. Arrived at Utrecht at six P. M., having been exactly nine hours from Leyden. Passed the evening in reading M. Luzac’s *De Socrate cive*; did not finish it, being (in sailor’s language) ‘brought up’ by a heavy Greek note. The next day, Friday, April 17, I left Utrecht at seven A. M. by the earliest boat for Amsterdam. You embark on the Vecht River. After passing the sluice, near which the *schuyt* lies, a woman stood ready below the sluice with a rope, which was fastened to the boat, and she then drew us along by it for a quarter of an hour, when the horse supplied her place. I passed a large sloop, which was drawn by two men only. You pass a drawbridge, and a purse at the end of a pole (like those used in some churches) is presented to you by the man who attends the bridge. At seven-thirty passed Groondal. Eight o’clock, passed Suyler. Two o’clock, P. M., landed at Amsterdam, having been seven hours on the journey. I felt a sensation that I cannot describe when I saw a woman to wheel my baggage to the inn. A woman a common porter! On entering Amsterdam you feel that you are in a large city; and this is the

only place, besides London and Paris, which made this impression upon me.

"*Saturday, April 18.* — Took a cursory view of the 'Felix Meritis,' the handsomest building I have yet seen here. It is of the Corinthian order, and too high for its width. At dinner I sat between two Greeks, and conversed with one of them some time upon the state of the literature of modern Greece; his account was much more favorable than I had expected. He spoke to me of a new edition of Theophrastus by Coray, who is a professor at Paris. I saw a copy of this at Leyden. He appears to be acquainted with the authors of his country, — Thucydides, Herodotus, etc. In the evening I went to the French play — almost like the Vaudeville at Paris. One of the pieces was by M. Bièvre, the famous punster, and the whole was composed of puns and phrases studied expressly for the purpose of introducing them, several of them taken from the 'Bièvrina.' The house was very thin, the pit the best situation. Being anxious to see the Theophrastus above alluded to, I went to several shops, and at last stopped at that which formerly belonged to the celebrated Wetstein.

"*Sunday, April 19.* — I went to see some of the churches. Dined at Mr. —'s. Took a walk to the Bains Publics, which is a fashionable resort in the afternoon to take refreshments, tea, ices, etc.; a large common-room, filled with smoke and intolerable.

"*April 20.* — This evening I went to the Dutch theatre, but saw only a part of the play. The manner of the actors was much like the French, — too violent and too artificial. The piece appeared to be of the pathetic kind, or *comédie larmoyante*. The ballet pantomime was taken from low life, and was very well performed; one female dancer was excellent. In general there was too much exertion in attempting to have a step for every note of the music, and consequently want of grace in their movements. This theatre is handsome, and better lighted than the theatres I have seen on the Continent. The orchestra consists of about thirty performers, and good. No beautiful women, and ill dressed.

"*April 22.* — Went to see the Stadt-House. I also went to the Gast-Huis, or hospital for women.

"*April 23.*—To-day, at twelve o'clock, went to hear a lecture of Professor —— upon the *Heroides* of Ovid. It lasted an hour. He, like all the professors of Holland, lectures in Latin, repeating each sentence slowly two or three times, that the students may have time to write down his observations. He reads a passage, and then asks the students questions either on the grammar, interpretation, or the historical allusions of it. The manner of reading and the Dutch pronunciation of Latin are different from the German and others."

In his memoranda John Pickering notices the facility with which Latin is spoken. On the day of the lecture above mentioned, he made a visit to Mr. De Bosch, whose library, paintings of great men, manner of reading Latin poetry, etc., are simply noted. The *Diary* continues:—

"*April 24.*—'Felix Meritis.' This is an institution for the advancement of the arts and sciences, which is supported by subscription. The building is reckoned the handsomest in Amsterdam, and is considered by the inhabitants as the object the most worthy of a stranger's attention. I afterwards took a survey of the shops of the opticians and booksellers. The city is better provided with the former than the latter. The only bookseller for Latin and Greek is P. Hengst, who lives in the house that was formerly Wetstein's; you still see a Homer's head, very small and gilt, in alto-relievo, that was put up by him. Passed the evening with Mr. F. B.¹ He is collating part of Pliny's *Natural History* from a codex that he supposes of the fourteenth century. It is elegantly executed, and the vignettes represent the different arts which are discussed in each book."

The following letter from Mr. William Vans Murray to John Pickering was received by him at Amsterdam:

¹ Mr. Frederick Ballhorn, at this time pursuing philological studies at Amsterdam. On his promotion as Doctor of Laws, his printed Dissertation, published in 1803, two years after making the acquaintance of John Pickering at Amsterdam, was dedicated to him.

THE HAGUE, April 20, 1801.

DEAR SIR, — You have not written respecting the catalogue, etc., but Mr. Browne informs me that you are at Amsterdam. In your rambles among the *physiciens* pray observe the air-pumps, and ask the price, and a card of the shop and maker. And if you see a good *microscope composé*, take the price and address of the maker, as we are far advanced in an acquaintance with the family of *les polypes*. The embargo was taken off generally yesterday. The Danes have separated for at least fourteen weeks from the absurd Coalition, and Paul is called by the public men the *fou Empéreur*. The French were much inquieted at his death; he was for them a precious bit of wood, well wired for their play. They are also uneasy on the lot of Egypt; probably Abercrombie, contrary to my expectations, is now master of at least Alexandria. We miss you much, and shall cordially greet your return to the Hague.

With great esteem, I am, dear sir,

Your most obedient servant,

W. V. M.

The Diary continues : —

“April 25. — I left Amsterdam this morning at eleven o'clock in the boat for Haarlem. A pretty view as you leave the town by the Haarlem gate. There is no remarkable object the whole way to Haarlem. I arrived in town at half past one. Dined at W.'s country-seat. It is handsome, and has the greater merit, as it is all artificial, Nature having done nothing towards embellishing the country. After dinner went to Mr. Van Eys's,¹ who had kindly invited me to pass two or three days with him, as it was impossible for him to see me in Amsterdam.

“April 26 and 27. — At Mr. Van Eys's country-seat. Sunday, 26, I went to two different florists to see the hyacinths of Haarlem, so much celebrated; they are indeed beautiful. At the last garden I saw a valuable collection of *Ericas*, or heaths, — about eighty or one hundred species. I left my hospitable friend at ten A. M. to see the curiosities of Haarlem.

¹ M. Jean Nicolas Van Eys, merchant of Amsterdam.

While I was waiting for twelve o'clock to arrive, at which hour I was to go to the Teylerian Museum, I took a guide to conduct me to the Stadt-House, to see some specimens of printing by Laurance Costar, the inventor of the art. The first was in Dutch, the type resembling the English black-letter. The title of the book was 'De Zeven Doodzonen,' or the Seven Deadly Sins, as I conjecture. This is supposed, in a catalogue which is shown you, to have been printed in 1428. The next was called '—— Canticorum' (I could not read the whole name). There are rude figures for vignettes, cut in wood in the coarsest manner. They give this the date of 1430. You also see at Haarlem the house where Costar lived; it is the next to the inn called the 'Goude Vlies,' and is at present a little bookseller's shop, near the church. At twelve I went to the Teylerian Museum, being *muni*, as the French say, with a letter of recommendation from a friend at Leyden. This museum was built in 1780 by the executors of the will of Mr. Teyler. I know little of the plan of the institution, but the object of it is the advancement of the arts and sciences. April 27, I left Haarlem in the four o'clock boat for Leyden, where I arrived in four hours.

"April 28. — Called upon Mr. Luzac, who accompanied me to the booksellers' shops, shop of Luchtmans, and house where the Elzevirs used to print, nearly opposite to it. The next building is the University. In the evening I was at a party at Mr. Luzac's. Cards played, supper, songs afterwards. Great gayety. Many of the company spoke English and French.

"April 29. — After despatching my business with the booksellers, I set off for the Hague at half-past twelve. It is a journey or voyage of three hours.

"May 4. — I took leave of Mr. Murray, who had shown me every kind of attention, with regret. I embarked at half-past two for Delft. At the inn (the Nieuw Koffy-huys) at Delft I took a servant to conduct me about town. After seeing the churches, I went to the old house of the Prince, now a gymnasium. I left Delft at six p. m., and returned to Rotterdam."

The stay in Holland was destined to be somewhat prolonged by a delay at the place of embarkation, and the Diary proceeds: —

"*May 12.* — I left Rotterdam this morning at half-past eight, in a clumsy sort of chaise with two horses that were worthy of a better vehicle. This was to take me to Maasland Sluice. Here you cross a ferry to the Island of Rosenburg, a short distance. We arrived at the inn at Helvoet at two-thirty P. M., and left there on the 17th of May at five A. M.

"*May 17, five A. M.* — On board the 'Superb.' Came on board with a south-easterly breeze, which we hoped would carry us out; but it soon veered round to the westward, and we were obliged to anchor, — and not without risk; for in getting the ship round near the lee shore, she did not obey the helm, and we were obliged to cast anchor in three fathoms of water, to save ourselves from going on shore.

"*May 18.* — The next day we went up to Helvoet again, and anchored a little above the town. We lay here all the 19th, and on the 20th, at four o'clock A. M., we set sail with a north-easterly wind which brought us out.

"*Thursday, May 21.* — Pleasant weather and a light breeze, which brought us in sight of the land in the forenoon; and in the afternoon a boat came off, as is usual on sight of a ship, to see if anybody wished to land.¹ I jumped into the row-boat, and in a little while we reached the sail-boat belonging to the same men. In this we proceeded towards Dover.

"*Friday, May 22.* — Dover. Immediately on landing, three or four fellows stood ready to snatch up my baggage, to carry it to the custom-house. At ten A. M. I went to the custom-house and foolishly reported myself from Rotterdam, — an enemy's country; a merchant would have been wiser. I was informed that it was necessary for me to go to the City of London Inn, and no other. I found that three of the innkeepers have the privilege of receiving foreigners who come from an enemy's country, a fortnight each alternately; and it happened to be this man's turn this time. About four P. M. my guard made his appearance. I was willing that he should feel the awkwardness of his situation in introducing himself, and therefore affected to be ignorant of his character. He was somewhat embarrassed, but finally stammered out, in half-sentences, that

¹ The vessel was now in the Downs; Ramsgate lying north, and Dover south.

he was the person to keep strangers that arrived here from an enemy's country. He withdrew while I was dining, and after dinner consented to take a walk with me, and was very useful in pointing out every object of curiosity as we went along.

"*Sunday, May 24.* — I obtained my passport of the mayor this morning at about nine o'clock, and received the congratulations of custom-house officers, guard, and everybody else, — unless my host was an exception. I could not set off, however, till the afternoon, as no coach left town in the morning. I employed the part of the day which I had at command in walking to the Castle, which I wished to see. I left Dover at five P. M., and arrived at London at eight the next morning."

The Diary closes briefly : —

"*Monday, May 25.* — At London.

"*May 26.* — In town; and on the 27th went to Mill Hill."

The foregoing brief record of the four months spent by John Pickering on the continent of Europe gives but a faint idea of his enjoyment at the time, and the satisfaction it afforded him in after years. His taste for works of art found its gratification in Paris, where the treasures of Italy were spread before him. The enlightened interest which a previous training in diplomatic circles had given him, made it a propitious season for him to visit France, then flourishing under the exciting influences of the new *régime*, with Bonaparte triumphant at the head of the Consular Government. The repose which Brussels and other cities of the Netherlands gave to the young traveller prepared him for the quiet atmosphere of Holland, where science and literature offered their varied attractions, which were enhanced by the proofs of friendship and the recognitions of his own tastes and acquirements received from the scholars with whom he came in contact there.

The intercourse with such men as Luzac at Leyden, and Ballhorn at Amsterdam, stimulated his already eager interest in classical pursuits. The flower-gardens of Haarlem ministered to his love of nature, and the domestic visit to Mr. Van Eys at his country-seat gave him an opportunity of cultivating an agricultural acquaintance, for his father's sake ; while above all, the friendly offices and unstinted kindness of Mr. Murray at the Hague impressed him with a delightful and life-long remembrance of the charms of that attractive place. For the memory of the learned Professor Luzac, who was killed a few years afterwards by an explosion of gunpowder, he always manifested a cherished regard.¹ On returning to England, refreshed by his excursion to the Continent, John Pickering resumed the duties of his office as Secretary to Mr. King, and instructor of his sons when at home in their school vacations. In this last occupation Mr. King himself participated to some extent.

While he was absent on the Continent, letters to John Pickering were awaiting him in London from friends at home who were anticipating his early return to America. His father wrote from Boston, January 31 : —

MY DEAR SON, — I wrote you from Easton, and continued the letter from Philadelphia on the last of December and beginning of January, by duplicates ; one of them, being committed to Mr. Curwen, who sailed in the January packet from New York, I expect will be delivered with his own hand. My numerous friends in Philadelphia detained me there much longer than I had intended to stay, so that I arrived only two days

¹ John Luzac, professor of Greek in the University of Leyden. He was killed in 1807 by the explosion of a vessel, with gunpowder aboard, in the harbor of Leyden.

since at this place; and here I am happy in the friendship of those persons whose good opinion and esteem are sufficient to satisfy honest ambition, and in the humblest cottage will give me content. Relying on one or the other of the above mentioned letters reaching you, I will only repeat, by way of triplicate, that I received your letters of October 4 and 10, in which you entirely assent to my proposition that you should resume the study of the law at Salem. I was anxious to learn that you had received the letter containing that project.

The various branches of our family are well, and manifest that happiness in their mutual friendship and affection for which they have been always distinguished. Your uncle Clarke died lately, at the age of eighty-two, and in November your mother's sister, Mrs. Ruff, who when you left us was Betsey White. There has yet been no decision on the late convention with France. I remain with great affection,

T. PICKERING.

My best respects to Mr. King.

The following letter to Colonel Pickering was written by his son on approaching England from Holland :

IN THE DOWNS, ON BOARD THE "SUPERB," May 21.

Having an opportunity of writing to you by a vessel now lying by us and bound directly to Boston, I was unwilling to lose it, though I should have written to you immediately on my arrival in London. We left Helvoetsluys yesterday early in the morning, and have had a pleasant passage over. I expect to be set on shore at Dover to-night, and shall be at London in two days, it being necessary to wait till a passport shall be sent to me. I wrote to you from the Hague about three weeks ago, mentioning the reasons which had detained me so long on this tour, and I feel confident that my preceding letters must have prevented you from feeling any anxiety for me, from the belief that I might have been at sea for so long a time. I shall hasten my departure from London to America as much as possible; but it may be advisable to wait for the fall ships, and you will therefore be under no apprehensions if I should not arrive so soon as you may have expected. We have no other news

than you will learn from the public prints. Our treaty with France suffers some delay in the ratification, of which we don't know the reason. I have heard, and I have considerable reliance on my authority, that the Chief Consul has been advised not to ratify it on the conditions proposed by the Senate. Mr. Murray is still at Paris, and letters from that place speak doubtfully of the result of the negotiation; but they know nothing more than we do here. Few people expect peace from the negotiations between England and France, which are still going on, and at the same time the French are preparing to invade England!

There is no record existing of the daily employment of his time after John Pickering's return to England from the Continent. Much of it was doubtless passed at Mill Hill, as usual in summer. The first weeks of August were occupied in engagements preliminary to his leaving England. On the 19th of August his passage was engaged in the regular trader-ship "Minerva" for Boston, and a few days later he left London for Gravesend. Mr. King on his leaving wrote to Colonel Pickering as follows:—

LONDON, August 16.

DEAR SIR,—As your son will in a few days leave me to return home, I cannot omit the occasion to renew to you my congratulations upon his good conduct and amiable disposition. During the time he has been with me he has been uniformly prudent and industrious; his information, to which he is constantly making useful additions, is much greater and more extensive, as well as correct, than we commonly find in young men of his age; and what you will judge of equal importance, his moral character is pure and unblemished. In a word, you will find in him what I am sorry to part with,—an instructive companion and a prudent friend. With sentiments of sincere regard, I remain, dear sir, your obedient and faithful servant,

RUFUS KING.

TIMOTHY PICKERING, ESQ.

About the 24th of August John Pickering embarked in the ship "Minerva," bound to Boston, where he arrived Thursday, October 8. On the day after his arrival he wrote to his father: —

Boston, Oct. 9, 1801.

MY DEAR FATHER, — I have at length arrived in my native country. We landed from the ship yesterday morning after as bad a passage as can well be conceived. It was not a long one, but very stormy; for besides the equinoctial storm, which lasted eight or ten days, we had a most violent squall (as the sailors term it), which tore all the sails into ribbons. We had only three or four days' fair wind during the voyage. I have met with such a kind reception from my friends in this place as had made me forget all hardships, and my only disappointment has been my not finding you in the vicinity of Boston or Salem. I am glad, however, that you have made such arrangements as will prevent my losing any time in my studies. I have now before me your letter of the 8th of May, in which you mention your plan of putting me under Mr. Parsons; and I am to call upon him to-day. As soon as I can get my baggage on shore, I shall go to Salem to pass a few days with my relations, and shall then return to this place. My tenderest regards to my mother and brothers and sisters, whom I hope soon to see in Boston. Yours affectionately.

J. P.

While still in doubt as to his plans and future residence, John Pickering again wrote to his father from Boston, October 27: —

MY DEAR FATHER, — I returned yesterday from Salem, more perplexed with doubts upon the subject of my residing here than before I went to see my friends at that place. They are all so desirous of my remaining among them, and offers are made which comport so well with the economy which it will be necessary for me to pursue, that I could wish your engagement with Mr. Parsons had not been of so positive a nature as it

appears to be. Whether you were aware of these circumstances before you made up your opinion, I don't know; but if you were here now, I am not sure that you would not change your mind. As to the advantage of being with Mr. Parsons, I know it is incalculable, and the literary company I shall meet with in Boston is a consideration of great weight also; but the latter I could give up without much reluctance. With regard to the former, I don't know whether I shall have so great advantages in the practical part of the profession as I should in an office where I was obliged to drudge; and drudgery is the beginning (if not the end) of the profession. Lawyers in England generally finish their studies in the office of a special pleader; and though you may reply that I have not begun mine yet, I must, however, be allowed to say (to you, and no other) that I have a more general knowledge than young men commonly begin with, so that part of the reading in offices, — the historical and the general law portion, — would take up but little of my time. Mr. Parsons is, as I conceive, more of the counsellor than the attorney. Another consideration, which you have undoubtedly weighed, is the relative advantages in point of business of Salem and Boston. They are decidedly in favor of the latter, and I have nothing to say in reply but that the cheapness of living in Salem will balance the surplus of business in Boston; and my aim through life will be to have enough to live upon with ease, and not to make myself anxious about more. As to projects of ambition, I am resolved to be enticed from my business by no public employments, if I should ever be thought worthy of them; and this opinion I have been confirmed in, not more by the advice of Mr. King than by the examples of ill-success which have been occurring in this country for some time past. A political lawyer is good for nothing to his country, and seldom is able to keep his family from starving. I shall wait impatiently for your answer. Adieu.

J. P.

On the same day he wrote a duplicate of this letter, which he directed to his father at Philadelphia. In it he says: —

Everybody is impatient to know your movements. I have not heard from you except by your letter of May 8, which I received on my arrival. I wrote you about the 10th inst. Do you come to New England this year?

P. S. — T. Williams has just shown me your letter of the 17th inst. I of course know your plans, and wait your arrival impatiently ; but still write to me.

J. P.

Colonel Pickering's next letter was from Philadelphia, November 2 : —

MY DEAR SON, — We were all happy to receive your letter of the 10th ult. Doubtless before this month expires we shall be with you. I am here with your mother on the last visit to our friends. We shall return next week to Easton, and the next proceed with the family directly thence to New York, making very few delays on our journey. I shall expect to find you at Mr. Pratt's ; we will then consider the point on which you desired me to think. I add no more. Our mutual communications will be more agreeable, as well as more easy, face to face. I wrote Mr. Williams two weeks ago from Easton, and expected by this time to have an answer ; it may arrive to-morrow. Affectionately yours,

T. PICKERING.

Two days afterwards, Colonel Pickering again wrote :

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 4, 1801.

MY DEAR SON, — Yesterday I received your letter of October 27, and Mr. Williams's of the same date. I wrote you on the 2d inst., on the presumption that no objection to your studying with Mr. Parsons existed. You now recur to my first plan, — of studying in Salem. I found also, upon proposing to Mr. Putnam that you should learn the practice of the law in his office, that he had already engaged to take young gentlemen under his direction, to the extent of the rule adopted by the Essex Bar. This, combined with the considerations formerly suggested to you, determined me to propose a residence for you in Boston. Now your preference of Salem is manifest, and I

readily yield to your inclination and the opinions of your friends. You will apologize to Mr. Parsons, whose friendship will induce his ready assent to what upon the whole, under existing circumstances, you deem most eligible.

The question of his place of residence being now decided, John Pickering left Boston for Salem, where he was again established in the household of his excellent uncle, the home of his boyhood. His young brother Octavius was at school in Salem, and had been there for more than a year, living also with their uncle John Pickering, whose family consisted of himself, a bachelor, his widowed sister Mrs. Gooll, and Miss Sarah White, a grand-niece, who was visiting them at this time, and who became a few years afterwards the wife of John Pickering. The earnest wishes of the good uncle, whose unvarying affection had followed him from infancy, to whom he was devotedly attached, and the strong desire of other relatives, had their due weight in prevailing with John Pickering to return to Salem and to remain there.

On Colonel Pickering's reaching Massachusetts with his family, he wrote to his son John as follows:—

BOSTON, Dec. 1, 1801.

MY DEAR SON,— If I had known of Henry Williams's going to Salem on Sunday, I should have written to you by him. William and George are going thither in the stage this afternoon, impatient to see you and Octavius. Your mother and I, with the rest of the children, intend to be at Salem in the course of the week,— Friday or Saturday. To-morrow I expect to visit a farm which is said to be for sale, at a convenient distance from Boston. I should prefer one equally distant from Boston and Salem; but such a one may not be found. I am much obliged by Mr. Putnam's anticipation of my want of a temporary residence; although if the farm referred to is to be sold, and suits

me, I should choose to take possession with very little delay, and of course not occupy the house Mr. Putnam has engaged for me at Salem. We shall assuredly not pass Saturday without seeing you. Affectionately yours,

T. PICKERING.

Soon after reaching his destined residence in his uncle's home at Salem, John Pickering in November entered the office of Mr. Samuel Putnam as a law-student. Mr. Putnam (afterwards Judge of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts) was a friend and connection. He had married the daughter of Mrs. Gooll, her only child, who had been almost as an elder sister to John Pickering during his school days and college vacations, in all the interests and associations and attachments of the happy home which they shared together in Salem. The renewal of this affectionate and friendly intercourse must have added much to the happiness of the law-student, in the quiet of his domestic life, and relieved the monotony of the exacting course of study to which he was now devoted. Daniel Appleton White, Esq. (afterwards Judge of Probate in Essex County for many years), who had graduated at Harvard a year after him, and was subsequently engaged as a tutor there, was now a student of law with him in Mr. Putnam's office. Of their association at this time Judge White has said:—

“Here, attracted by Mr. Pickering's well-known character, I joined him to finish my own professional studies. While he had been abroad, expanding his views of men as well as books, I had been confined to a didactic sphere within the walls of college. On emerging into the world nothing could have been more welcome to me than such a companion. His society was alike instructive and delightful. It brightened the whole time

I was with him, and made it one of the sunniest spots of my life."

The following letter from the Hon. Rufus King to John Pickering is dated London, October 31: —

DEAR SIR, — It is well you did not wait for the result of the discussions in which we have been so long engaged. The Negotiation for Peace before the signature of the Preliminaries, and the preparation to defend them since, have so engrossed the attention of ministers that our affairs have continued to suffer their usual delay. As the Preliminaries are fairly before Parliament, and will in a day or two become the subject of debate, we may, I hope, gain a hearing between this and Christmas. Mr. Sheridan has in a single sentence pretty justly given the public sentiment upon the peace, which "everybody is glad of, and nobody proud of." A great majority of both houses of Parliament will approve the Preliminaries, and the ministers will hold their places. Mr. Smith arrived at Falmouth early in the month; and as good fortune would have it, Mr. Murray, on his return from Holland, was forced into Falmouth by adverse winds upon the very morning of Mr. Smith's arrival from Lisbon. They passed ten days together at Falmouth, when Murray proceeded on his voyage,¹ and Smith came hither in time to be present at the opening of Parliament. We are now altogether in town, having lost our house at Mill Hill. The boys are where you left them, and doing as well as I ought to expect; those at Harrow laugh that their tutor has put them into the very books in Cæsar which we read together during their last holidays. I have been less studious since we came to town than I intended, but am making very good resolutions that I will read with more method both in respect to time and matter. How far I shall execute these plans is more than I can answer for, since experience has taught me that London is a less favorable scene than the country. Long before this date you will have arrived among your friends, and I shall be glad to hear that you have

¹ Mr. William Vans Murray was on his way to the United States. He was a native of Maryland, where he died in 1803.

likewise set yourself down resolutely, and with a perseverance which you know the value of, and which will overcome all difficulties, to the study of law. Be good enough to make my unfeigned respects to your father, and be assured that I remain, with sincere attachment and regard, dear sir, your obedient and faithful servant,

RUFUS KING.

JOHN PICKERING, JR.

In regard to the choice and valuable collection of books which John Pickering brought home with him, a friend and contemporary has said that it "was collected by him with great care, partly in Portugal, and partly during his travels in France and Holland, but principally among the booksellers of London, through whom he found access to some of the rarest treasures, both of ancient and modern learning. His library was no unworthy representative of the treasures stored in his mind. He had been as wise and faithful in the use of books as he was skilful in the selection of them. Our consul at London, Mr. Pickering's friend and cousin, had freely offered to advance whatever funds he might desire for the purchase of books; and he had selected and brought home with him an extensive and choice library, which in the end became a rich acquisition to the literature of New England. Mr. Pickering, in the purchase of his precious library, had incurred a debt which he had now no means of discharging but from the library itself. To part with any portion of this, cost him a struggle; but the moment he saw it to be his duty, the struggle was over. He sold more than two thousand volumes by public auction, under such favorable auspices as to enable him to cancel his debt and to retain the

residue of his books, — to him probably the most valuable part. Several hundred volumes, chiefly of classical and rare works, were bought for the library of Princeton College, others for Harvard College, while others went into the hands of individuals. The distribution of such a collection of books, together with his own bright example, gave an important impulse to the pursuit of ancient learning. The germ of the Boston Athenæum, too, may doubtless be traced to the sale of Mr. Pickering's library, and the effective impulse which it sent abroad.”¹

¹ Eulogy by Judge White before the American Academy.

CHAPTER X.

Letters. — Admission to the Bar. — Fourth of July Oration. — Marriage. — Housekeeping in Salem. — Birth of a Daughter.

1802–1806.

IN the spring of 1802, a few months after his return home, John Pickering was addressed by different individuals with inquiries relating to various subjects on which he was believed to be informed, from his experience in Europe. The following letter was from Joseph Stevens Buckminster (afterwards the eminent divine), who was then assistant-teacher at Exeter Academy; Dr. Abbott, so long celebrated as an instructor, being at the head of that institution:—

EXETER, March 22, 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,—I feel in some measure authorized, by the slight acquaintance I had the pleasure of forming with you a few months since, to intrude upon your attention with a few inquiries. The institution established here, either from its ample endowments or some other cause, has of late years acquired such a degree of credit and consequence that the trustees and instructors find it in their power to take the lead of the other academies in the country, and establish for themselves any course of instruction they please. This, in the present defective state of education in all our seminaries, would tend to secure to the school here a permanent respectability. But in these ends of the earth we are too far removed from sources of intelligence to be able to command all the information which we ought to possess before establishing a course of study which may distinguish us by its utility and novelty. The preceptor has been exceedingly desirous of learning the course of study and other regulations of

some of the most celebrated English schools, which have had the experience of ages to commend them. With this view, my dear sir, I have taken the liberty of requesting you to furnish me with a list of the books studied at Eton, in the order in which they are read. If the titles of any should not sufficiently announce their subjects and designs, I will thank you for a short explanation. Do they attend the schools at Westminster and Eton for any limited number of years, or simply till they are qualified for the universities? Do they acquire at these schools any except classical learning? Are scholars admitted at all times, or only at stated seasons, and what degree of previous knowledge is required? You will greatly oblige me with information on any of these points, or on their regulations in general. With my best wishes for your success in your literary inquiries, I remain, yours with esteem,

J. S. BUCKMINSTER.

MR. JOHN PICKERING, JR., Salem.

To Mr. Buckminster, in answer to the preceding, Mr. Pickering wrote:—

SALEM, April 22, 1802.

DEAR SIR, — I feel great satisfaction at the interest you take in the literary fame of our country, and not less that the institution in which you are an instructor is able to take the lead of the others in establishing such a course of education as shall be thought most advantageous. The only subject of regret with me is, that on the several points mentioned in your letter I have little information which will be of any service to you. The annexed list of the books studied at Eton school was furnished by Pote and Co., the booksellers to that institution; but the books were not in any order in their bill, and the present arrangement of them I have made more from conjecture than from any certain knowledge. While in England I never was acquainted with any Eton scholar who was then at school, and those gentlemen who had been many years from school had, like our own students, forgotten the order in which the books were read. As to the discipline or regulations of Eton school, I know nothing; but I have had opportunities of learning a few details relative to

another celebrated school, at Harrow-on-the-Hill (from which village the school takes its name), at which Mr. King, our minister, had placed two of his sons. This seminary has produced many of the great men of the present day. Its reputation was considerably increased during the time that Dr. Parr was head-master of it; and it is now preferred by many gentlemen to Eton, on account of its stricter discipline. I think there are generally two hundred boys here. They are admitted at all ages. One of the under-masters indeed told me that he preferred taking boys as soon as they were able to read, or from five to seven years old. They usually leave school at seventeen or eighteen years of age. I am not sure whether they are obliged to spend a certain term here, but I am inclined to think they are not. This institution is under the direction of one head-master and three or four under-masters. The boys here, as at most of the other public schools, are distributed into six forms, and each form into three sub-divisions, called Removes. The advancement of the boys is, I believe, according to their merit; but some regard is had to their standing at school. How far this latter consideration operates upon the former, I am unable to say. The boys study at their respective boarding-houses, and recite at certain hours in the school, all the classes being present together. Nothing is considered as a part of education here except the classics. The boys, however, attend a writing-master for a short time, and are likewise allowed to study French; but from the respect in which classical learning is held, and the contempt of every other attainment, all other studies are totally neglected. Among the useful regulations is reckoned the practice of making the boys learn passages of the classics by heart. These lessons are always taken from books which they have previously studied, and consist of twenty or thirty lines,—which a boy after a few lessons will learn in a very short time. They also compose Latin verses as soon as they study Ovid's Epistles; and this continues, with the addition of Greek verses for the higher forms, till they leave school. They have public exhibitions twice or thrice a year, called Speech-Days, when the boys declaim selected speeches from Greek, Roman, and English authors. No English translations are allowed, and few Latin ones; these last, indeed, are always placed at the end of the Greek. In short, they are

obliged to be thorough masters of everything as they advance, and have, therefore, no need of the assistance of translations. These, sir, are all the details I am possessed of on this subject; and if I could persuade myself that you would consider them as in any measure an answer to your inquiries, I should feel much satisfaction. If I might take the liberty of reminding you of any authors who have treated minutely on the subject of English education, I should refer you to Knox's Treatise, where, intermixed with the zeal of a reformer, are to be found many observations that may be useful in forming a course of studies. I would make apologies for the delay of this letter, but they are all comprehended under necessity; and I trust you will believe me when I assure you that nothing short of that could have occasioned such neglect. I am, etc.

J. P.

From Dr. James Maese, of Philadelphia, the following letter was received:—

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 29, 1802.

SIR,—In a conversation I lately held with my friend B. Bohlen, of this city, upon the agriculture of Holland, he mentioned to me that he had forwarded to you a complete copy of the Transactions of the Society of Agriculture in Holland. As I am extremely anxious to obtain information from the fountain-head respecting the cultivation of some plants which thrive remarkably in Holland, I shall esteem it a very considerable favor if you would send the work alluded to, by one of the regular packets, to me, and I will return it the moment I have gone through it,—say before the 1st of November next. My plan will be to request a friend acquainted with the language to look over the articles, and to point out such as are the chief object of my pursuit, and to have the papers translated and published for the general benefit. Probably I may add the titles of every article in the work, to serve as a guide for information to others who may wish to obtain it, in respect to a particular subject. I am fully aware of the favor I am asking, and of the situation in which I stand with respect to you, a perfect stranger; but whenever the public good is connected with or is

likely to be opposed by an attention to etiquette, the latter ought certainly to give way. It is probable, indeed, that your engagements will prevent you from reading the work I desire; in this case, I am sure, if you possess the same ardor for the promotion of the prosperity of the United States, and the same devotion to the cause of the agricultural interest of the country, which have so eminently distinguished your father, you will not hesitate a moment to grant my request. I refer you to your father for information respecting me; when you write, I beg you will inform him that our Vineyard Society is at last incorporated, and we are to choose managers to-morrow night. I am sincerely sorry that the absence of your father deprives us of his advice and talents in this very important undertaking; but I intend to propose him as a perpetual honorary manager of the Society, in compliment to him for the zeal he has always discovered in the promotion of its object and of agriculture in general. I request to be respectfully remembered to him. With much respect I remain your well-wisher,

JAMES MAESE.

To this letter John Pickering replied from Salem as follows:—

I shall send the books you desire by the first vessel from Boston, for there are no opportunities of sending directly from this place to Philadelphia, and I shall advise you of the vessel's sailing. To prevent any disappointment on your part, I should mention that I have not a complete set of the Dutch Agricultural Society's Transactions, but only three volumes; in which, though you may not find much information on the culture of plants in particular, yet there are (as I was informed by the friend of whom I had the books) many curious facts relative to the subject treated of. I have no hope of promoting the public good by any exertions of my own, and on subjects with which I am so little conversant it would be presumption to offer my services; yet I beg you will not suffer etiquette to prevent your making use of them. I mentioned your letter to my father, who desires his compliments to you. If I might take the liberty of making any request of you, it should be to present my respects

to Mr. Bohlen¹ and his family, whom I am glad to find in America again. I desire you would retain the books as long as may suit your convenience.

J. P.

In regard to a new professorship at Cambridge, the following request was received from Dr. Jackson:—

Boston, April 3, 1802.

DEAR JOHN,—I have been negligent in not writing you before, on the part of our friend Higginson. You probably may hear that the subscription has commenced for the establishment of a Professorship of Natural History at Cambridge. On this account Mr. Higginson wants some botanical books in his house, to which he may refer when this subject is in discussion. I forget even the titles of those books, which had plates, which you left here, and I cannot tell you by its name which of these works he wants,—it is, however, the work which is completed, and not the one now publishing. You must exert your eloquence in Salem, as you have opportunity, in favor of the new establishment at Cambridge. It is useful to have it made a subject of conversation, and to have it appear that all men of learning approve the design. It must be believed that “it will go,” that it is a “rising sun,” and that all golden men who value their reputation must worship it. If I were not busied in other things, I would immediately begin the study of natural history, and particularly botany, that I might seem learned to the many who will talk on these subjects. I had hoped ere this to have seen you at Salem; but my business has not permitted, and I know not when it will. When you are disposed to talk to me, do indulge yourself on paper. Yours truly,

J. JACKSON.

In writing to his cousin, Mr. Samuel Williams, October 14, John Pickering says:—

I was much gratified with the particulars you gave me relative to Mr. King's family. I had not heard from them since

¹ The Bohlen family originated in Holland, and it is probable that John Pickering met Mr. Bohlen there.

last October. You speak of their little Frederick, — a personage I had not heard of before. I beg you to present my regards to Mr. King and family when they return from their tour. It may be satisfactory to you to hear that my father has been appointed Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, and that he is the Federal candidate for Congress from this district.

J. P.

Early in the year 1802 Colonel Pickering had established his family on a farm, hired in Danvers, about five miles from Salem; and here he was engaged in his favorite agricultural pursuits at this time. The election of representative in November resulted in the choice of the Democratic candidate, Captain Jacob Crowninshield, in opposition to Colonel Pickering, the Federal candidate for Essex South District.

It was in the year 1802 that an engagement of marriage was formed between John Pickering and Sarah White. She was the eldest daughter of Isaac and Sarah (Leavitt) White, and was born in Salem, July 23, 1777. Her father was the only son of John White, Esq., of Billerica, who was a brother of Captain Benjamin White, the father of Colonel Pickering's wife. Isaac White was in active mercantile business in Salem during his married life, and in the spring or summer of the year 1780 embarked for Amsterdam, Holland, to purchase goods, leaving his wife and two daughters at home, the eldest of them between three and four years old, the other two years younger. The vessel in which he was returning from Holland was lost at sea. His widow, Sarah (Leavitt) White was afterwards married to John Payson, a merchant living in New Hampshire. They also had two daughters. After this marriage, and as the elder daughters, Sarah and

Mary Henley White, arrived at mature age, they made frequent visits to their relatives in Massachusetts; and it was in the family of his uncle and aunt in Salem that John Pickering, on his return from Europe, became acquainted with his second cousin, Sarah White, and learned to know her worth.

As the time approached for the completion of his course of law studies, his friends in Boston were desirous that he should fix upon that place for the practice of his profession and future residence. With this view Dr. Jackson wrote to him from Boston, Jan. 8, 1803 :

Within the coming year you will open your office and commence attorney-at-law, — it is not for me to say where. But I was always fond of professing a skill in calculation when new projects were on foot. I have wrought myself into the belief that you ought to come here. So sanguine am I, that I have no doubt of your success, and early success too, if you would come here. Mr. Putnam told me that you would attend the next session of the Supreme Court in this town. I beg that you will then come prepared for a full discussion of the subject; and if you do not then show sufficient cause, etc., to my unprejudiced and impartial judgment, I shall at once enroll you as a candidate for citizenship. I meant to have written to you directly after the “feast of shells,” to tell you how much I was delighted in seeing there the *ci-devant* Secretary.¹ No man so truly and piously indulged the feelings which the occasion merited as he did. When the hymn was sung, he looked up to heaven with a countenance which a master should paint. Yours ever,

J. J.

To the Hon. Rufus King, whose diplomatic service in London had terminated, and who had returned to New York, John Pickering addressed the following letter : —

¹ Colonel Pickering.

SALEM, Aug. 8, 1803.

DEAR SIR, — I should owe you many apologies for my neglect in writing to you since I left London, if I could persuade myself that my letters were of sufficient importance to require an apology for their failure; and I ought now perhaps to find an excuse for writing at all, rather than for not doing it. But from the regard you have always manifested for me, I felt authorized to express to you the pleasure which your return to America has given me, and to make those inquiries respecting your family which can never fail of being interesting to me. I should be glad to learn how Mrs. King's health is, and what progress the "Harrow boys" and your other sons make in their studies. Every detail that your time will allow would give me the highest satisfaction. I am not yet admitted to the Bar; the strictness of the rules here will not permit any deduction from the three years' study, unless the candidate can obtain certificate equivalent, so that I shall be obliged to wait till next March for my admission.¹ I shall endeavor (however difficult it may be in a country like ours) to follow your advice "not to be a political lawyer." Whenever I think of my future life this is always uppermost in my mind. I received the letter you were so good as to send me soon after my departure from London, and I trust you received one or two from me, written immediately on my arrival here. I beg you to present my unfeigned regards to Mrs. King and your family; and believe me to be, with a due sense of my obligations to you, dear sir, your obedient and faithful servant,

J. P.

To this letter Mr. King replied from Greenwich, near New York, September 5: —

DEAR SIR, — I have received and am much obliged to you for your letter of the 8th past. Both Mrs. King and myself enjoy good health since our return, though in the vicinity of the town, which continues to be afflicted with the dreadful fever that has again broken out among us. Hitherto the deaths have

¹ Eight months were allowed for his law studies in Philadelphia under Mr. Tilghman, as appears by a memorandum in Mr. Putnam's handwriting.

not been very numerous,—owing, I apprehend, in a great measure to the retreat of the inhabitants from the parts of the city where the fever has formerly prevailed. The same controversy exists respecting the origin of the disease, and, what is equally to be regretted, the same variety and uncertainty in the mode of treating it, which prevailed in the years 1793 and 1795. My family, respecting which you are good enough to interest yourself, is a good deal divided. The two elder boys are still at Harrow, where it is my purpose to continue them until the summer of 1805, when I expect they will be at or near the head of the school; whether I shall then recall them, in order that they may pass through some of our colleges, or send them upon the Continent for a year or eighteen months before I bring them home, is a point that I have not yet decided. While Mr. Gore remains in England he will supply my place; after his return, which will be early in the spring, if not this fall, our friend Williams will become their friend and protector. A French abbé, who lives on the edge of Holborn Hill, keeps a house for the board and education of young gentlemen; and before I left England, in concert with him and the “Harrow boys” I settled a plan for their living with him during their holidays. The object of this arrangement is to save them from habits of mere idleness, and to instruct them in French and Spanish. How far it will succeed, is yet to be seen; as the boys have good dispositions, I am not without hopes that they will make some progress in acquiring these indispensable languages. James, our third son, went to Paris in February, 1802; we saw him there last November, when he thought and spoke and wrote French easier and better than English. Being after exact inquiry satisfied with the school in which I had placed him, I shall continue him where he is a little longer; and in case I do not meet with more success in my search for a good school here, I may be disposed to prolong James’s residence in France until he is sixteen years old: he is now past twelve. Edward, our fourth son, and Frederick, born after you left us, have returned with us. I am looking out for a farm upon which I may pass my summers. I wish it to be near the water, near a great road, and not more than thirty miles from the town; if I purchase such a place, I shall build me a house and endeavor to amuse

myself with my books and farm. I am very truly and affectionately yours,

RUFUS KING.

While John Pickering was still assiduously pursuing his law studies towards their close, and residing in his uncle's family at the "mansion" in Salem, his father was in Washington, having been elected by the legislature of Massachusetts as senator to the Eighth Congress, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Dwight Foster.¹ In his absence from his Danvers home, and with the infrequent communication then existing between distant parts of the country, his sons John and Henry, who were in Salem, shared with him in the domestic interests of the family; and to the eldest son all turned for counsel or assistance in the various cares and emergencies which from time to time arose.

Congress having convened on the 17th of October, Colonel Pickering wrote the same day to his son John:—

CITY OF WASHINGTON, Oct. 17, 1803.

MY DEAR SON,—As soon as you can with convenience, send the enclosed to your mother. Each House made a quorum this day. Mr. Burr not being arrived, the Senate chose John Brown, Esq., of Kentucky, president of the Senate *pro tem*. The House of Representatives have made choice of Nathaniel Macon, Esq., of North Carolina, for their speaker. This is a delightful site for a large city, and the houses already built, if collected to some one part of it, would form a handsome town; but they are dispersed in all directions and at great distances. I wish you to write me when anything material shall occur. Affectionately yours,

TIMOTHY PICKERING.

¹ Life of Timothy Pickering.

Colonel Pickering, writing to his son from Washington, December 8, says : —

Yesterday your friend William Smith, Esq., was to set off for Philadelphia, where he will embark for Charleston. He has visited Holland, France (I believe some parts of Germany and Switzerland), and Italy. He was present at Tangier when our little squadron was drawn up before it, and peace restored with the Emperor, whom he saw. He returned to the United States in the frigate which brought the news and the act of the Emperor declaring the Treaty made by the United States with his father in 1786. He desired me to present to you his very affectionate remembrance. He inquired with much interest of your situation and prospects at the Bar. He told me that he believed he should himself resume the practice of the law.

T. P.

At this time John Pickering, in his leisure hours, was engaged in a literary undertaking in connection with Mr. Daniel A. White, who was a friend and fellow-student in Mr. Putnam's office. At Harvard College the reading of Sallust had recently been required of students preparatory to their admission. Certain booksellers in Salem, having determined to publish a reprint of Sallust, asked of Mr. Pickering the favor to correct the proof-sheets, which he was unwilling to grant without making it the occasion of some valuable improvement. Hence the revised edition.¹ Of this work a competent judge, the late George Ticknor, has said : —

“It was edited by two scholars, who desired no other reward for their labors than the pleasure of rendering a service to the cause of letters in their country and of affording a useful manual to the youth about to be admitted to Harvard College.

¹ Eulogy on John Pickering, LL.D., by D. A. White.

The preface was written by Mr. Pickering, and is modest, as was his whole life; the selection, composition, and arrangement of the notes, and the general supervision of the press, fell to both. Mr. Daniel Appleton White had recently been Latin tutor in Harvard College. The edition, in its selected as well as in its original portions, does honor to the two gentlemen who prepared it. It was the first attempt made in the United States to print an edition of a classical author with anything like original notes and illustrations.”¹

An able critic (J. S. Buckminster) in the “Monthly Anthology” pronounced it to be in every respect preferable to the Dauphin Sallust, and not unworthy of the classical reputation of the reputed editor. Soon after its appearance nearly the whole edition was destroyed by fire.

In March, 1804, John Pickering was admitted to the Bar. The following memorandum is in his Diary of that year:—

“*April 4, Wednesday.*—I removed my books, etc., to my office, and on the 6th I opened my office.”

At the solicitation of the Committee of the Federal Republicans of Salem for commemorating American Independence, July 4, 1804, John Pickering delivered an oration in St. Peter’s Church, which was published by request of the Committee of Arrangements. Of this, his first publication, a friend and contemporary, the Hon. Daniel A. White, has said:—

“Its sound and philosophical views of government, and its able exposition of public affairs and the spirit and progress of parties in the United States, with its clear, appropriate, and manly style, give it a permanent value.”

¹ Review of the *Memoirs of the Rev. Joseph Buckminster and the Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster*, written by Mr. Ticknor for the “*Christian Examiner*” in 1849.

Dr. James Jackson, writing to the author from Boston, July 16, says :—

“I was much gratified by receiving a copy of your Oration ; and, indeed, had I not received one from you I should have been mortified. Be assured many of us are gratified to see the copy of an American Oration in clean English, and still more to see the great events which have occurred in our country within the last thirty years correctly stated, and their true nature and importance justly estimated. Some of my friends were among your hearers on the Fourth. I presume I need not tell you that everybody there was gratified.”

In the autumn of this year Colonel Pickering was attending Congress as senator, having established his family in the summer on the “Johonnot farm” in Beverly, which had been hired. Of this period of John Pickering’s life few details exist. His time was necessarily divided chiefly between his office and his home in his uncle’s family.

In the anticipation of his approaching marriage, John Pickering at first intended taking a house belonging to Mrs. Orne ; but afterwards he decided on hiring the eastern half of one in Chestnut Street, owned by the Bott family, — the house still standing (1886) on Chestnut Street and Bott’s Court. The 3d day of March was fixed upon for the marriage. The family of his uncle and aunt in Salem, where John Pickering had long made one of the household, was at this time the temporary residence of Sarah White, their grand-niece, who had endeared herself to these relatives, and had become especially necessary to them since the marriage of Mrs. Gooll’s only daughter, Mrs. Samuel Putnam. It was on Sunday evening, March 3, 1805,

that the marriage ceremony of John Pickering and Sarah White, by the Rev. Dr. John Prince, of Salem, took place in the western parlor of the Pickering Mansion, in the presence of the immediate household and family relatives and a few friends. The young married couple went immediately to housekeeping in Chestnut Street. Their house, though modest in pretension and size, was well furnished, according to the standard of the times. The thoughtful and generous liberality which the kind uncle had shown on the marriage of his niece Mrs. Putnam was now equally bestowed on the bride of his favorite nephew, and the useful wedding gifts of some other relatives and friends added to the comfort and ornament of the new home. No written record of this period of their early married life is known to exist. The writer of these pages, however, learned from their own lips that, in conformity to the custom of the times for receiving wedding-visits, they were arrayed in bridal attire on each afternoon of two successive weeks, and received the ceremonious visits of their friends and acquaintances. The society of Salem at this early date was distinguished for its valuable and attractive characteristics; for the town was enjoying all the advantages arising from its long-continued commercial prosperity, which had not failed to leave its impress on the community in the intelligent activity and refined culture of the inhabitants. The unwritten record of the daily life of these young married persons can now only be traced in the known devotedness of the husband to his professional labors, and the faithful discharge of domestic duties by his wife, occasionally varied by the reasonable claims of

society upon them, surrounded as they happily were by a large circle of relatives and friends.

Among the detached personal memoranda in John Pickering's Journal is the following, under date of May 5, 1805:—

“*Sunday*.—This day my wife and myself were admitted into full communion with the Church under the Rev. Dr. Prince.”

A few other unimportant memoranda of this year are confined to law cases, town affairs, and passing events. Although his profession claimed a close attention and application in all the hours appropriated to business, John Pickering still found his recreation at intervals in literary occupation; and as his leisure moments at home were always industriously improved, he was frequently applied to for assistance in this department. For Mr. Henry Dean, a schoolmaster and member of the Society of Friends in Salem, he wrote the preface to a work which bore the title of “Analytical Guide to the Art of Penmanship.” The editors of the “Monthly Anthology” in Boston applied to him also,—at first for a review of Dufief’s work on teaching languages; adding that “they sincerely wish that their columns might be often enriched with communications from Mr. Pickering, and they shall esteem it no common favor if he should accompany his review with some other contributions of a moral or literary stamp.” The above note is in the handwriting of Joseph S. Buckminster, the distinguished scholar and learned, though young divine, at this time a settled minister over the Brattle Street Church in Boston, and one of the leading members of the Anthology Club.

In December, while Colonel Pickering was attending Congress in Washington, a letter from his son announced the birth of his daughter,—the writer of these pages.¹

To this letter Colonel Pickering replied as follows:

CITY OF WASHINGTON, Dec. 18, 1805.

MY DEAR SON,—I have received your letter of the 8th, announcing the birth of a daughter. Very soon after my arrival I received a letter from your brother Tim, informing me of the birth of a son,² which I mentioned in my letters to your mother and Henry. It will be some time before grandchild and grandfather will appear natural to me. I am happy to hear that mother and infant are so well. No great measure has yet been proposed in Congress, nor do I believe any to be in contemplation. Your affectionaté father,

T. PICKERING.

No other event of family interest than the birth of the writer of these pages is known to have occurred in the year 1805; but now that she is introduced upon the scene in person, she may henceforward take her place, and in her own name faithfully record from her own memory, or transcribe from other sources, all that can throw light on the united lives of her parents, with whom so many years of her own life were passed in happiness.

¹ In the Family Bible is the following entry, in the handwriting of my father: "Mary Orne was born Dec. 7, 1805."

² Charles Pickering, the eldest son of Timothy Pickering, Jr., and Lurena Pickering, born at Starucca, Pa., Nov. 10, 1805.

CHAPTER XI.

Correspondence with his Father on Reform in Church Music. — Declines Offer of Professorship at Harvard. — Extracts from Journal. — Notes on Total Eclipse of the Sun. — Literary Work. — Illness and Death of his Brother Timothy.

1806–1807.

THE correspondence of my father in the early years of professional life was necessarily limited chiefly to letters on business affairs. To his father, who was in Washington, he writes from Salem, Jan. 14, 1806 :

I returned a week ago from the Court of Common Pleas, which finished its session, as usual, in one week. The Court of Sessions, as usual, entangled themselves in one or two questions about the liability of the county to pay costs, etc. One important measure I should not omit. It was voted unanimously by the Sessions to petition the Legislature for leave to hold but two terms of that Court, and in different weeks from the Court of Common Pleas, so that this latter Court will not be perpetually interrupted by the business of the former. It was proposed and voted that both the Sessions' terms should be held at Ipswich; this was agreed to, because no choice could be made of either two of the three towns where the Courts are now held. The readiness with which the justices agreed to the division of the Courts can easily be accounted for by what fell from one of them during the discussion, — "that there would be no lawyers attending in case of such division." I heard from my mother a day or two ago; she and the family were well. My wife and child are very well. Adieu.

J. P., JR.

In reply to this letter Colonel Pickering writes thus : —

The separation of the Sessions from the Pleas seems to me desirable; only one more improvement will be wanted,—to abolish the former; which perhaps may be the next step, though difficult to take, as so many of the justices are members of the Legislature. The present constitution of the Court of Sessions is pregnant with partiality and injustice. Whenever a suitor in this Court has a doubtful or unfair measure to be carried, he waits his opportunity to bring it forward when such justices only are attending as are favorable to his views, and numerous enough to outvote the judges of the Common Pleas. Of all possible juridical institutions in a free country, I cannot conceive one more liable to become the instrument of injustice. If the proposed separation of the Courts should be the means of excluding lawyers, the mischief would be increased. The interest they take in the causes of their clients would generally detect and lead to a disclosure of the out-of-door methods used by their opponents to obtain partial decisions.

T. P.

The subject of the improvement of sacred music for public worship was at this time attracting attention, and my father was especially interested in the dissemination of such views respecting it as he believed to be correct and calculated to improve and elevate it. The following correspondence between his father and himself manifests the interest felt by each of them in this subject:—

CITY OF WASHINGTON,
Sunday Evening, Jan. 19, 1806.

MY DEAR SON,—I have just received the *Repertory*,¹ and read No. 2, on church music. I entirely agree in opinion with the writer in both his numbers on the light and paltry compositions generally introduced into the churches in Essex (and I suppose in most other parts of the State) where I have attended public worship. My disgust has been so great, I have

¹ Boston *Repertory*, a journal edited by Dr. John Park, who was for many years the eminent instructor of a young ladies' school in Boston.

wished for the expulsion of psalmody, unless an entire change of music can be effected. Many years past I have thought that the only means of rendering church music generally pleasing and useful would be to practise plain, solemn compositions. The only time I heard your organ at Dr. Prince's (I do not know who touched the keys), the plain tunes were so disguised by variations that I was puzzled to discover what they were; and though that is a noble instrument, I thought if I could not get this absurd mode of performing essentially changed, and it were in my power, I would remove the organ from the church. In Episcopal churches, where I have heard the best organs, the most dexterous (I was by mistake on the point of calling them skilful) performers play too many notes between the lines, and a long voluntary between the verses; thus most unnaturally interrupting the sense of the sacred hymn, and keeping the worshippers in painful suspense. The music between the lines should be but momentary, and that between the verses no more than the proper pause between two distinct sentences would warrant in good reading of a solemn composition. You have, I understand, joined the choir of your church. If your notions concur with mine, you will doubtless think it worth while to suggest these ideas to the choir. I may then hope to hear, at least in one religious society, some rational music. The best I have ever witnessed has been in the German churches in Philadelphia. All have organs, and apparently the whole congregations joined, and filled the houses with the solemn sounds.

T. P.

In my father's next letter to his father, January 30, he says: —

You mention in your letter of the 19th having read two numbers in the Repertory on church music. You will not be surprised to learn that I agree with you upon the subject when you are informed that the first of those numbers was my own. You did observe, perhaps, that Dr. Park introduces it as "The Preface to the Salem Collection," etc. We are endeavoring to extirpate the vile compilations now in vogue here, and to correct the taste in music; and this Collection is the first step in

our plan. I send you one of them (which I have taken out of the binding), that you might introduce it to the notice of some gentlemen whose influence might be of service to those very deserving men, the publishers; at the same time that their countenance of this work might, I should hope, have a tendency to promote a just musical taste. We are all well; my child is healthy, and grows fast. Affectionately yours,

JOHN PICKERING, JR.

My father's Journal at this period contains evidence of his interest in the election of town-officers in Salem, and the legal and judicious administration of local affairs, at a time when political issues were involved and party spirit ran high. In the spring of this year a subject of great importance to my father personally was in agitation, and was broached in the following letter from his friend Mr. Daniel A. White, then, as ever afterwards, warmly interested in the welfare of Harvard College:—

NEWBURYPORT, March 19, 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,— You must hold yourself in readiness for one of the vacant professorships. Which should you prefer? I find you are seriously talked of for each. I should be loath to lose you from the county, but my love for old Alma is such that I shall heartily rejoice to see you established there. And whatever delight you may anticipate in your present pursuit of legal science and legal arts, and attending our high and honorable Courts in company with us, your humble friends in the profession, I think your anticipation may, to say the least, be equally delightful when you direct your eye to the truly honorable court of the Muses and contemplate the pursuit of liberal science and liberal arts together with such men as Adams, Ware, Peck, and others. What think you? I suggest not these things from vague report, but a letter from headquarters informs me that you are talked of as aforesaid. I was sorry to be unable to see much of you when in Salem; still more so that I was deprived of the pleasure of making you a visit at your last

assembly.¹ What if you should take the trouble to let me hear from you now and then? Respects to Mrs. Pickering, and believe me most truly your friend and servant,

D. A. WHITE.

J. PICKERING, ESQ.

In a letter to his father from Salem, March 28, my father says:—

I have been asked (by a person who, I suspect, had some authority to make the proposal) whether I would take one of the vacant professorships at Cambridge,—the professorship of English and Oriental languages (vacant by Professor Pearson's resignation), or that of mathematics and natural philosophy, which, you may recollect, becomes vacant by Mr. Webber's being chosen president. I feel much at a loss to answer the question; there are many temptations to accept, and many strong reasons against it. Mr. Bowditch has been mentioned as professor of mathematics, and I should hope, for the reputation of the country, that he would accept the office.

J. P.

As the session of Congress drew towards a close, Colonel Pickering's letters to his son were chiefly occupied by his inquiries and plans relating to the purchase of a farm in Massachusetts for his future residence. The strip of land and small house in Upper Beverly bought or hired for him in 1804, during his absence while attending Congress, had never proved satisfactory, and he was anxious to leave that situation for a more eligible one in the vicinity. In one of his letters from Washington, April 21, he writes to my father:—

I think in some of my letters, which will have arrived soon after the date of yours, I suggested the probability that Congress

¹ Regular subscription-balls, or assemblies, were at this time held in Salem, which were patronized by the best society, and were celebrated for the attractive occasions which they furnished to residents and visitors.

would rise by this time. We cannot sit past twelve this night. To-morrow morning I shall commence my journey homeward, taking Wyoming and Starucca on my way. In the "Salem Gazette" of the 8th of April I saw a farm at Wenham advertised for sale by Thomas Brown, said to contain seventy or eighty acres, besides wood-lots and some acres of peat; with a pew in Dr. Cutler's meeting-house. I suppose it must be one of the small farms lying east of your Aunt Garduer's. What kind of house there is, I know not. I mention it as meriting inquiry. I presume the situation is very pleasant.¹

T. P.

While still attending Congress, Colonel Pickering wrote as follows to my father:—

CITY OF WASHINGTON, April 6, 1806.

MY DEAR SON, — Last evening I received your letter of the 28th ulto. What determines me to lose no time in acknowledging the receipt of it, is the question put to you concerning the professorships vacant at Cambridge. The professorship of English and the Oriental languages I should think would be most agreeable as well as most eligible for you. You have, I have always thought, a facility in acquiring languages. Your knowledge of the living languages, I should imagine, you would find useful as well as agreeable, were you to accept this professorship. The pursuits of literature are perhaps more to your taste than the practice of the law,—although your industry will refuse no employment which is respectable, and at the same time reasonably profitable. I do not undertake to advise you in this matter, because you are best calculated to judge what will be most for your interest. While, however, you consult this, the pleasure and gratification to be derived from a permanent employment are not to be overlooked. With a competent income, I can hardly imagine an occupation more to your taste than the professorship of languages. If you engage, I earnestly hope Mr.

¹ On the close of the session Colonel Pickering went to Wyoming on business, and thence to the Starucca farm. Soon afterwards he purchased a large and valuable farm in Wenham, with a commodious and excellent house upon it. — *Life of Timothy Pickering*.

Bowditch will fill the other vacant place. You did not, my dear son, ask my opinion on the professorship; and yet the manner in which you mentioned it,—indeed your mentioning it at all, seemed to me to indicate that the expression of my opinion would not be unacceptable to you. Give my love to Sally. Your affectionate father,

T. PICKERING.

A meeting of the Corporation in May, and of the Overseers in June, resulted in the following record of their official action upon this subject:—

At a meeting of the Overseers of Harvard College, in the Philosophy Chamber at Cambridge, June 12, 1806, the following vote of the Corporation was communicated: “At a meeting of the President and Fellows of Harvard College in Boston, May 31, 1806, voted by ballot that John Pickering, A.M., be chosen to the office of Hancock Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages; and Nathaniel Bowditch, A.M., be chosen to the office of Hollis Professor of Mathematicks and Natural Philosophy, in the University. Attest,

“SAMUEL WEBBER, *president*.”

The letter addressed by my father to President Webber, declining the appointment, is subjoined:—

SALEM, Aug. 23, 1806.

SIR,—I have received, by the Committee of the Corporation and Overseers, a notification of my being elected to the office of Hancock Professor of the Hebrew and other Oriental Languages in the University; and my apology for not returning an earlier answer is my necessary attention to business at an extraordinary session of our Court which has just terminated. Although my attachment to the place of my education, in conjunction with other motives, strongly urges me to accept the appointment, yet considerations of a higher nature demand that I should decline it. I have, therefore, to request that you would communicate this determination to the Corporation, and at the same time that you would express to them my grateful acknowledgments for

the distinguished honor conferred on me by this appointment. I have the honor, etc.

The memorable total eclipse of the sun which took place in this year is thus noticed in my father's Journal: —

Monday, June 16, 1806. — This day I witnessed one of the most sublime spectacles of Nature, — a total eclipse of the sun. The day was uncommonly clear and favorable. I made the following observations. Several stars and planets appeared, Mercury, Venus, and Mars, westward of the sun, and several others eastward of it and in the zenith. Some persons told me they counted upwards of twenty, stars and planets together. The darkness was not so great as I had anticipated; the degree of light during the total obscuration of the sun was greater than the brightest moonlight, — as is evident from the small number of stars which appeared, and from this fact, that I could read without difficulty, which I have never been able to do by the brightest moonlight. There was a bright yellow light of exquisite softness (to use the language of painting) all round the horizon during the totality. The shutting-in of the sun was instantaneous, and its reappearance also. The first ray of light (if we may use the expression), on its reappearance, gave an instantaneous and very strong illumination to the objects in view. The fowls gathered themselves round the barndoor during the total darkness, but separated immediately on the reappearance of light. The locust-trees in front of Neal's house (next to my uncle's) partially closed their leaves, as is usual with them on the approach of night. I mentioned to my acquaintance that I wished them to observe this in any of the sensitive plants within their reach, some time before the eclipse began; but none of them did. The fact seems to prove that the closing of the leaves (in plants of this kind) must be owing to the coldness, and not the darkness of the atmosphere; or, in other words, to the absence of heat, and not the absence of light. The coolness of the air was so great to the body that it was rather uncomfortable to me to stand still in the dress which I found sufficiently comfortable the rest of the day. During the total obscuration

there was a luminous ring around the moon, which indicated that she has an atmosphere. The light evidently appeared to be refracted, — whether by her or our atmosphere, I will not decide ; but it seems most probable that it was by hers. Dr. Prince considered the appearance as conclusive evidence of her having an atmosphere, as he observed to me. Dr. Holyoke, on the contrary (as I was informed), thought not. Some imagined the appearance was occasioned by the sun's atmosphere."

In the summer of this year the members of the "Anthology Society" of Boston requested my father to write a review of Rees's Cyclopædia for the "Monthly Anthology and Boston Review," a literary journal published under the auspices and supervision of this Society, which was composed of a few public-spirited and eminent scholars who met weekly in Boston for the discussion of literary subjects and for social intercourse. Of this journal the late Mr. George Ticknor has said : —

"The responsibility of conducting the 'Anthology' rested on the shoulders of the gentlemen composing this little club, which rarely collected more than six or eight members round its cheerful board, and never went beyond fifteen. But they were assisted by friends abroad who added much to their strength, — by Mr. John Lowell, Mr. John Pickering, the two presidents Adams, father and son, Mr. Fisher Ames, Chief-Justice Smith, of New Hampshire, and Chief-Justice Parker, of Massachusetts, Dr. Bowditch, Mr. Justice Story, Dr. John Eliot, Professor Frisbie, Mr. Allston, Mr. Haven, of Portsmouth, and others. No single individual labored with more interest for the 'Anthology' than did Mr. Buckminster, and none, considering his many urgent duties and uncertain health, rendered it such effective service. The Rev. William Emerson, Mr. Samuel C. Thacher, the Rev. Dr. John S. J. Gardiner, Dr. Kirkland, and Professor McKean, of Harvard College, Mr. Arthur Maynard Walter, Mr. William Tudor, and Mr. Alexander H. Everett wrote much for its pages, and sustained it faithfully."

The circumstances demanding a review of Rees's Cyclopædia were the following: An American edition of the valuable work issued in England under the charge of the learned Dr. Rees was now being published in numbers in Philadelphia, by subscription. Upon the publication of the first number in this country it was seen that the American editors had made unauthorized deviations from the English edition, by omissions and alterations in the biographical, scientific, and other articles which it contained, and without designating these changes. Great dissatisfaction and indignation at once arose. The subscribers in Salem and vicinity held a meeting to remonstrate against this course, and a committee was appointed for the purpose, consisting of Dr. Edward A. Holyoke, Dr. John D. Treadwell, and John Pickering, Jr. A remonstrance was also made by the Boston subscribers, and the American editors and publishers were obliged to conform to the system announced in their prospectus. The review was furnished by my father,¹ and acknowledged in a letter from his friend and classmate Mr. William Wells: —

BOSTON, Oct. 23, 1806.

I am desired by the Anthology Society to return you their thanks for your very satisfactory review of Rees's Cyclopædia, and to request you to notice the succeeding parts as they appear. They also desire me to request you will undertake a review of Webster's Dictionary, which your attention to philology will enable you to do better than anybody else.²

At the close of the year 1806 the communications

¹ The remonstrance was written by my father.

² Memorandum by John Pickering on the back of this letter: "Wm. Wells, Oct. 23, 1806. Answ'd Oct. 27, that I could not comply with either of the requests within made."

received by my father from his father at Washington were chiefly confined to the transmission of Congressional documents, with brief remarks respecting them ; but in a letter of December 2, Colonel Pickering writes alluding to recent intelligence from Starucca, the home of his son Timothy, now suffering from a disease of the throat which was of a serious character and caused much anxiety. This anxiety was painfully increased in the family by his distance from them and the obstacles in the way of more direct personal communication with him.

On the 20th of February, 1807, my father writes to Washington as follows : —

MY DEAR FATHER, — Yesterday Henry received your letter of the 9th inst., covering one or two former ones, and copies, etc., to my mother respecting Tim's case. Before this reaches you, Tim will have apprised you of the highly favorable change which has taken place in his disease. His letter communicating the agreeable intelligence reached us on Saturday last, the 14th. My mother's family, as well as my own, are as well as usual. Adieu.

JNO. PICKERING, JR.

P. S. — I forget whether I have mentioned to you that I have taken a new house, one in Mr. Pickering Dodge's block, above Flint Street.¹

In consequence of the alarming condition of his son Timothy, Colonel Pickering was now at Starucca. The following details are condensed from the printed extracts of Colonel Pickering's letters and the remarks of his biographer :²—

¹ This house, the eastern one in the block of four, in Warren Street, is the one in which both my brothers were born. My grandfather, Colonel Pickering, in his advanced years, owned and occupied it. Both he and my grandmother died there.

² Life of Timothy Pickering.

“At the termination of the session of Congress he had started for home, going by packet from New York to Providence; and after making all necessary arrangements for his family and farm, he set off for Starucca, which place was one hundred and thirty miles beyond the North River, at Catskill. He went alone in a chaise with a single horse, hoping to reach Starucca in ten days. This tedious and solitary journey occupied a fortnight. On reaching Starucca he wrote to my father, Sunday, May 3, 1807 : —

MY DEAR SON, — Various circumstances which I detailed in letters on my way retarded my journey and prevented my arriving here until Friday, the 1st inst., before noon. Your brother's strength is greatly prostrated, but his fortitude remains. He thinks he can travel slowly in a wagon. Adieu.

T. PICKERING.

“Arrangements were accordingly made by Colonel Pickering for his son's removal, on which his heart was set; a wagon was purchased at Chenango, and fitted up for the purpose. But his debility had increased so much that his removal was impossible, and on the 14th of May he expired, with the same composure and resignation which the threatening indications of the disease had uniformly given him occasion to manifest. His integrity, his benevolence, his meekness had acquired him universal esteem; and the poor neighbors whom he had employed viewed him with the respect and affection of children to a father. During his last days it had been arranged that his family should leave Starucca finally, and return to Massachusetts with his father. They reached Wenham at the close of the month of May.

“The introduction of Timothy's widow¹ into the family of Colonel Pickering proved one of the happiest events of his life. Her sweet and beautiful temperament, her cheerful spirit and manners, and her practical wisdom were of inestimable value. As the companion of himself and wife to the end of their days, in sharing at once and gradually assuming the management of the household and homestead, she was a constant blessing, reliev-

¹ Timothy, Jr., was married at Starucca, Dec. 29, 1804. His wife was Lurena Cole. Their son Charles was born Nov. 10, 1805. Another son, Edward, was born at Wenham, Oct. 2, 1807. — *Life of Timothy Pickering.*

ing them, as age advanced, of burdens they were becoming less able to bear."

In the autumn of this year a remarkable correspondence with my father was commenced by a gifted young student at Harvard College, Samuel Harris, Jr., then entering his Sophomore year. It is believed that he was a classmate, as he was a friend, of Octavius Pickering, my uncle, through whom he probably formed the acquaintance with my father. His first letter, accompanying the return of books lent him, touches upon the specimens of Moorish which he had copied from them, as they might assist him in gaining a knowledge of the Barbary dialects. The Chinese language is incidentally mentioned as a subject of interest. At the conclusion of his letter he adds: —

"I should be glad to converse with you on several subjects; and if it be not considered impertinent, shall some six months hence trouble you with a sketch, to have your animadversions on it."

Two months afterwards he writes: —

"When I had the pleasure of your conversation, you mentioned that you were engaged in the study of Hebrew; this emboldens me to make this communication, as it supposes you are not indifferent to that study."

Three closely written pages of this letter contained critical observations on the spelling, pointing, and grammatical forms of the Hebrew language and its affinity to Arabic and Ethiopic dialects; with references showing his familiarity with the works of authors versed in Oriental literature. Many questions relating to verbal niceties and peculiarities are modestly asked, and doubts

suggested which the writer wishes might be solved, as he adds : —

“You see I am not an adept in Hebrew ; many of these remarks may be common. I hope I may not prove troublesome ; but an opportunity of gaining information on these subjects is not often met with by me.”

The letters which followed in this correspondence are written with enthusiastic intelligence and inquiry on minute points of scholarship, and they are filled with numerous examples in Hebrew and Arabic characters delicately written, and with comparisons including the Chaldee, Syriac, and other Oriental languages. A long letter from this young man in May, 1810, appears to be the last written to my father. He was drowned while bathing in Charles River at Cambridge, deeply lamented in private life, and regarded as a great loss to the world of letters, in the extinction of a promising and brilliant genius. He was engaged in writing a treatise on the grammar of the Hebrew language, endeavoring to show that Oriental languages are better explained upon Oriental than European principles. In his last letter to my father (who had requested to see his manuscript) he says : —

I venture to send it, trusting to your charity and your brother's explanations. My friend Octavius has attended in some degree to the application of the principles, and may clear up such difficulties as may occur. I take this opportunity to return you my thanks for the loan of your Arabic Grammar of Sousa. I think it something better than Erpenius, in respect to clearness and exactness. Wishing you, sir, and your family health and happiness, I subscribe myself yours respectfully,

SAMUEL HARRIS, JR.

CAMBRIDGE, May 15, 1810.

CHAPTER XII.

Letters to his Father. — Birth of his Eldest Son. — Correspondence with Horace Binney. — Birth of a Second Son. — Representative from Salem. — Report on Impressment of Seamen. — Memoir on the English Language in the United States. — Greek and English Lexicon. — Senator from Essex County.

1808–1816.

AT this period of my father's life, amid his professional and other cares, little leisure was found for epistolary correspondence. In a letter to his father at Washington, dated at Salem, Feb. 10, 1808, he says: —

“I have been prevented from writing to you more frequently, not by any insensibility to the present gloomy state of our affairs, but by a variety of circumstances which it would be needless to mention. I have supposed, too, that Henry gave you regular information of the family concerns; and as to political or other news, I have relied on your Boston correspondents. Since your last (January 23) we have received the news of the hostilities committed on us by Algiers; and almost in the same breath the news of a settlement of the differences by Consul Lear. This hostility excited considerable alarm in this town; for, as I understood from mercantile gentlemen, nineteen vessels out of sixty which are absent from this port were in the Mediterranean. But the event itself was of little consequence when compared with the Declaration of Russia against England which reached us by the same arrival, and which you must have seen before this time. This event I should fear would give to Mr. Rose's negotiation, which was before sufficiently in hazard, an unsuccessful issue. The embargo it seems,

then, did originate in France, notwithstanding the very general opinion here to the contrary. There always appeared to me a little too much refinement in the argument that the measure was so obviously contrary to the commercial interests of France that she could not have advised or required it. I remember an observation (in addition to the numerous facts that have appeared during several years past) made by Mr. Ellsworth when he landed in England after his negotiation with the French Government. When Mr. King asked him some questions respecting the commercial articles of the treaty, he replied that the French Government did 'not know nor care anything about commerce.' The royal family of Braganza, it seems, has embarked at Lisbon for the Brazils, to establish a new kingdom and abandon old Portugal to its hard and unmerited fate. This measure of making Brazil the residence of the Government was, as I have always understood, a favorite project of their great minister, the Marquis of Pombal; but it is adopted now under very different circumstances from those in which he proposed it. If a man like him directed their affairs at this time, it might be worth while to speculate on the consequences of the measure; but the Government is now too insignificant to attract any attention in a view of the affairs of Europe. Among the Journals of Congress which you sent me the last session, I find several deficiencies. I have annexed a list of them on the next leaf. If they can be supplied easily, I should be glad to have my set complete."

A few domestic items are interspersed in my father's occasional letters to his father in Washington. April 12 he writes:—

"Octavius, a day or two ago, referred Henry to me for an opinion whether he should study Hebrew, or translate English into Latin and Greek, and *vice versa*. I answered that he could and should do both, as I am satisfied he has ability and time enough to accomplish both objects. I referred him to our lamented friend Dr. Clarke's Letters to a Student for the sentiments of a scholar upon the subject of Hebrew, as well as other college exercises."

November 15, he writes to his father: "You have heard by Mr. Putnam that I have a son. He was born on the 8th inst., and, with his mother, is very well."¹

A letter to his father from Salem, Dec. 5, contains the following European news: —

"A vessel has arrived here, having put in on account of bad weather, from Liverpool; thirty-five days' passage. I have seen the latest London paper she brings, the 'Globe' of October 26. The substance of the news is that Sweden has concluded an armistice with Russia after a defeat in Finland, — the consequence of which, says the editor, will be the exclusion of the English from the Baltic. They had received Spanish news in England from the theatre of the war in Spain to the 5th of October, the substance of which was that General Blake's headquarters were at Quinconces, near Bilbao, and the French were nearly surrounded. Two messengers, one Russian and one French, had arrived in England with despatches addressed to the King of England. Nothing is said of their contents. The Emperors of Russia and France had had an interview at Erfurth, — and this, I think, was previous to the messengers going to England as above stated."

In the spring of 1808 a letter from Mr. Levi Hedge (Cambridge, April 2) to my father informed him that the Committee for choosing orators and poets for the Phi Beta Kappa Society had elected him to pronounce an oration before the Society at its next anniversary. My father replied (April 8) that it would be out of his power to comply with the request made on behalf of the Committee; and he desired, in communicating this answer to the Committee, to express to them the high sense he entertained of the honor of this appointment.

¹ In the Family Bible is the following entry: "John was born Nov. 8, 1808."

A subject of public interest at this time claiming the attention of my father and his friends, he wrote to his friend Horace Binney, of Philadelphia, as follows :

SALEM, Oct. 8, 1808.

DEAR SIR, — I take the liberty of asking information of you upon the following questions respecting the choice of Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States. You have doubtless observed that our Legislature postponed this subject till their next session (which is the first week in November), and we are desirous of obtaining as many facts as possible upon the subject from other States before that time. First, In what manner have the Electors of President and Vice-President been appointed in your State? Second, Has the Governor been requested to sign or approve the resolution of the Legislature designing the mode of choice? Your situation in the Legislature I have supposed would enable you to satisfy me upon these points without giving yourself much trouble. If you could send me copies of the proceedings of your Legislature upon the subject, it would oblige us ; and any expense you may incur in procuring them will be cheerfully reimbursed in any manner you shall direct.

A letter on the same subject was also addressed to Richard Peters, Jr.,¹ to have a double chance of getting the information seasonably.

Mr. Binney fully answered the inquiries made, saying : —

“ In the State of Pennsylvania Electors of President and Vice-President have been uniformly chosen by the people or the Legislature, according to the directions of a law passed in the usual way. In 1788, I am doubtful whether by the people or the Legislature ; in 1792 and 1796, by the people ; in 1800 by the Legislature ; and in all four instances under a temporary law. But in the year 1802 a law was passed ordaining an election for a general ticket by the people, under which we have

¹ Son of Judge Peters, the contemporary and friend of Colonel Pickering.

already acted, and shall again act in the ensuing month. I lament that our Democratic State does not furnish you a precedent of some authority in your present situation. It would, however, be merely the authority of precedent, for when nothing but the forms of the Constitution stand in the way, the Democrats have more than once shown that they do not consider them a serious impediment. In this case, however, Congress is to be your judge."

With his cousin Francis Williams my father kept up a correspondence both of a friendly and a business nature. In a letter from London, March 4, 1809, Mr. Williams says:—

I learn from various quarters that you have plunged into that bottomless pool of public life in America,—I do not mean that you have got a place or a pension, but you have taken rank at caucuses; and from speechifying to the General Court, and thence to Congress, the road is short enough. I pray that you may not thus early sacrifice your domestic comfort. We shall want you in our day, but not in these times. The American affairs here are quite in the dark. The ministers in the Lords' House, in the debate which I attended on the Orders in Council, spoke in a tone of greater bitterness and contempt than in the debates of last winter. They appear to have attended very little to the subject, and to have adopted the common reports of the newspapers. It gives me great pleasure to hear from you. You will command my services always.

F. W.

A characteristic note from Mr. Dudley A. Tyng, Reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, addressed to my father, is dated Boston, Aug. 29:

MY DEAR SIR,—I ought long ago to have made to you and Brother Nichols¹ an acknowledgment of the grateful sense I have of your goodness in the very able notes you were so oblig-

¹ Benjamin R. Nichols, Esq., of the Suffolk Bar.

ing as to furnish me of the cases at November term. I have but one objection to them,—they will suggest to the readers that the office of reporter could be placed in much abler hands than chance has now put it in; and as a republican I cannot gainsay the rule that superior fitness gives the only superior claim to office. I pray you and Brother Nichols to accept a copy of the Number just published, as a mark of my gratitude and esteem. Very much yours,

DUDLEY A. TYNG.

A circular in print, accompanied by a note from Mr. William Tudor, was received by my father, addressed to John Pickering, Esq., of Salem:—

SIR,—The Society of gentlemen residing in Boston who conduct the publication of the “Monthly Anthology and Boston Review,” desirous of engaging the assistance of men of science and letters, and believing that you will be disposed to make communications for the work, as your leisure and opportunity may admit, have done themselves the honor to elect you a Corresponding Member. If you shall accept this election, you are invited, when in this town, to attend the meetings of the Society.

JAMES SAVAGE, *Secretary*.

To this circular Mr. Tudor adds on the same sheet:—

You will perceive by the above printed lines that you are not a singular instance of election; I hope you will not be singular in refusing what we have much at heart that you should accept. There is no honor without labor, you know, and we are in want of a little more matter relating to the Cyclopædia.

Boston, Dec. 7, 1809.

The club in Salem to which my father belonged was composed of gentlemen who met weekly on Saturday evenings at each other's houses to converse on the topics of the day; and as merchants, professional men, and

others were members of it, the subjects of general interest in commerce, politics, literature, and science were discussed. A very simple repast was served at nine o'clock, and the presence of occasional visitors in town often added to the agreeable features of these meetings.

In May of this year my father was elected a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

The following extract from my father's Journal bears the date of Nov. 14, 1810: —

"I went to Cambridge, in company with Mr. Bowditch, Mr. Saltonstall, and Mr. Henry Peirce, to see the Rev. Dr. Kirkland inaugurated as President of Harvard College. The ceremonies were very much like those which were performed when President Webber was inducted into the same office (May 6, 1806), except in this particular, — Dr. Kirkland was not dressed in the gown and cap till after the Governor had declared him to be President; when the Librarian put the gown upon him. President Webber, being an officer of the College (Professor of Mathematics) when promoted to the Presidency, received that appointment in his full academic dress. The performances on the occasion were very good."

Few records of personal interest now remain by which the life of my father in the year 1811 can be traced. But in the month of May the birth of his third and last child was thus recorded by him in the Family Bible: "Henry White was born May 27, 1811."

In the summer of this year he lost the excellent uncle "who indulged for him all the feelings of a parent,"¹ and who had so long been almost as a father to him.

The "Salem Gazette" of August 23 contained the following notice: —

¹ Eulogy by D. A. White.

“Died in this town Hon. John Pickering, aged 71. This gentleman had been an able and faithful servant to the public through his whole life. In the early part of the Revolution he represented this town in the General Court, and for several sessions filled the Speaker’s chair. He was many years a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, which situation he declined as the infirmities of age and the duties of another office pressed upon him. The Records of the Office of Register of Deeds for upwards of twenty years will testify to his uncommon accuracy, care, and punctuality. This office he held till his increasing infirmities obliged him to resign it; and no man’s interest ever suffered through his neglect in the performance of its duties.”

Much might be said of the private and domestic virtues of the excellent man who, though unmarried himself, was for many years the respected and beloved head of the family in the Pickering mansion.¹ By his careful management in agricultural pursuits which the family estate required, and by his untiring industry in the office, which he held for many years, he was enabled, with a limited income, to exercise a generous hospitality, and to gratify his own affectionate desires in caring and providing for the members of his family circle.

In reply to a letter of Mr. Andrews Norton, earnestly requesting him to contribute any communications to a periodical work about to come out at Cambridge in September, my father writes:—

“I am much gratified that you have the expectation of such able assistance as can be afforded by the gentlemen whose names you mention. My own time is so much occupied in the necessary employment of professional business that I have little leisure for other pursuits; but I shall very cheerfully render

¹ The mansion, with land adjoining, and also with land known as Broadfield, by the Mill Pond, were inherited by John Pickering from his uncle.

you any services of the kind you have had the politeness to ask which may be in my power.”¹

In the year 1812, in consequence of the war between the United States and Great Britain, some of the citizens of Salem, “exempted by law from military duty,” formed an association, by the name of the “Salem Association for Mutual Defence,” agreeing to equip themselves according to the Militia Law of Massachusetts, and hold themselves in readiness to obey the call and orders of their officers in aid of the civil authority, etc. A little pamphlet containing the Articles of agreement has the names of more than eighty leading citizens of the town who were members of the Association. The name of John Pickering is the sixth on the list after that of the officers of the company.

My father was a Representative from Salem to the State Legislature in this year. Of his services in this capacity a competent judge and contemporary² has said: —

“As a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts Mr. Pickering rendered important services, and made himself conspicuous among the eminent men of the Commonwealth. His elaborate Report on the subject of Impressed Seamen, with the evidence and documents accompanying it, made to the Legislature of 1812, — the first year of the late war with England, — is a durable monument of his patriotism as well as of his ability and learning. In relation to this subject great errors had crept into the public documents, and great delusion existed in the public mind. Mr. Pickering thought that he could in no way

¹ A subsequent letter from Professor Willard, requesting a review of the Dictionary printed by Allinson & Co., for the next number of the “Repository and Review,” refers, doubtless, to the same periodical work.

² Eulogy by D. A. White.

render a greater service to his country than by correcting those errors and dissipating that delusion. For this purpose he introduced in the House of Representatives an order 'to ascertain the number of the seamen of this Commonwealth impressed or taken by any foreign nation.' On him, as chairman of the Committee thereupon appointed, chiefly devolved the labor and responsibility of the undertaking. It is sufficient to add that it was accomplished in a manner alike honorable to himself and satisfactory to the legislature. A great mass of evidence was reported, comprised in more than fifty depositions taken from the principal merchants and shipmasters of Massachusetts, together with a just account of the previous practice of our Government in relation to impressments, and a clear exposition of international law on the subject; all showing conclusively that the further prosecution of the war was as unnecessary as it was disastrous. The other members of the Legislative Committee were Mr. Tillinghast, of Taunton, and Mr. Watson, of Belfast (Maine being then a part of Massachusetts)."

The Report of the Committee was published by order of the House of Representatives in the year 1813.

In the year 1813 few letters passed between my father at home and his father at Washington, and these were chiefly devoted to business, with occasional news of general interest. From Salem, January 6, my father writes:—

"We yesterday received the great news from Europe which has diffused joy among all those who wish for the emancipation of Europe and our own deliverance. It has produced a prodigious alteration in the articles of colonial produce which have been the subject of so much speculation, and will ruin many. To-day there is a report of an armistice for ninety days; but this is not fully credited yet."

On the 9th of July he writes:—

We have this day had news of a battle between the Russians and French at Lutzen, in Saxony, near Leipsic. We have had

French and English accounts, and both sides claim the victory. It must have been an affair of some consequence, as both parties admit a loss of ten thousand on their own side. The English editors seem to consider it a drawn battle; but I don't know what English paper the account is taken from. Only a part of the allied army, it seems, was engaged. We shall probably hear something more decisive soon.

J. P.

In this year my father was again in the Massachusetts Legislature, as a Representative from Salem.

In January, 1814, he was appointed County Attorney for Essex County, and on March 19, 1814, he was qualified for the administration of the office.

On the establishment of the Eliot Professorship of Greek Literature at Harvard College in 1814, efforts were made by the individuals most deeply interested in its welfare to induce my father to be a candidate for the new professor's chair. The following letter from John Lowell, Esq.,¹ was addressed to my father on this subject:—

ROXBURY, June 29, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to inquire of you confidentially whether you would accept the proposed Greek professorship, at a salary of seventeen hundred dollars. The statutes are not yet framed, and may be modified to meet your views if you could think of the proposal. I need not say how much pleasure it would give some, and probably most, if not all, of the government; but nobody has been consulted as to this proposal except the President, at whose request I write you. For obvious reasons the suggestion ought to be confined to yourself and to such friends as you may think it indispensable to consult. I am not qualified, from an acquaintance with your affairs, to advise, otherwise my regard for you would authorize my interposing my opinion. This idea, however, I may suggest,—that our pro-

¹ A member of the Corporation of Harvard College.

fession is always irksome after forty, and extremely unpleasant in its practice. There are, however, an hundred more important considerations, of which you must be the best, and with regard to some of them the only, judge. Yours respectfully,

J. LOWELL.

JOHN PICKERING, Esq., Salem.

To this letter my father replied : —

SALEM, July 13, 1814.

DEAR SIR, — I received your letter on the Greek professorship; and nothing but a desire of viewing with the utmost care and deliberation a proposal made by you, would have prevented my returning you an answer before this time. I have consulted one or two friends, and regret to say that I cannot persuade myself it would be advisable for me to accept the professorship. I feel much flattered by the opinion you express, — that it would be agreeable to most, if not all, of the present government to have me at Cambridge; and more still that you have written by request of the President himself, who is such a treasure to the University. His and their kind wishes only increase the regret I feel at being obliged to decline their society. With the strongest sense of the obligation I am under to you on this occasion, I am, dear sir, yours, etc.

J. P.

To JOHN LOWELL, Esq.

In this year my father communicated to the American Academy, of which he was a member, his Memoir on the present state of the English language in the United States, with a Vocabulary. His attention had been first given to this subject during his residence in England, where he had watched the language used by the best authorities in public and in private; and he had there begun the practice of noting Americanisms and expressions of doubtful authority. This practice was afterwards continued, until it assumed such proportions and importance that he was induced to

offer the results to the consideration of the American Academy; and his Memoir was published in the Collections of the American Academy for 1815.

The Greek and English Lexicon, my father's work of greatest labor in the department of classical learning, was undertaken in this year. "He was early convinced of the importance of a Greek lexicon with an English instead of a Latin interpretation; and seeing no prospect of such a work in England, he entered upon the execution of his contemplated plan in 1814."¹ "It was mainly founded on the well-known Lexicon of Schrevelius, which had received the emphatic commendation of Vicesimus Knox, and was generally regarded as preferable to any other for the use of schools."²

On the establishment of the North American Review, my father's aid and literary contributions were earnestly solicited by the gentlemen in Cambridge connected with the University, as well as by his friend and classmate William Tudor, Jr., who became the editor, and was regarded as the founder of the Review.

Not long afterwards, when the "Linnæan Society of New England" was established, my father was elected a Corresponding Member, and expressed his high satisfaction at the establishment of such a Society, and his great pleasure in accepting the appointment.

In a letter to his father, Salem, Jan. 18, 1815, he says: —

"We are anxiously waiting to hear the fate of New Orleans and Louisiana. If your view of the British plans is correct,

¹ Enlogy by D. A. White.

² The late John Pickering, by Charles Sumner, in the Law Reporter, June, 1846.

peace seems to be more distant than I had supposed. It is highly important that the war should be ended; people are getting on their war-habits more and more, and will consequently be less disposed to peace. You will be gratified with our Governor's Message of yesterday, in which he thinks (differently from some other Governors, and would-be Governors too) that the war has not changed its character. It is, on the whole, an excellent paper."

A letter to his father, February 10, communicated the intelligence of a domestic loss in the death of the aunt with whom his early years were happily spent.¹

In the year 1815 my father was a Senator from Essex County in the Massachusetts Legislature. In this year his early friend Mr. Horace Binney renewed a correspondence with him which had long lain dormant, by writing from Philadelphia, January 20:

MY DEAR SIR, — I feel very much ashamed of myself that I could use the liberty of calling upon you for professional aid, in the case of Mr. Barthe, without having previously attempted to renew our ancient amity and correspondence. Why this approved friendship has been permitted to slumber for so many years (I cannot admit it has more than slumbered) it is perhaps useless to inquire. The Law, whether as a mistress whom you court, or a wife whom you have won, is very much of a monopolist. All other mistresses must be voluntarily deserted to win her favor, and when it is won they must be deserted from necessity. This, however, does not fully explain the difficulty. I am not satisfied that it explains it at all. A better reason is to be found in the principle of the sentiment of community of views, opinions, and pursuits, without which it has no active existence, and which a long separation is very apt to impair. The sight of your handwriting, in examining this morning the Commission just returned from Salem, has, however, satisfied

¹ Mrs. Gooll, the sister of Colonel Timothy Pickering and John Pickering, Sr., residing in the Pickering mansion. She died in the seventy-third year of her age, Feb. 4, 1815.

me that I shall consult my own pleasure more by endeavoring to renew our league and covenant than by accounting for its decay. I cannot express to you the delightful recollections that have been brought to my mind by this simple circumstance, nor my solicitude to see something from the same hand that I need not show to the Clerk of the Supreme Court. By recurring to your letters which I still possess (I mean your foreign letters), I find the last date to be the 23d January, 1800, London, — within a few days of fifteen years ago. Within that period what changes and chances have happened to all of us, — as few to me as to any one. Without one occurrence that I dare to call a calamity, in possession of fine health and a conscience by no means unquiet, I have pursued the noiseless tenor of a private life with but a short exception. I cannot say more until you assure me that you will reciprocate my egotism. I am perfectly happy (that may be too strong an expression), or I should not look back with so much pleasure upon the days when we were happy together. As to yourself, I have often heard of you, asked for you, and still more often have thought of you. When I have had the fortune to see your good father, or any of your Salem or Boston friends, I have never failed to gratify myself by inquiring for you and learning your welfare. How many opportunities of asking and knowing more, I have omitted, I would not confess to any one towards whom my present feelings were at all doubtful. I feel towards you like a boy — that is, with the simplicity of a boy — whenever I advert to our early and constant communion, until fate or accident separated us. In this season of national discord I ought to perceive an additional reason for cultivating and cementing private friendships. Pray write me soon fully, and of nothing but yourself and of your family, your concerns, etc. Very truly and affectionately yours,

HOR. BINNEY.

SALEM, Jan. 30, 1815.

I have read your letter of the 26th with all those emotions which you can easily conceive would arise from the innumerable recollections it would naturally excite. I had not forgotten you, and had determined to send a short letter to you at the same time with the Commission. But as my letter did

not happen to be ready when the Commission was called for, I found an apology for delaying (I never intended to relinquish) my purpose to write to you. Our friendship has indeed slumbered, and doubtless without the fault of either of us; but I should be equally happy with yourself in reviving it. You ask me to write fully, and of nothing but myself and my family, my concerns, etc. After my return from London, which was in the autumn of 1801, I resumed the study of law, and have since been constantly engaged in the practice. I have (as you say has been the case with yourself) pursued the noiseless tenor of a private life with but a short exception, which was in the years 1812 and 1813, when I was one of the Representatives of this town in our State Legislature. After making the sacrifice, which was no small one to me, whose sole dependence was upon the little income of my profession, I could not consent to devote any more of my time to the public service, and accordingly withdrew myself from it. You probably have heard from some of my friends that I have been married several years. My family consists of my wife and three children, — a daughter (who is the eldest, and is nine years old) and two sons, — all of whom promise, in the judgment of their parents, as much as parents could wish. These have made me, as you say of yourself, perfectly happy. I pause here to look back and see what a short history I have been able to make of fifteen whole years (almost one half of my life). Yet I have told you everything, except that the little leisure I can find is employed in our old studies of Latin, Greek, etc., of the value of which I am daily more sensible. What pleasure would it give me if we could pursue them together, as we used to do at college! Now, in return, give me the history of your life, which has not been spent like mine in a village (comparatively speaking), but in the metropolis of our country. Yours, etc., J. P.

To HORACE BINNEY, Esq., Philadelphia.

A few weeks afterwards Mr. Binney again writes:

FEBRUARY 13, 1815.

The difference between private life in a city and in what you term a village is not so great that for such a cause I should

occupy more paper with my fifteen years than you have done with yours. We ought both to be satisfied that there is so little to say, since private life has on each side been voluntary ; for it is probably as true of such a life as I think Mr. Gibbon remarks it to be of nations in their public career, — that the want of material for the historian is the best evidence that there has been no want of happiness. After being admitted to the Bar in 1800, I continued an unrewarded drudge until the year 1806, when I was chosen to represent this city in the State Legislature. I had in the meantime married most happily, and was prevailed upon to leave my family merely as a professional experiment, and at the sacrifice of many enjoyments. The experiment succeeded. On my return I found several persons of consequence in the city disposed to patronize me, and I declined a re-election. The invitation to stand a poll for Congress has been several times since renewed by my friends, but uniformly and obstinately declined, — not more from modesty than from my preference of professional emoluments, professional character, and, anxious as the pursuit of law is, professional repose. Public life is in the United States what it is, I believe, in no other country in the world. In other countries it is a profession. It has its peculiar and permanent rewards of wealth, reputation, and power, in each of which there is perhaps a sufficient recompense for the individual, his family, and his friends. Here — I need not say what it is to you, who know what have been its fruits to one of the purest and wisest statesmen of our country. I may be excused for saying that there is no individual in this people who is held in more veneration by myself and my friends than your excellent father, or whose history — I mean of course the history of his public rewards — reads a more decisive lesson upon the nature of the public profession in America. He has shown that to be a pure, honorable, lofty statesman, it is necessary to take up the cross and to despise the shame ; and what young man, unless he is elected to be an apostle and a martyr, and is gifted with their spirit, will take up the one or encounter the other ? This is a wide subject, and is even making me forget myself. I have been then, without interruption, a lawyer since 1807, some part of the time a bookmaker. I have reported at the instance of the Supreme Court for several years, and after

another Volume, which will make the sixth, I shall lay it down. I have two children. My oldest child is a daughter of ten, my youngest a boy of six. Thus, my good friend, we have exchanged notes. Short as our pages have been in which we have recorded our annals, I hope that henceforth we shall not want even a short page to record events when we were no longer correspondents. Be so obliging as to present me with the greatest cordiality to Mrs. Pickering and your family, and believe me faithfully as ever your friend,

HOR. BINNEY.

Colonel Pickering, in a letter to his son from the city of Washington, December 8, says: —

“At Baltimore I met Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, and twice since in this city. He inquires particularly about you, as a Lisbon acquaintance, and charged me to make known his particular remembrance of you. The Abbé Correa is here, Minister for Portugal. He yesterday asked me about your health, and spoke with satisfaction of your Essay and Vocabulary, which he had seen as presented to the Academy. I told him you had revised and enlarged the work in a second edition, and that I would present him with a copy. He received the offer with great pleasure and thanks.”

In the summer and autumn of 1815 my father was occupied in preparing for the press the Vocabulary and Introductory Essay originally communicated to the American Academy. As the first attempt to ascertain the comparative state of the language used here and in the mother-country, the subject had attracted much interest; and there was a call for the publication of the Memoir in an independent form for general use. His friends who had been travelling in the Southern and Western States, as well as others engaged in literary pursuits at home, had turned their attention to collecting peculiarities of language coming under their own

notice, and suggesting them to him for consideration ; and while revising the whole subject carefully himself, he had the benefit of the judicious criticisms of two English friends thoroughly educated in England, but who had now for many years made their home in this country.¹

The general correspondence of my father was at this time chiefly confined to business letters or letters relating to subjects of public interest to which his attention was directed. In the proposed publication of tracts for popular use, by prominent Unitarians, in the efforts to increase the efficiency of the Divinity School at Cambridge, and the contribution of funds for the establishment of the Massachusetts General Hospital, his personal and active interest was solicited by his friends and correspondents ; and it was freely rendered by him in these and other enterprises for the public good.

In 1816 my father was again a member of the Massachusetts Senate for the county of Essex. His Vocabulary was published by him in the summer of this year (June, 1816). The most important event of a domestic nature occurring at this time arose from a proposition to my father to receive into the family John Clarke Lee,² an orphan, then twelve years of age, who had lost his parents when but five years old, and had since been in various places, and chiefly in clergymen's families, for educational facilities and care. Judge

¹ Benjamin Vaughan, of Hallowell, Me., and Thomas Langdon Elwyn, of Portsmouth, N. H.

² John Clarke Lee, the son and only child of Nathaniel Cabot Lee and Mary Ann (Cabot) Lee. Mary Ann Cabot was the granddaughter of Sarah (Pickering) Clarke, Colonel Timothy Pickering's sister.

Charles Jackson, of Boston, his uncle by marriage, was his guardian; and through him the proposition to receive his ward was made. As the result of these preliminary arrangements, John Lee soon came to Salem and became a member of the family, receiving from my parents the like care and attention bestowed on their own children, and attending a private school for his classical education. He remained during these early years an inmate of our home and our companion, sharing with me and my brothers in our enjoyments and occupations; and during his college life he was still under my father's care, his domestic wants being at all times supplied faithfully by my mother, as were those of her own sons. In our house and family he found his home during his minority, and for a time he studied law in my father's office, before forming an engagement of marriage and entering into mercantile life in Boston. The interest and attachment growing out of these early associations continued throughout his life, and he often referred with pleasure and gratitude to the advantages of home education and training which he had received in my father's family and under his influence.¹

In writing to his old friend Horace Binney, July 15, my father says: —

I avail myself of the offer of a friend who is going to Philadelphia to send you this letter, and with it a copy of a little work which I have found leisure to put together, on the present state of the English language in America. If you should ever have the curiosity to read it, I would ask the favor of you to communicate such remarks as may occur to you. The book I send you (as I have observed in it) is only the beginning of a

¹ Mr. John C. Lee died in Salem, Nov. 19, 1877.

work which must be completed by gentlemen in different parts of our country; and you, and others as well qualified as yourself, will, I trust, co-operate in the main design of it, which is to preserve our noble language in its purity. I expect to encounter the displeasure of some of our American reformers, who think we ought to throw off our native language as one of the badges of English servitude, and establish a new tongue for ourselves. But I have the satisfaction to know that the best scholars in our country treat such a scheme with derision; they, on the contrary, are solicitous to retain the peculiar advantages we derive from a language which is common to ourselves and the illustrious writers and orators of our mother-country. From this little publication you will not infer that I am about becoming an author. It was first offered to our Academy of Arts and Sciences by way of the customary acknowledgment for the honor of being elected a member of their body; afterwards some of my friends thought it would be useful to publish it by itself; and I was desirous of having an opportunity of correcting errors and of making improvements upon the original work. This is the first, and will probably be the last, of my attempts at book-making.

In my last I gave you some account of my history to that period. I then had relinquished the post of a Representative in our State Legislature, and had abandoned all intention of taking any concern in public affairs, even in the trifling business (comparatively speaking) of our own State. But I had scarcely written to you before I was solicited by friends, to whom it was difficult to refuse anything, to be a candidate for the Senate of our State, and I have accordingly been so far again brought into public life. I expect, however, to close my legislative career and my public life (if I may call it) with the present term, which expires next April; and the experiment (as you call it in your own case) will, I hope, prove ultimately advantageous to me. My family remains as when I wrote you last. My three children are growing up round me in the full enjoyment of health and all the happiness of that period of life. I have thus brought down my history to the present time, and hope you will in your turn favor me with the remaining part of yours. Everything relating to yourself and your family

possesses greater interest with me than anything you can write upon. I take the liberty of asking you to present my compliments to Mrs. Binney, and am, as ever, yours,

J. P.

In 1816, when my father was a Senator from Essex, the first bill providing for the separation of the district of Maine from Massachusetts was reported by him in the Senate. Though this failed to be adopted by the people of Maine, it is characterized by the historian of that State as drawn with great ability and skill.¹

The publication of the Vocabulary in the year 1816 called forth the animadversion and criticisms of Mr. Noah Webster, in a pamphlet of sixty pages, which was entitled: "A Letter to the Hon. John Pickering on the subject of his Vocabulary, or Collection of Words and Phrases supposed to be peculiar to the United States of America." By Noah Webster.² Mr. Webster's letter was critically and ably reviewed in the "North American Review" for 1817.³

¹ Williamson's History of Maine.

² Extract from a letter from J. Pickering to his father:—

SALEM, Feb. 17, 1817.

At the time I read my Memoir to the Academy, Judge Dawes (who, you will recollect, is Mr. Webster's brother-in-law) said to me in a very emphatic manner, as soon as I had finished: "There! that is what I have been trying to bring my brother Webster to agree to; but he won't do it." And this is the fact; W. wants to make an American language, and will of course feel hostile to those who take the opposite ground.

³ By Professor Sidney Willard, Hancock Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages in Harvard College.

CHAPTER XIII.

Inquiries into Classical School Education abroad. — Correspondence begun with Mr. Du Ponceau; Sketch of his Life. — Mr. Pickering a Member of the Governor's Council and of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College. — His Memoir on the Pronunciation of the Greek Language. — Correspondence on this Subject.

1817-1819.

WHILE Mr. Ticknor was in Europe he was executing some commissions for my father in the purchase of classical works not to be obtained in this country. In a letter dated at Paris, April 3, 1817, respecting these purchases in Holland and elsewhere, he adds the following particulars in regard to Dr. Frederick Ballhorn, whom my father knew when in Amsterdam, and to whom he had given Mr. Ticknor a letter of introduction : —

You inquire after Ballhorn, and I have long been anxious to tell you something about him without inquiry; but at Göttingen I found no time. You left him in Holland, a philologist. After this he formed the plan of establishing near Leyden, under sufficient patronage, a Literary Seminary; and returning to Germany, married upon the hopes this circumstance gave him. But the pestilence of the French Revolution, which swept away all the institutions of Holland, destroyed his plan, and he never returned there. To find bread for his wife he became a jurist; and on his promotion as Doctor, which happened in the year after he commenced the study, he printed a Dissertation which he dedicated to you, and of which you will receive a copy in a case of books now in Hamburg, addressed to

my father. In this new character he established himself at Göttingen as a teacher, and had sufficient success to satisfy him; until his fortune was made by the offer of the Princess of Lippe-Detmold to confide to him her two sons, the eldest of whom succeeds on reaching the age of twenty-five. He made his conditions with her, and faithfully performed his duties to the children, who, if they had ordinary talents, were at least made by him in all other respects much better than the common generation of princes. As tutor to these two young men at the University of Göttingen, I first knew him. For several months he took no notice at all of me, feeling the responsibility of his situation in regard to the princes, and fearing to admit any one to his house who might in any way disturb his plans or have an unfavorable influence on their characters. On finding, however, that my only object was study, he began a sort of regular system of kindness and attentions to me, which did not cease until I left Göttingen. One evening in the week I always passed with him and a few others; and in furthering my studies he went so far as to read Italian with me every day for seven months, because there was no instructor at the University who understood the language so perfectly as himself. There was indeed nothing I could wish from him in which he did not anticipate the expression of my desires, and I do not know that I am under more obligations to any person in Europe than to him. We left Göttingen at about the same time, and he, according to the conditions he made on receiving the princes, has now gone to Detmold as the head of their Juridical Establishment, and will, in fact, be the first man in their little dominions, which are richer and happier than those of almost any prince in Germany, and where he will have ample opportunity and means of doing good. I wish you would write to him, for I know it would give him the greatest pleasure; and the only reason he has not written to you is that he sent a copy of his Dissertation as a Jurist to you in England, which the bearer protested he had delivered, but which I am sure he never had, though I could not positively say so. He gave me for you the copy now under way, and on receiving it I pray you to write to him: À Monsieur Ballhorn-Rosen, Conseiller de la Cour à Detmold, à la Lippe en Allemagne; and he will like it better if you write

in English, which he speaks quite well. He has added the name Rosen to his original name for private reasons relating to his children, of whom he has four. I have no more room than enough to say I am always at your service, for buying books or anything else. Yours truly,

GEORGE TICKNOR.

By the slow methods of communication existing at this time between Europe and America, Mr. Ticknor's letter, written early in April, reached Salem late in July; my father acknowledged the dedication therein referred to in a letter to Dr. Ballhorn-Rosen, dated at Salem, October 3.

The interest felt by my father in the subject of classical school education induced him to institute inquiries into the usages and methods employed in the long-established European schools of the Continent; and for this purpose he wrote to some American friends in Paris. To his classmate, Mr. Samuel Welles, of the house of Welles & Williams, bankers at Paris, he writes under date of September 29:—

Since I had the pleasure of seeing you in Boston, I have been under the necessity of paying some attention to the education of my children, who are now old enough to go to school, and begin the study of Greek and Latin. This circumstance has led me to reflect more than I ever did before on the superficial and unmethodical manner in which those languages were studied in this country when you and I were at college, and which I find has undergone very little (if any) improvement from that time to the present. It is true, indeed, that boys now learn rather more than we used to do; but the system—if system it may be called—remains much the same. Your residence in Europe must have convinced you how much we have yet to learn on the subject of education, as well as other things; and it has occurred to me that you could not do a more essential and lasting benefit to our country than to give us such infor-

ination on that subject as your situation in Paris enables you to obtain. With this view, and for the purpose of attempting a reform here, if practicable, I take the liberty of asking your attention to the subject (in the absence of Mr. Williams), and to inquire what is the most approved course of study now pursued in the schools and colleges of Paris, for the learned languages, from childhood to the period when young men leave college to enter upon the professions. The inquiry involves considerable detail; I have thought, however, that you could without much trouble to yourself (indeed if it should occasion you some, I feel persuaded you would take pleasure in thus promoting the interests of our country), — you could, I say, easily obtain from some of the professors in Paris all the details in question. After that was done, I should ask one other favor of you; and that would be, to give your bookseller an order to pack up for me one copy (in leather binding) of each of the school-books contained in the course of study, and to ship them to Boston, directed to me, to the care of our friend T. Williams, Esq., to whom I will account for the amount of the bill, etc. I should not have imposed this commission upon you had I not known the interest you take in what relates to the literature and literary institutions of our country, and had not Mr. Williams been absent from Paris at this time. In return, pray command my services in any way in which I can be useful. I am, with much regard, yours,

J. P.

To this letter Mr. Welles replied: —

PARIS, Dec. 1, 1817.

I received your favor of the 29th of September. Mr. E. Everett being here, whose particular profession and present occupation lead him into the course of those inquiries which you desire me to make respecting the mode of classical education in Paris, I have engaged him to assist me therein. With what knowledge I have of the place, and he has of the Latin and Greek languages, we will make you forthwith a report on this subject.

The next letter from Mr. Welles enclosed one of twelve closely written pages from Mr. Everett to my

father, giving a careful and detailed account of the various schools and systems of education in Paris. In concluding his letter Mr. Everett says : —

PARIS, Jan. 29, 1818.

Allow me to close this letter, my dear sir, with expressing the gratification I feel in finding you interested in the subject of school education, the part of our system which requires the first reform. Well aware as I was that our schools were wretched, I knew not how wretched they were till I had seen the good ones in Europe. Though the schools of Paris are the least good of those I have seen, even they show in glaring colors our deficiency. But I fear the most accurate descriptions of foreign schools, and details the most minute of the modes of proceeding, will lead to little else than a knowledge of our deficiency, without essentially contributing to supply it. If a bit of cloth or a hat is to be manufactured in America, the most exact descriptions of the manipulation of the English fabrics are inadequate. Workmen must be and are imported who have been brought up to the work. I have not yet found in history an example of any other method of propagating learning. In the very infancy of our colony the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures were translated into each other, at morning and evening prayers, at Cambridge. If this were proposed now, notwithstanding all our advancement beyond those days of small things, professors and scholars would alike turn pale. It was done then by the emigrant English scholars who filled the places of instruction in the infant college ; and as this importation ceased before the occasions of our state of society furnished the necessity of encouragement necessary to finished scholarship, learning died out among us. It was fairly *ausgestorben*, if I may borrow this expressive word ; and to own the truth, is not yet revived with us, nor will it ever be till brought over again from Europe. No man can teach that which he hath never learned, and no man can acquire himself that which is only to be gotten by external instruction, imparted according to methods formed and perfected by centuries of learned tradition. The project seems to me practicable to form and establish a true learned school, which should

supply the wants of our education, be directed by some person at home, but furnished in part with foreign instructors, which would procure the additional advantage of having the living languages taught with the dead ones. I have often dwelt on a plan of this kind, and could it be carried into execution at Cambridge, and on my notions, I would undertake gratis the direction of it. But of this I must reserve the details for my next letter. I should be highly pleased with receiving any communication from you upon this, or in fact any subject, and much gratified with rendering you any service abroad; and I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

In the spring of the year 1818 the correspondence which resulted in the life-long friendship of Mr. Du Ponceau and my father was begun, through the acquaintance long existing between Colonel Pickering and Mr. Du Ponceau from their intercourse in Philadelphia. The first letter of this correspondence (now filling two thick quarto volumes, and covering a period of more than twenty-five years) was written by my father from Salem, April 18: —

SIR, — I received some time ago the copy of your interesting Memoir on English Phonology which you were so obliging as to send to my father for me; but immediately after reading it I lent it, and have not been able till now to read it a second time, during which I have been more than ever surprised at your intimate acquaintance with our language. You were so polite as to request my criticisms on the work; and if I were sensible that I could make any which would be worthy of your attention, I would cheerfully comply with the request. But my acquaintance with the principles of language is not such as to enable me to make any remarks which would be of use to you. I shall, however, not content myself with the two perusals I have already given to the work, but I shall continue to read it; and if any reflections should occur which appear to me to be of the

least importance, I will with all the frankness which your kindness authorizes on my part, communicate them to you. Allow me, sir, to take this opportunity of mentioning that I have reserved for you a copy of the publication of mine to which you allude,¹ and have requested a bookseller in Boston to forward it to you. I beg your acceptance of it as a small testimonial of the high respect which I entertain for you personally, and of the obligations which all Americans ought to feel for the benefits we are deriving from learned foreigners who bring their intellectual treasures to our shores. I am, etc.,

J. P.

TO PETER S. DU PONCEAU, ESQ.

To this letter Mr. Du Ponceau replied as follows :

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1818.

SIR, — I beg your pardon for not having sooner answered the letter you have done me the honor to write to me. At the same time I have to thank you for the copy of your Vocabulary, which I have lately received from your printer. I have read it again with great pleasure. It affords an additional proof of the valuable exertions of the State of Massachusetts in the cause of American literature. It is a race open to all, and your State has peculiarly distinguished itself in it. To ours it is a cause of emulation, unmixed, I flatter myself, with the least spark of jealousy. You have done well, we must try to do better; and whoever succeeds at last, the nation at large will be the gainer. I am happy to find that my little Essay has met with your approbation. The very high compliments which you have the goodness to pay me at the close of your letter are in every point of view undeserved. The knowledge that I possess is very little; but whatever it is, it was acquired in this country, to which I brought nothing but the elements of a common classical education. The rest is owing to American instruction and American example. The English language, however, I learned in my infancy, which made me feel myself at home in this country from the first moment I arrived, upwards of forty years since;

¹ Vocabulary of Americanisms.

and the delicate kindness of my fellow-citizens of Pennsylvania has kept up to this day the pleasing illusion, if it is one. After tasting so long the honor and the pleasure of being in every respect considered as a member of the family, I assure you, sir, that I am not ambitious to receive the honors due to strangers. I have the honor to be, with great respect and esteem, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

PETER S. DU PONCEAU.

A slight sketch of the personal history of Mr. Du Ponceau, condensed from an obituary notice written by my father in 1844, will explain many allusions, and give additional interest to the series of letters contained in this correspondence :¹ —

“ Mr. Du Ponceau was born on the 3d day of June, 1760, in the Isle of Ré, which lies a few miles from the coast of La Vendée, in France. His family was of the Catholic religion, and his father, who was an officer in the French army, was at one time desirous that his son should be educated for the Church. He was accordingly at an early age placed under the care of an ecclesiastic of that denomination; but his instructor, it would seem, had not a mind that could cope with that of his pupil, for when he asked for reasons which his master had not the ability to give, the latter would silence him by the voice of authority. The active and independent mind of the pupil could not submit to this. In a very short time their discussions ended in an open rupture and caused a separation, when Mr. Du Ponceau relinquished his theological studies, with a determination to devote himself to some other pursuit. Whether it was at this or a later period that he relinquished the Catholic faith, we do not know; but after he came to this country, as we are informed, he was a Protestant, and worshipped at one of the Presbyterian churches in Philadelphia. It happened about this period of his life that the well-known Baron Steuben arrived in Paris on his way to the United States to join the American army, and being unacquainted with the English language, he was making

¹ The Boston Courier, semi-weekly, for April 8, 1844.

inquiries for some young man who could speak English to accompany him as his secretary. He was informed of young Du Ponceau, who happened then to be in Paris, and an arrangement was made with him accordingly. We recollect to have heard Mr. Du Ponceau say that at that time, though he had never been out of France, he understood and could speak English as perfectly as he ever could afterwards, — so much, indeed, were the English writers in his thoughts and conversation while a boy that his schoolfellows used to reproach him with the name of the ‘little Englishman.’ Mr. Du Ponceau left Paris in the suite of Baron Steuben for the United States, fired with the ardor of youth and full of zeal in the cause of American liberty, which he ever fondly cherished. He landed at Portsmouth, N. H., on the 1st day of December, 1777, — an event in his life which he often alluded to with the most lively interest. He entered the American army as an aide-de-camp to Baron Steuben, with the commission of a captain. He remained in the army about three years, and after quitting it was employed as an under-secretary in the War Department, — an office he discharged with much ability.¹ At the close of the war he had fixed his mind on the profession of the law, and entered upon his course of legal study. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of foreign birth and foreign language, his success at the Bar was complete, and many years did not elapse before he attained to the first rank. He was engaged in all the important causes which came before the courts of the State, as well as of the United States, at that period.² After quitting the active practice of the Bar, Mr. Du Ponceau still employed himself in devising whatever might conduce to the promotion of juridical science in the United States. He was one of the founders of the Law Academy in Philadelphia, and presided over that association for several years. After he had acquired a competent fortune by his profession, he devoted most of his time to his favorite study of general philology.”

¹ It was probably at this time that the acquaintance between Colonel Pickering and the young Du Ponceau was formed.

² Mr. Du Ponceau’s first wife was an American lady. Their only child, a daughter, was married, and lived in Philadelphia. He was married a second time, to an American wife also, whom he survived many years.

In the year 1818 my father was a member of the Governor's Council for the State of Massachusetts.

As an acknowledgment of a copy of the Vocabulary sent him by my father; the following letter was received from Lindley Murray : —

I have received the Vocabulary which the author was so obliging as to send for my acceptance, and for which I return him my acknowledgments. I think the work is well adapted to promote the purity, propriety, and precision of the English language in the American States, and to discountenance every undue attempt to introduce innovations. It gives me pleasure to perceive that the author of this publication has been so solicitous to establish the American language on the foundation of the purest and best writers in the English tongue. This is a standard which it is the peculiar felicity of America now to possess, and from which it will probably be long before she can properly depart; though the period of a vernacular standard may indeed be allowably contemplated. I am of opinion that this volume may be read with advantage in England as well as in America. By this conveyance I send a copy of the last edition of my octavo Grammar, which I hope will be acceptable to the author of the Vocabulary. This edition has been considerably enlarged. I have for more than a year been in a very feeble state of health, and I am still much indisposed; but I wish not to delay any longer to acknowledge the receipt of the present which has been made to me. I hope the author of the work will consider this a sufficient apology for so late an answer from his obliged friend,

LINDLEY MURRAY.

HOLDGATE, near YORK, the 9th of the 9th month, 1818.

In October of this year my father was made a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University.

In consequence of his professional reputation he had been appointed on a Legislative Committee, with two other legal gentlemen, to revise the laws relating to the

Courts of Probate and the settlement of the estates of deceased persons; and he made a Report this year to the Legislature, embracing many sections in one general bill. Of the Report, the Hon. Daniel A. White, eminent as a Judge of Probate, has said:—

“This great and protracted labor was cheerfully assumed by Mr. Pickering, though the youngest member of the Committee, and was accomplished by him with his usual ability and success. Whether the younger or the older in any working committee or body, he was as sure to have the work to do as others were that he was the best qualified to do it.”

His “Memoir on the Pronunciation of the Greek Language” was this year communicated to the American Academy. In the introduction to it he says:—

“The arrival of a Greek ship, called the ‘Jerusalem,’ at Boston in the year 1814 afforded me an opportunity, which I had long desired, of making some inquiries respecting the language of the modern Greeks, and of comparing it in some particulars with the unrivalled idiom of their ancestors,—a people whose authors are still our models in writing, as their architects and sculptors are in the arts.”

Frequent interviews and conversations with Mr. Nicholas Ciclitira, the supercargo of this ship, an intelligent and well-informed man, as well as with the master, Captain Lazarus Nicholas Catara, were of the greatest interest to my father; and the information thus obtained respecting the pronunciation of the modern Greeks led, as he says in his Memoir, to a strong conviction in his own mind very different from the opinion he once entertained of it.

In writing to Mr. Du Ponceau, December 17, my father says:—

“I take the liberty to send you a paper of mine, which is published by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, on the Pronunciation of the Greek Language, and of which I have had a few copies printed for my friends. To yourself and other gentlemen, who have paid much attention to the subject of languages, it will appear, as it is in reality, a mere sketch, and that a very imperfect one; but, as I have remarked in the Essay, I hope it will incite others, who have more leisure and ability, to prosecute the inquiry.”

To this Mr. Du Ponceau replied: —

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 13, 1819.

I have received the letter you have done me the honor to write to me, accompanied with two copies of your excellent Essay on the Pronunciation of the Greek Language, one of which shall be duly presented, on Friday next, to the Philosophical Society in your name, and the other already holds a distinguished place in my library, with the works of Vater, Adelung, and other eminent philologers. I am happy to find that America, New England in particular, distinguishes itself by able and learned scientific works; this is the true answer to be given to those who pretend that Americans want knowledge and talent. Such a production as yours says more than all the apologetic pieces with which our journals have been crowded.

From the venerable ex-President John Adams my father received the following note: —

QUINCY, Jan. 29, 1819.

DEAR SIR, — I am ashamed to have delayed so long, and at last to be obliged to borrow a hand, to acknowledge the receipt of your learned and ingenious Essay on the Pronunciation of the Greek Language. I rejoice to see that men of letters are rising up to investigate such subjects, with an extent of learning that would do honor to any of the learned men in Europe. Accept my thanks for the valuable present, and my best wishes for the success of your studies and your happiness in life. “Macte

virtute esto," — so wishes and so prays your friend and humble servant,
JOHN ADAMS.

At this time my father's attention was turned to the subject of the restrictions on the importation of foreign books, and he drew up a Memorial, to be presented to Congress, praying for a repeal of the duties. This was signed by Dr. Holyoke and a number of the leading professional and literary gentlemen of Salem, and was the first petition to Congress on this subject.¹

The following letter was received by my father from Mr. Rufus King: —

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5, 1819.

I beg you to accept my thanks for your letter of the 8th ultimo, enclosing a copy of the communication that you had made to the American Academy on the Pronunciation of the Greek Language. The increasing taste for polite literature that manifests itself in your quarter of the country is to me the source of great satisfaction, and the more so as the study of the ancient languages in the South and the West is deplorably neglected. The return of Mr. Everett and Mr. Ticknor will add fresh vigor to the industry of your scholars and, as I earnestly hope, increase the usefulness and raise the reputation of our Harvard University. Wishing to retain the copy of the Memoir which you kindly sent to me, I shall be obliged to you for another copy, if you have one to spare, which I am desirous of presenting to the Professor of Languages in Columbia College. We are so much engaged with General Jackson and the United States Bank that I apprehend few other objects will be attended to during the present session of Congress; and among the things omitted, that a proper regulation respecting books in foreign languages is likely to be included.

My father's Memoir on Greek Pronunciation attracted much attention from scholars at home and abroad. A

¹ Presented to Congress at the session of 1819-1820, and the next winter, December, 1820, rejected.

critical notice of it appeared in the "North American Review." It called forth also the publication of a pamphlet by Professor Nathaniel F. Moore, of Columbia College, New York, in which the ground taken by my father in favor of the similarity of pronunciation by the modern Greeks and their ancestors was strongly contested.

In acknowledgment of this pamphlet, sent to him by Professor Moore, my father wrote : —

I perceive you entertain as decided an opinion against the Reuchlinian pronunciation as I did myself before I began to investigate the subject ; and no circumstance would tend more to make me doubt the soundness of any opinion of my own than to find that a gentleman of so much learning, and who from his situation in a literary institution is enabled to make literature his profession, should have formed an opinion so widely different from myself, whose avocations forbid that extent as well as exactness of investigation which a question of great nicety demands. If, however, my little Essay should produce no other effect than the diffusion of so much learning as is to be found in your Remarks, it will have done some good. I can assure you, sir, that I had no intention of doing mischief, as you seem to fear may be the case, by giving countenance to a pronunciation which, you say, in rather an emphatic manner, "appears to be with good reason almost universally condemned and rejected by the learned of the present age." I may also add that I did not intend to express an opinion (though I may have used language of that import) whether it would be expedient to introduce this pronunciation among us, or not, even if it were the true one. I did, however, say that this would be far preferable to what I have called (perhaps in rather strong terms) the "barbarous pronunciation" now in use among us. My principal object was, without entering into any controversy with those who might differ from me, to excite attention, if practicable, to the investigation of a simple matter of fact, — the pronunciation of the Greek Language ; and the inquiry seemed to

be naturally enough suggested by the uncommon occurrence alluded to, — the arrival of a Greek ship in this part of the country. I may add, too, that the subject had within a few years excited much attention again in Europe; nor should I have supposed, if you had not expressed so clear an opinion on the point, that the pronunciation of the modern Greeks was so decidedly condemned and rejected by the learned of the present day as you state it to be. Judging only from the little I had read on the subject, and from the information I have occasionally had from correspondents in Europe, I had been led to suppose that the opinions of scholars had undergone a considerable change on this subject; and though probably none would be ready to defend the modern Greeks in all points, yet that their pronunciation was now believed to be much nearer to that of the ancients than it has been heretofore thought to be. A learned friend¹ writes to me that Wolff told him about two years ago that he had been occupied twenty years in collecting materials for a dissertation on the subject, and that when he came out, he should vindicate a good deal of the modern Greek pronunciation. The same friend also writes that Hase,² at Paris (one of whose very learned lectures on this subject another correspondent tells me he attended last year), is almost entirely with the modern Greeks, and had collected a good many very curious proofs, etc. I do not mention these facts from a desire to support any hypothesis, for I feel no such desire; but merely as evidence of the opinions of eminent scholars at the present day, and as some apology for my still entertaining doubts respecting the Erasmian system, to which you have lent the aid of your talents and learning, — doubts which I feel assured your liberality will ascribe to any cause rather than a want of respect for the arguments you have brought forward on this occasion. I have the honor to be, etc., J. P.

To this letter Professor Moore immediately replied :

NEW YORK, July 6, 1819.

SIR, — Your letter of the 1st instant, and the copy of your Essay accompanying it, demand my thanks, and have afforded

¹ Mr. George Ticknor.

² Hase, sub-librarian of the manuscripts in the Royal Library, Paris.

me a sincere pleasure by satisfying me that you are willing to distinguish between the freedom I have used in controverting certain opinions, and the respect I entertain for the assertor of them. You are pleased to allow my opinion a weight to which it has no sort of claim when you say that it might tend to make you doubt the soundness of your own. My notions of this subject, when I came to the reading of your Essay, were vague prejudices rather than definite opinions of which I was able to assign the grounds. Indeed, in my case, your Essay had precisely the effect you intended, — of exciting investigation; for when I first read it I had little to oppose to your reasonings but my prepossessions the other way. However, I immediately applied myself to find arguments that might justify me in retaining a pronunciation I was unwilling to resign. I acknowledge I pursued the inquiry under a strong bias of mind; and this may account in part for my coming to a different result from yourself, whose prejudices, though originally the same with mine, have received a contrary direction from your personal communication lately with modern Greeks. And here I would observe that if the prevailing sentiment at Paris now should be in favor of the modern pronunciation, it might be accounted for from the circumstances of the residence in that capital of Coray and others of the most distinguished among the modern Greeks for learning and ability. You disclaim any intention of doing mischief by your Essay. I hope I have not been thought to impute an intention I was far from suspecting. I feared, it is true, that your arguments would produce in the minds of others, no better or even worse provided than I was with replies to them, the same effect they did at first on mine; and so far as such persons might be induced to alter their pronunciation in consequence, I thought the effect would be bad. You shame me, sir, by rendering me sensible of the contrast between what you gently term my rather emphatic manner, and the modest reserve with which you express yourself on the same subject, — though evidently possessed of much better means of authentic information both at home and abroad than any I can boast; for I neither have access to such libraries as your neighborhood affords, nor have I any correspondence that can keep me informed of the actual state of opinion among

European scholars. My opinions have been derived from incidental mention of the subject by scholars not exactly of the present day, and travellers of perhaps no high authority. In the hope that our correspondence may not rest here, I have the honor to be, sir, with respect, your obedient and humble servant,

NATHANIEL F. MOORE.

Pursuing in his leisure hours the subject of modern Greek pronunciation, my father kept up a correspondence with scholars at home and abroad. His friends participated warmly in the interest which his "Memoir" and Professor Moore's pamphlet had excited. Mr. Du Ponceau, writing to him July 3, says:—

"I have read Mr. Moore's work. I am not disappointed to find that, although he maintains a doctrine directly opposite to yours, you are not the less sensible of his merit,—indeed you are entitled to a good half of it; for without your example he would not have written. Much is due to those who give the first impulse to the literature of this country. As to the controversy itself, of which I shall not pretend to judge, it is not impossible that the truth may lie between you."

Professor Brazer, of Harvard College, wrote:—

JUNE 19.

I am happy to inform you that Mr. Jefferson has written a long and excellent letter to President Adams on the subject of Greek pronunciation. He is as good a Reuchlinian as you can wish, and has adopted it for many years past.

The letter of Mr. Jefferson to President Adams, referred to above, was sent to my father for perusal by Mr. William S. Shaw, by permission of President Adams. Mr. Jefferson writes:—

"Mr. Pickering's pamphlet on the pronunciation of the Greek I have read with great pleasure. Early in life the idea occurred

to me that the people now inhabiting the antient seats of the Greeks and Romans, although their languages in the intermediate ages had suffered great changes, and especially in the declensions of their nouns and in the terminations of their words generally, yet having preserved the body of the word radically the same, so they would preserve more of its pronunciation, that at least it was probable that a pronunciation handed down by tradition would retain, as the words themselves do, more of the original than that of any other people whose language has no affinity to that original. For this reason I learnt and have used the Italian pronunciation of the Latin; but that of the modern Greek I had no opportunity of learning until I went to Paris. There I became acquainted with two learned Greeks, Count Carberri and Mr. Paradise, and with a lady, a native Greek, the daughter of Baron de Tott, who did not understand the antient language. Carberri and Paradise spoke it. From these instructors I learnt the modern pronunciation, and in general trusted to its orthodoxy. Against reading Greek by accent instead of quantity, as Mr. Ciclitira proposes, I raised both my hands. What becomes of the sublime measure of Homer, the full-sounding rhythm of Demosthenes, if, abandoning quantity, you chop it up by accent? On the whole I rejoice that this subject is taken up among us, and that it is in so able hands as those of Mr. Pickering. Should he ultimately establish the modern pronunciation of the letters without any exception, I shall think it a great step gained, and, giving up my exceptions, shall willingly rally to him; and as he has promised us another paper on the question, whether we shall read by accent or quantity, I can confidently trust to the correctness of his learning and judgment."

My father, still ardently pursuing the object of his researches as to the pronunciation of Greek, wrote to Calbo in London, who was lecturing there on the subject, and to the learned Coray in Paris, as well as to Hase, sub-librarian of the Manuscripts in the Royal Library there, addressing inquiries to them on the few points not fully settled in his own mind, and

asking information as to books of reference for the continued pursuit of his investigations. Another and more direct channel of communication with Greece was unexpectedly opened through the agency of his friend Mr. Du Ponceau. In writing to my father, July 3, he says : —

“ While I was in New York, it was my good fortune to be in the same lodgings with a sensible native of Smyrna who speaks both the English and French very well. He is of French descent, his name is Issaverdens, and he is the person, though you do not know him, who purchased for you the modern Greek books you have in your library.”

Upon the suggestion of Mr. Du Ponceau my father addressed a letter to Mr. Issaverdens, in which, after thanking him for purchasing his books, he asked some questions respecting the pronunciation of the Greek language. To this Mr. Issaverdens modestly replied, that although a native of that part of the world, he was unacquainted with the principles of the Greek language; for it was of very little use among the Franks or Europeans there, who seldom or never took the pains to learn it. He adds : —

Should you desire to have correct information on this topic, allow me to acquaint you with some of the learned of that part of the world, who will give you the most satisfactory information respecting the difference between the ancient and modern Greek; and if you only take the trouble of writing a few lines in ancient, I assure you in six or eight months from this you may expect an answer, and if agreeable to you, no doubt a regular correspondence can be kept, for which I promise you I will forward the letters regularly. I will probably leave this in eighteen or twenty days for that part of the world; and if you write, you may expect the answer by my return, or any books you may order.

B. ISSAVERDENS.

My father accordingly wrote two letters in Greek, which were intrusted to Mr. Issaverdens for transmission on his return to Smyrna.

In a letter to my father Mr. Du Ponceau says : —

“Major Lorch, the new Swedish Consul-General, has permitted me to send you a late Greek Grammar, printed at Stockholm, in which the Reuchlinian pronunciation is taught. He says it is adopted in all the Swedish colleges and universities.”

In the summer of this year my father contributed to the “North American Review” his translation from the Latin of Professor Wytttenbach’s “Observations on the Importance of Greek Literature, and the best Method of Studying the Classics.”

In my father’s *Journal*, devoted at this time only to recording a few personal events, are the following entries : —

“*August 13.* — This morning two letters were received by my brother Henry from J. Donaldson, Esq., of Baltimore, informing us of the alarming illness of my sister Elisabeth.

“*August 16.* — This morning we received the afflicting news of her death, which happened between four and five o’clock in the afternoon of the 11th of August.”¹

¹ Mrs. Hammond Dorsey (Elisabeth Pickering) died Aug. 11, 1819.

CHAPTER XIV.

Study of the Indian Languages. — Essay on a Uniform Orthography. — Letters to and from Mr. Du Ponceau. — Correspondence begun with Wilhelm von Humboldt. — Other Foreign Correspondents.

1819–1821.

IN the early part of the year 1819 my father's attention was particularly attracted to the critical study of the Indian languages of North America. His friend Mr. Du Ponceau had made a Report to the Historical Committee on Indian Languages at Philadelphia, and had sent my father a copy of it by mail. In a letter accompanying a second copy, Mr. Du Ponceau says: "I should be very happy if I could draw your attention to this interesting subject, which your talents are so well calculated to elucidate."

In reply, my father expresses the delight with which he had read the Report, and adds: —

"It has excited an interest in the subject of the Indian languages and history which I never felt before; and if the avocations of business left me leisure enough to investigate that subject, at the same time that I am prosecuting those studies which are necessary in aiding the education of my children, I should most certainly devote much of my attention to it. But I must for some time to come confine myself chiefly to the latter subject. I do not, however, despair of finding a leisure hour now and then for just commencing my study of Indian; and as a preliminary, allow me to ask what orthography you adopt in writing Indian words. I have thought that, as it is very desirable to have the aid of the learned in Europe in making the com-

parisons of the American dialects with the languages of the eastern continent, it would be best, practically speaking, for us to adopt such an orthography as the nations on the continent of Europe would generally employ, because this would materially lessen the labor of making such comparisons. And, indeed, among ourselves, as we must derive much of our information of the American languages from Spanish, German, and French missionaries and other foreigners, it would much facilitate our inquiries to use substantially what we should call a foreign orthography. Permit me to inquire whether you have ever examined with attention that curious monument of industry and patience, Eliot's Indian Bible, and the few relics of the Narragansett language preserved by Roger Williams and published in the third and fifth volumes of the Massachusetts Historical Collections? By way of beginning my Indian studies, I am now engaged in reducing Williams's Vocabulary of the Narragansett language into alphabetical order, following his orthography, — which, however, needs much attention, to make the analogies of the language more obvious. I had written thus far, when a very unexpected treasure of Indian language came to my knowledge, and which I cannot forbear communicating to you. It is a copious manuscript dictionary of the Norridgewock dialect in French and Indian, composed by the celebrated Jesuit missionary Rasle, of whom there is a particular account given in Hutchinson, Charlevoix, and others. This most interesting and invaluable MS. belongs to the library of our University. I was first apprised of its being there by a friend who is much interested in the subject of American antiquities, and I now have it, by a special permission, in my possession. The book is in quarto, and in the handwriting of Rasle himself, as appears from the following remarks on the first leaf: '1691. *Il y a un an que je suis parmi les sauvages, je commence à mettre en ordre en forme de dictionnaire les mots que j'apprens;*' and immediately below this, there is in an old handwriting the following: 'Taken after the fight at Norridgewalk among Father Rasle's papers, and given by the late Colonel Heath to Elisha Cooke, Esq. Dictionary of the Norridgewalk language.' I will only add that, from a slight examination, this dialect, like the others, is what you term polysynthetic. I shall set myself about copying this MS.

immediately ; but if any questions occur to you, I will endeavor to answer them. Pray cannot you have some of your dictionaries and grammars printed ? I shall endeavor to get this one printed by our Historical Society, with the aid of private subscriptions."

While enthusiastically prosecuting his inquiries in this new field of interest, my father was still occupied with his translation of Schrevelius's Greek Lexicon, in the hours at home when resting from the daily pursuit of professional labors at his office. He also wrote for the "North American Review" at this time an article upon Mr. Du Ponceau's "Report to the Philosophical Society on the Subject of Indian Languages," recommending it in the strongest terms to the attention of the learned. In the course of this year there appeared in Germany a review, by Dr. Menke, of my father's Treatise on the Greek Pronunciation, and Mr. Moore's answer.

To Professor Stuart, of the Theological Institution, Andover, my father writes : —

OCTOBER 30, 1819.

I have been wishing for an opportunity to see you upon a subject of great interest to our country ; that is, the procuring of a native Arabic instructor, by means of the missionaries who are now about sailing for the Levant. I dare say your ardor in the cause of solid learning has already anticipated me, and has suggested some plan of effecting so desirable an object ; but I could not rest easy without knowing whether you had attempted anything, and what success you would probably have. The teacher you would obtain would not probably be a man of much learning, and of course must be considered as a mere assistant, or what they call in the French colleges a *maître d'étude*, under the professor of the institution ; and I have thought that if there should not be employment enough

for him all the year at Andover, he might occupy himself the remainder of it at Cambridge, New Haven, and Hanover, by an arrangement with those colleges. Excuse my solicitude, and believe me, with much respect,

J. P.

Professor Stuart replied : —

NOVEMBER 25, 1819.

It affords me the highest pleasure to see you take so deep an interest in the subject of Oriental philology, more especially so as very few in our country do take such an interest. I can see a thousand reasons why your suggestion should be approved, and the plan carried into execution. To no one could it be more gratifying than to myself. But unhappily for my pursuits, those who have the means — that is, wealth — cannot be made to view the subject as you and I do. “Who needs to speak Arabic here?” is a simple, intelligible argument, which every man who loves his money can understand; while all the philological array of arguments is destitute of force. How should Dives look at the future harvest to spring from Arabic roots, so crooked, so entangled, and so deep-concealed from inspection? After all, in a good cause my motto is, “Nil desperandum.” I do hope in God that the treasures of the East are yet to be displayed here by some of her sons, and that future communications with our missionaries and future arrangements may accomplish the desired object. Nothing shall be wanting on my part. Do you promote the same, and my hopes will be much brighter still. In great haste, with much respect and affection, truly yours,

MOSES STUART.

The then recent discoveries made by the excavations at Herculaneum and Pompeii had awakened in my father an enthusiastic interest in connection with his love of the classics and ancient history; and he commissioned Dr. Usher Parsons, when on a voyage as surgeon in the United States Navy, to obtain books, engravings, or coins, etc., illustrating these subjects. A long letter

from Dr. Parsons at Naples in the summer of 1819 gives a detailed and minute account of the excavations at Pompeii, and of the progress made since his previous visit in 1816. A list of the papyri, more than forty in number, which had been recovered by the excavations at Herculaneum and enrolled, up to the present time, was sent by Dr. Parsons with his letter.

In the winter of 1819–1820 the quiet family circle received the addition of a Harvard student as a member of the household. The youngest son of Mr. Rufus King was at this time at college in Cambridge; and his father, being absent from New York as a member of Congress, wrote to my father, asking the favor of him to receive Frederick into his family, to pass the winter vacation under his eye and instruction, and to treat him as he would a son of his own.

In a letter to Mr. Du Ponceau, Jan. 15, 1820, my father says:—

“I have lately borrowed of a gentleman who has been in Lima a Spanish grammar of one of the Indian languages; and I have thought it my duty to you, as our field-marshal in these operations, to mention it and to give you the title of the work, though I run the risk of telling you nothing new. On the subject of the Greek pronunciation you will not be displeased to hear that I have conversed with Mr. Everett, our professor, whose opinion on the general merits of the question is with me, and I have understood that he intends to review the subject in the ‘North American.’ I feel strongly persuaded that we have yet a good deal to learn of the delicacies of the ancient Greek language from the natives of the country.”

In the summer of this year Colonel Pickering made a journey to Baltimore for the purpose of bringing to the North the child of his daughter, Mrs. Dorsey,—a

little girl now nearly two years old, who was less than a year old at the time she lost her mother, and who was to be brought up with her relatives in Massachusetts. My father embraced this opportunity of communicating with Mr. Du Ponceau and of submitting to him a manuscript copy of his Paper recently read before the American Academy, accompanied by the following letter : —

JUNE 30, 1820.

I take an opportunity of sending to you by my father a copy of my Paper on the Orthography of the Indian Languages. It is, as you know, only an application of the general principles of your excellent Essay on English Phonology, and will stand in need of much indulgence on your part. I submit it, however, without fear to one of your learning and candor, and beg you to be assured that nothing will confer a greater obligation upon me than your remarks upon it.

To this Mr. Du Ponceau replied from Philadelphia, July 7 : —

“I received about an hour ago your favor of the 30th ultimo, with the excellent communication that it contains. I have given it a cursory perusal, and am upon the whole exceedingly pleased with it, and honored as well as flattered by your submitting it to my weak judgment previous to publication. I shall be as free with my observations as you may wish ; and I have this idea of the superiority of your mind that you would receive criticism, even from a child. I regret only that I shall have so little room to exercise my criticising powers (if any I have), for the work is well thought and well executed. But to begin at once my critic’s office : I have to request that you will soften what your warm friendship induced you to say of your humble servant and follower. There is one word in particular, in a marginal note or reference, which (excuse the freedom I take) I never can submit to ; it makes me blush from ear to ear from a deep-felt sense of my utter unworthiness to have such a word,

such an epithet, applied to any of my poor productions.¹ I therefore most earnestly entreat that you will strike out that unlucky word, which you have found in your heart when you should have consulted only your head. Your excellent father writes to me this day from the steamboat, on his way to Baltimore, that he will call on me on his return in about a week, to take what I may have to send to you. By him I shall send back your manuscript, and also Volney's late work on the same subject, which Sir William Jones has so ably treated, — the manner of writing the Oriental languages with Roman characters. I mean to propose to you by and by to have your Alphabet, with few explanations, printed singly, and distributed among missionary societies, etc. This will be the way to make it useful and bring it into practice. I wish I had you here for an hour only; armed with my books, I would throw volumes at your head, and we would swim together in a sea of philology. I hope that pleasure is yet to come; but I must not waste my paper in expressing wishes."

In reply to Mr. Du Ponceau my father writes : —

JULY 13, 1820.

I anxiously wait the arrival of your packet of remarks on the several parts of my paper in their order. I am glad to find that it meets with your approbation in the main, and I shall now feel the less diffidence in submitting it to the scholars of our own and any other country to which the weightier matter of the Academy's volume shall carry it.² I have only to regret that you had not written upon the subject; but I shall let the public have the benefit of your observations as far as you will permit.

J. P.

On the 17th of July Mr. Du Ponceau writes : —

"I this moment received your favor of the 13th. I hope before this comes to hand you will have received my heavy budget by

¹ "My learned friend Mr. Du Ponceau."

² Memoir on a Uniform Orthography for the Indian Languages of North America.

your much venerated father, whom I had the honor of seeing on Saturday last, — and we talked much of you, as you may suppose. I regret much that he did not make a longer stay. I feel much flattered by your approbation of the hints I have taken the liberty to give to you. I do not regret not having written upon the subject, as I find you are so fully adequate to it. You say the public will have the benefit of my observations as far as I will permit. They are intended for any use that you may think proper; those that are correct are merely those that would have occurred to you on further reflection, and therefore I claim no merit to myself from them. I have kept no copy of my letters, and remember very little of what I wrote. You must take and use my letters and notes as you would a conversation between you and me, in which ideas are mixed, and truth comes out from the recollections awakened on both sides, — indeed, it would be very difficult in most cases to separate my ideas from your own. I always laugh at those who are afraid of communicating their thoughts to others, lest they should make use of them; besides that it evinces a great deal of vanity, it shows a very scanty stock in the minds of those who are so afraid, — and avarice in such cases is generally connected with poverty. I am poor indeed in this respect; but literary avarice never was, and never will be, my passion.”

A newspaper article for the “Salem Gazette,” headed “British Reviews,” was written by my father and published in the “Salem Gazette” of July 14. It was called forth by an article, signed “B.,” in the “New York American,” written in reply to criticisms in the “Edinburgh” and “Quarterly” Reviews upon American literature.

In one of Mr. Du Ponceau’s letters to my father he says: —

“From what you say of my philological essays, I should think you understand German. I shall be happy to congratulate you upon it, for it is a noble language and a well of science.”

To this my father replies : —

“ As to German, I am going to read two or three times a week with a teacher in this town, for the sake of compelling myself to devote a regular portion of time to it.”

On the subject of Greek pronunciation, my father addressed letters to Professors Vater, of Germany, Reuven and Van Lennep, of Holland, and Richard Payne Knight, of London.

In August of this year Henry Little, son of the late Dr. Moses Little (whose wife was Elizabeth (Williams) Little, a cousin of my father) came into our family. Having lost both his parents in childhood, his nearest relatives were anxious to place him under the guidance of my father, whose attachment to Dr. Little and his wife secured his warm interest in their son. He remained in our family for more than a year.

My mother's mother, Mrs. Payson, died September 7 of this year, after a short illness.

On the 21st of October Mr. Du Ponceau writes to my father, saying : —

“ I have the pleasure to inform you that at a very numerous meeting of the American Philosophical Society you were last night unanimously elected a member of that Society. I understand that the Rev. Samuel F. Jarvis, late of New York, has been called to Boston, where he now resides. As I do not know his direction, you will oblige me, if you are acquainted with him, by informing him that he also has been elected a member of the American Philosophical Society.”

To this my father replied : —

SALEM, Oct. 26, 1820.

I received your friendly letter yesterday, announcing my election into your Philosophical Society, the circumstances attending which are highly flattering, and cannot but be gratifying

to a person who has any ambition of being *laudatus a laudatis viris*. I am not personally acquainted with Dr. Jarvis, but I shall be in Boston to-morrow, and will communicate it to him through one of his friends, at whose request (*entre nous*) I wrote the short review of his Discourse in the North American.¹

In writing to Mr. Du Ponceau, December 12, my father says:—

“I envy you the rich donations of foreign books you are expecting from Mr. Adelung and from Sweden. But I console myself with the reflection that they will be more useful to the country with you than with us; and that is the first object. We think here, by the way, that the Government (that is, the country) would be great gainers if they would permit us to import books written in foreign languages free of duty; and with that view a number of gentlemen in this town made application to Congress last winter to exempt books of that kind and scientific books (such as never can be reprinted here, and of which we always choose to have originals instead of copies) from the usual duties. But this winter we find Congress, with parliamentary politeness, gives us leave to withdraw our petition. I wish you could co-operate with us, and make one more appeal to the liberality of the Government on this subject, from your part of the country. Our own booksellers ought not to complain, because they reprint none of the books we want, and they would certainly gain more by their commissions, etc., on the increased importations. Mr. Isaac Davis informs me that you were almost persuaded to engage to make us a visit next year; I hope you will be able to do it. In case you do, you must give me as much of your visit as possible.”

In the course of his correspondence in the year 1820 my father received letters from the learned Coray at Paris, and from Dr. Stephen Oeconomos at Smyrna, both written in Greek, their native language; as well as from another Greek gentleman at Samos, Mr.

¹ Review of Dr. Jarvis's Discourse on the Religion, etc., of the Indian Tribes of North America.

Darbar, whose correspondence on the subject of Greek pronunciation had been obtained by the kind offices of Mr. Issaverdens, on a visit to his native country.

It was in the year 1810 that my father's attention seems to have been first attracted to the aboriginal languages of North America, by meeting with a chief of the Oneida tribe who visited Salem in the autumn of that year. From him my father obtained the alphabet of the Oneida language and a list of a few common words, — now preserved among his literary papers. In the year 1819, when the Rev. Hiram Bingham was about setting off as the first missionary sent to the Sandwich Islands by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, he came to consult my father as to the mode of writing the unwritten dialects of those islands, and he brought with him a Hawaiian (Owhyheean) youth, Thomas Hopoo, educated at the Foreign Missionary School at Cornwall, Conn., with whom my father had some interviews, and from whom an idea of the sounds of his native language could be obtained. By Mr. Bingham's earnest and anxious desire, my father gave him his views advocating the adoption of the foreign sounds of the vowels, afterwards forming the basis of his *Essay on the Uniform Orthography of Indian Languages*, which was published in the *Memoirs of the American Academy*. In his communication to Mr. Bingham, embraced in a letter of seven pages, Oct. 19, 1819, my father says: —

“As various nations of Europe are engaged in the work of foreign missions, and have already written and will continue to write and publish books, both for the instruction of the heathen and for the information of the learned, it is desirable that some

common orthography should be adopted for the unwritten languages. This will enable them to read our Indian books with ease, and will make theirs also easy of access to us. For this reason I have long thought it would be best to adopt as the basis of the orthography what we call the foreign sounds of all the vowels; this should in my judgment be the basis of the proposed orthography. But whatever orthography you do finally adopt, I think you ought not to print any of your books without a key or table of the sounds of the letters, so that the learned of Europe may be able to get some idea of the language, and be able to co-operate with the greater effect. I hope your duties will permit you occasionally to compare the language of your islanders with those of the others in the South Sea, and also with those of the Asiatic and American coasts,—an inquiry which may ultimately be of great utility.”

In the year 1820 the Rev. Joseph Pickering of England died in London. In 1796 he had begun a correspondence with Colonel Pickering, which was followed by my father's acquaintance with him at his home in England. He was then living at Wickham, near Fareham, in Hampshire; but his talents and worth obtained his promotion soon afterwards to a parish in London, where he died.

From John Quincy Adams the following letter was received by my father:—

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5, 1821.

SIR, — I have to acknowledge and to thank you for the favor of your letter of the 21st of December last, with four copies of your Essay on a Uniform Orthography for the Indian Languages of North America, the disposal of which shall be made conformably to your desire. The course of my occupations has not permitted me heretofore to follow the train of inquiry into the nature and character of the Indian languages even sufficiently to appreciate, with a due knowledge of the subject, the details of your work; but the principle of its foundation is obviously

important, and its accomplishment, by facilitating the acquisition of those languages, would at once multiply the sources of our information concerning those by whom they are spoken, and enlarge the general stock of philological knowledge. With my best wishes for your success in the pursuit of both these objects, I remain with great respect, sir, your very humble and obedient servant,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

To Mr. Du Ponceau my father writes from Salem, March 3 : —

“Your letter of the 26th ultimo, which arrived to-day, reminded me of my being in debt to you for one of an older date, which I received at the beginning of our late term of Court. The Court adjourned a day or two ago, and I have now a little respite; having had, in addition to my common civil business, the labor of a capital trial, in which the Court assigned me as one of the counsel for the prisoner. I sent you the other day a copy of the trial as printed. The arguments, as I need not inform you, are mere outlines, with the exception of that of my colleague, who had had time enough to digest and prepare an opening in a more elaborate and finished form than was practicable for me upon so short notice as I had of the duty assigned to me; and after the excitement of the occasion is over, I cannot sit down to recompose an argument and attempt to give it the original coloring. But I need not make any further comments for you. I have lately received some little articles from Greece, by the intervention of our friend Mr. Issaverdens and Mr. Fisk, one of the American missionaries to the Levant. The latter has procured me a present of two works (on Rhetoric and Ethics) published by Mr. Bambas, who is the head of the College of Scio, and who has sent them to me in his own name, which he has inscribed in the books. Thus by degrees I hope we shall form a more intimate acquaintance with that quarter of the world.”

The capital trial mentioned by my father in the foregoing letter, and in which he was most unexpectedly

engaged, was a memorable one, from the circumstances attending the commission of the crime, the youth of the culprit, the excitement and deep feeling in the community, and its permanent results. It was the trial of Stephen Merrill Clarke, of Newburyport, for arson. He was a son of respectable parents, but a wild, reckless youth, only sixteen years old. On the trial it appeared that without any malice on his part against the injured parties, but incited and urged by a profligate female older than himself, with whom he associated, he had set fire to a stable in Newburyport, in the vicinity of a dwelling-house, which also took fire, and was eventually consumed. Suspicion was soon directed towards him, and sufficient evidence came out, from his unguarded admissions and communications to his vicious female associates, to warrant his arrest and his imprisonment, first in Newburyport, and afterwards in a jail at Salem, awaiting his trial. Leverett Saltonstall and John Glen King, Esquires, were appointed his counsel; but extreme and fatal illness in the family of Mr. Saltonstall caused the Court to assign his portion of the duty to my father afterwards. The town of Newburyport had suffered much from conflagrations, and there was a natural and great excitement there from this cause. On the other hand, the youth of the culprit elicited peculiar sympathy, and the trial, with the death-penalty impending on the issue, made the case one of extreme interest to all, and of painful anxiety to my father. The prisoner's cause was a desperate one, as it proved, in the light of the law; and although every effort in his behalf was made by his counsel, a verdict of guilty was announced in a few hours after the case

was given to the jury. A petition from many of the most respectable inhabitants of the county, begging for a commutation of the sentence of death, was presented to the Executive. I remember that the poor distressed father came to our house in behalf of his son, and that Mr. Saltonstall and my father had a special interview with Governor Brooks; but the sentence of the law was carried into execution, and young Clarke was hanged in public in Salem before he had attained the age of seventeen years! This execution for the crime of arson was the final one in this State, the law authorizing the death-penalty having since been expunged from the statute-book. I think it was the only capital trial in which my father was ever engaged.

Mr. Du Ponceau, in writing March 8, says: —

“I have received your report of the arson case, which I have read with great interest. You made the best of the cause you had to defend; and it was a bad cause if there ever was one.”

Writing to Mr. Du Ponceau, April 16, my father says: —

“In consequence of our State Convention our regular terms of Court have been broken in upon, and everything so much deranged that I have not been able to make any calculation upon leisure hours these three months. To-morrow I go again to attend our Supreme Court for about ten days; but after that I hope to be at leisure during a good part of the summer. I have, however, during this interval of disorder sometimes given a momentary thought to Eliot's Grammar, and have lately received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Daggett (the superintendent of the Missionary School at Cornwall, Conn.) in answer to some inquiries I made of him. I expect to be employed incessantly for the summer in carrying through the press the Greek and English Lexicon. It is only a school-book,

but I hope better than Schrevelius in its present state, and will, I hope, invite our countrymen to the study of that wonderfully rich and flexible language."

To this Mr. Du Ponceau replied, April 20: —

"I have not forgotten Eliot's Grammar. As soon as my Historical Address is finished and delivered, it will be my next object; and we will then go up to our elbows in Indian etymologies, roots, verbs, etc. I shall begin when the roses come, for it is a rosy subject to me."

In the spring of this year my father was elected an honorary member of the Society for the Promotion of Legal Knowledge, Philadelphia, and a corresponding member of the American Philosophical Society, of which he was already an honorary member.

In writing to the Hon. Frederic Adelung,¹ March 26, and sending a copy of the Vocabulary, the Essay on Greek Pronunciation, and the Essay on a Uniform Orthography, my father says: —

"They are not the elaborate productions of one who has had the leisure and other advantages of a professor, but they are the efforts of a mere amateur in literature, and the fruits of those few hours which I have been able to spare from the business of the laborious profession of the law in which I am engaged. The subject of the last of these publications is one of great interest to those persons who are impelled either by curiosity or other motives to study any of the unwritten languages of the globe. I hope, therefore, that this little effort of mine will be received by the learned of the Old World with all that candor which they are accustomed to show towards every work, however humble, the object of which is the common cause of letters."

¹ Frederic von Adelung, historian and philologist, a native of Stettin, born 1768. After prosecuting his studies and researches in Rome, went to St. Petersburg, where he was appointed tutor in 1803 to the Grand Princes Nicholas and Michael, and received an order of nobility. In 1825 he was made president of the Asiatic Society of St. Petersburg.

Mr. Du Ponceau, writing to my father, 2d of July, says : —

“I have the pleasure to inform you that I have just received a letter from the excellent Vater¹ (dated Halle, Dec. 18, 1820), in which he desires me to return his particular thanks to the author of the valuable Dissertation on the Greek Pronunciation for the communication of that work, which he has received. Vater is a man of few words, and says much by a single epithet. He has acknowledged in the same plain manner the receipt of our Historical Transactions, though treating of his favorite subject. ‘Die schönen Transactions’ is all he says about them. ‘Die schätzbare Schrift über die Pronuntiation’ is the short manner in which he expresses his sense of your work; and in Vaterian language it says much. Speaking of other works sent to him from another quarter, he says, ‘die unbedeutende Aufsätze’ (the insignificant writings). He is a true Spartan in language, and says *multum in parvo*. Of another work that I sent him he says ‘der Discourse,’ without epithet. Such are his gradations. I sent to you last week a copy of a Discourse which I lately delivered before our Philosophical Society, on the early history of this State. My object is to direct our rising literary spirit, towards national history. To aid in attaining it I have set on foot a subscription for a large historical painting of William Penn’s landing in 1682. The subscription is filled, and an eminent painter already at work. By these innocent means we may create a strong independent national spirit, which is much wanted.”

In reply, my father writes to Mr. Du Ponceau, July 3 : —

“I have lately received your Discourse on the early history of Pennsylvania, which I need not assure you I have read with much interest; and of all parts of it the view of Penn’s character was the most striking, because you make him a much greater man than we have been accustomed to consider him. Yet, on reflection, I think you make out your case. Your sketch deserves

¹ Joh. Sev. Vater, Professor at Halle.

a more full development in a particular history of this extraordinary lawgiver; and from whom could the history of a great lawgiver come with so much authority as from yourself? It is easy to perceive that his name excites in your feelings a glow which is not conspicuous in other parts of the Discourse, and which is an earnest of what you would give us if your thoughts should be concentrated for a more considerable length of time upon the single subject of his character. We have lately (as you will have seen by the 'Salem Gazette') been forming a County Historical Society for the County of Essex, which is the oldest in Massachusetts, exclusive of Plymouth. Our object is stated in the 'Gazette' of last week, June 29, to which I beg leave to refer you. By means of these local associations we can excite a degree of zeal and emulation which I trust will be productive of much benefit to the history of our country at large, as well as to the particular district where they happen to be formed. We begin with as effective a corps as can probably be collected in any of our counties, excepting always that where the metropolis is situated. Our State Society are now proceeding with their ninth volume of the Historical Collections; and having advanced about two hundred pages, they have called upon me to fill up the residue of the volume with Eliot's Indian Grammar. I stated to the Committee that this new edition will have a Preface by myself, a biography of the author by the late Dr. Eliot, — a lineal descendant of the 'apostle,' — and, what would be of more value than all the rest, Notes by you to as large an extent as you might find time to prepare. The Preface is all planned, and only wants revising."

In the summer of this year my father unexpectedly received from Europe a gratifying recognition of the value of his philological labors and attainments, as will be seen by the correspondence which follows.

The Rev. Dr. Kirkland, President of Harvard University, in a note to my father, June 5, says: —

DEAR SIR, — I this morning received from George Bancroft, A. M. and Doctor of Philosophy at Göttingen, a letter dated

at Heidelberg, March 24, enclosing the open letter herewith sent from Mr. Humboldt to you. B. says to me: "I believe I mentioned how deep an interest Baron W. von Humboldt takes in the inquiries now making respecting the American languages. On my showing him one of Mr. Pickering's Reviews¹ he expressed a desire of opening a correspondence with Mr. Pickering, and accordingly sent me lately a letter for him. I received the letter sent to me without an envelope, and as it is of some importance, I request you to give it to him, etc." With great regard, I am, dear sir, your friend and servant,

JOHN T. KIRKLAND.

The following letter from Mr. George Bancroft enters more fully into the subject: —

HEIDELBERG, April 12, 1821.

DEAR SIR, — You will hardly recollect a young countryman of yours who during the period of his studies at Cambridge had the honor of being introduced to you. Nevertheless, as I have two or three things to communicate to you, I have taken the liberty of addressing a few lines to you directly. You certainly well know by his high reputation the learned Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, the brother of the ingenious traveller A. von Humboldt. Wilhelm von Humboldt unites to his high rank as a politician and nobleman the more important distinctions of genius and erudition. He is now engaged on a work about the languages of the North American Indians, in perfecting which he seems determined to spare neither labor nor expense. In the course of the winter I showed him one of your Reviews relating to that subject, with which he was so much charmed that he had it copied in manuscript, and expressed a strong desire of opening a literary correspondence with its author. I assured him of the readiness of every American gentleman to afford the Europeans whatever aid they can, and offered to forward to you any letter he might wish to send; accordingly he gave me a letter unsealed and without envelope, which I

¹ Review of the Rev. Dr. Jarvis's Discourse on the Religion, etc., of the Indian Tribes of North America. — *North American Review*, vol. xi.

forwarded through Dr. Kirkland to you a few days ago. I now enclose a list of all the works which the Baron already possesses in the Indian tongues, that in case anything should be sent him from America, it may not be works which he possesses. Your Review of Heckewelder I was sorry to have parted with before reaching Berlin; that, therefore, M. von Humboldt has not had an opportunity of seeing. Some time ago I made you several warm friends by means of your Dissertation on the Pronunciation of the Greek Language. Between twelve and twenty young men from Greece were my fellow-students at Göttingen; they regarded your Essay as a vindication of their national honor. The very learned Asopius — author of a poem in modern Greek on the death of the Princess Charlotte, and Professor at the University of the Republic of the Seven Isles — is better versed in the ancient Greek than most men in their own tongue. To him I made a present of a copy of your Essay, which my most kind friend Professor Norton had taken care to send me. The Grecian was very much moved by it, and on my quitting Göttingen he gave me one of the best specimens of Romaic literature for you, as a token of his gratitude. I forwarded it to you last autumn, and trust you have ere this received it.¹ On my showing to Professor Asopius, at a subsequent period, your Review on the same subject of Pronunciation, he came to me after some days with a request from his countrymen to leave with them that number of the North American journal: “for,” said he, “the French write of us sometimes, and the English too;” but to see from the other side of the ocean a work about their tongue seemed prodigious, and they were anxious to preserve it as a proof of the interest taken in America in their welfare. The interest taken throughout Germany in American literature is vast, and constantly increasing. I have just read, in one of the standard German literary journals, a short review, or rather abstract, of your Vocabulary. The “North American Review” is seized upon with avidity on all sides. If during my stay in Europe I could in any way be of

¹ Translation of the Greek inscription in the volume: To the Hon. John Pickering of Boston, Constantinos Asopius, from the Ionian Islands in the Continent of Greece, sends this small mark of friendship.

service to you, I pray you to command me. I shall pass the summer at Paris, where my address will be Welles & Williams. Excuse the freedom I have taken of addressing a few lines to you, and accept the assurances of the high consideration with which I have the honor to be your most devoted and faithful servant,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

TO JOHN PICKERING, ESQ.

The first letter of Baron Humboldt, dated at Berlin, Feb. 24, 1821, and received by my father June 6, is written in French, as were all the subsequent ones. In the volume with the originals is a translation of the first one, made by my father, which is here copied :—

BERLIN, Feb. 24, 1821.

SIR,— You will no doubt be surprised that, without having the pleasure of being acquainted with you, I take the liberty to write to you. But Mr. Bancroft, with whom I have had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance this winter, encourages me to do it, and I am the more desirous to lose no time in accepting his obliging offer of forwarding my letter, as I have read with the greatest interest an article of which you are the author, — I mean the analysis which you made of the Discourse of Mr. Jarvis upon the Religion of the Indian Tribes of North America. The ideas which you have there developed respecting the languages of those nations appear to me so just, so important in themselves, and so fertile in results, that I could not resist the desire of communicating with you for a few moments upon that subject, and to request you to have the goodness to aid me with your intelligent assistance in my study of it. I have for a long time employed myself in researches concerning the American languages; I have collected by the assistance of my brother (whose travels will have been known to you), as well as by my own exertions while I was Minister of the King at Rome, where I had an opportunity of consulting some of the ex-Jesuits, a very considerable quantity of materials; and I wish to form a work as complete and as detailed as possible upon the

languages of the New Continent. These languages, as you, sir, and Mr. Heckewelder have so well shown, exhibit peculiarities so striking, natural beauties so surprising, and such a richness in forms (which, indeed, would be embarrassing if it were not for a strict analogy, which comes in aid of the memory) that it is impossible to apply one's self to the study of language in general without feeling the want of investigating these languages in particular. It seems to me particularly necessary to endeavor to determine in the surest manner whether the peculiarities of which I have just spoken are common to all the American languages, or whether they only belong to some of them; and next, whether they appertain to a certain train of thought and intellectual individuality altogether peculiar to the American nations, or rather, whether that which distinguishes them proceeds from the social state, from the degree of civilization in which those people happen to be who speak them. This last idea has often struck me; it has seemed to me sometimes that the character of the American languages is perhaps that through which all languages in their origin must at some time have passed, and from which they have departed only by undergoing changes and revolutions with which unfortunately we are too imperfectly acquainted. I have endeavored to investigate some European languages which seem to have been preserved in their original purity, such as the Basque language; and I have, in fact, found there several of these same peculiarities, — without, however, in consequence of that being able to join in opinion with Mr. Vater, who would fain establish a real affinity between that language and those of the New Continent. On the other hand, it might be equally possible that the people of America, however great the difference may be among yourselves, might, by reason of their separation from the other parts of the world, have adopted an analogy of language and a different intellectual character which might have been impressed naturally on their languages. I have endeavored to lay before you, sir, the problem which I am particularly anxious to solve. But I need not say to you that there is an infinity of other points in these languages which it is interesting to examine, in relation to a philosophical analysis of language and the history of nations. The basis of all these investigations, however, rests upon a perfect

knowledge of those languages themselves, a scrupulous examination of the structure, and an exact analysis of their primitives and derivatives. It seems to me that people have been too hasty in drawing general conclusions from a very small mass of matters of fact. I shall make a point of avoiding this fault, and of obtaining as exact a knowledge as possible of each idiom. Experience has shown me that those things, which appear very extraordinary on the first view, are by this means explained, and appear simple and natural. It is only to be regretted that we are still deficient (especially we Europeans) in those literary aids which would facilitate this study; and it is particularly in respect to this that I take the liberty to apply to you, sir, and to request you to be good enough (so far as it may be done without giving yourself too much trouble) to communicate to me those works upon the American languages which are to be found with you, or which may be published hereafter. Perhaps you may also find opportunities of obtaining for me copies of manuscript notices. I would with pleasure pay the expense which that might occasion to any person whom you may point out. In order also that you may be informed of what I possess already, I annex a minute of printed books which I have on the American languages. I possess, moreover, some manuscript works which I had of some ex-Jesuits. My address is: To Baron de Humboldt, Minister of State of the King of Prussia, at Berlin. I cannot express to you, sir, how much you will oblige me by being willing to second my undertaking, and I venture to flatter myself that it will contribute to making more general the knowledge and study of the languages of the continent which you inhabit. I have the honor to be, with the most distinguished consideration, sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

HUMBOLDT.

P. S. — If you do me the honor to answer this letter, I beg of you to do it in English. I read English perfectly well, but I dare not write it, for fear of committing too many solecisms.

In a letter to Sir James Mackintosh, dated April 16, my father writes as follows: —

“I perceive by the British Reviews that you some time ago communicated to the Literary Society of Bombay an interesting Dissertation relating to the Oriental Languages, but I have not yet had the satisfaction of seeing the communication itself. Having myself a fondness for philological studies (which, however, I am obliged to pursue under the disadvantage of professional avocations, and with only those limited means which the present state of our country affords), I lately read before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences at Boston a short paper relative to the study of the native languages of this continent, the particular subject of it being the expediency of adopting in those languages an orthography which shall be common to foreigners and ourselves; and I now take the liberty to beg your acceptance of a copy of this publication as a small testimonial of that reverence which every lover of elegant literature cannot but entertain for so accomplished a scholar as yourself. I have been the more strongly impelled to submit this little performance to your perusal, in consequence of having understood from some of my friends (particularly Mr. Ticknor, of Boston, who had the satisfaction of seeing you in England) that you have been pleased to express your approbation of a former publication of mine upon the subject of our American Words and Phrases, and of which I take the liberty to send you a copy also, from the same motives which have induced me to ask your acceptance of the other little work. From the introductory and other remarks in the Vocabulary, you will have perceived the solicitude I feel that we should in this country preserve uncontaminated that noble language which we inherit in common with yourselves from English ancestors, and of which your own writings in particular afford us so finished a model. This desirable object can only be accomplished by the steady and friendly co-operation of our brethren in England, whose admonitions, given in that spirit of liberality which will not lessen their efficiency, will never be disregarded by the intelligent and candid in this country.”

In a volume of my father's General Correspondence is the following extract from a letter of Sir William Scott to Judge Story, of Salem : —

MAY 10, 1821.

I am much amused with the Vocabulary you sent me. Pray thank Mr. Pickering for it. It is full of curious research and remark. I will not deny that some of your deflections from our modes of speech are real additions and improvements, though I should think that the safest course is a cautious adherence to our purest modes of speaking and writing. If every man has a right to coin words, great corruption must follow, such a right ripening into a habit. I send Mr. Pickering a bit of my Latin, which I rubbed up after forty years' disuse, for the purpose of presenting my excellent friend Sir W. Grant, late Master of the Rolls, to the degree of LL.D. at Oxford last summer. Mr. P. will read it with all allowances for the rust it had contracted during so many years' estrangement. Sir W. Grant acted as an officer in our garrison of Quebec at the time of the siege by General Montgomery, whose body he himself found out after the engagement.¹

From Richard Payne Knight, Esq.,² my father received the following letter : —

3 SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, May 30, 1821.

SIR, — I return you many thanks for your elegant and ingenious Essay on the Pronunciation of Modern Greek, and beg your acceptance of an edition of the Homeric Poems, in which I have been bold — perhaps rash — enough to attempt to restore them to their original form and language; for no opinion is more erroneous than that the Greek tongue was stationary. I have sent with the Homeric volume a sheet containing some further illustrations of the Elean inscription published in the "Classical

¹ Sir William Scott, brother of Lord Eldon, born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1745, a graduate and Professor of the University of Oxford, King's Advocate-General and knighted in 1788, Admiralty Judge in 1789, member of Parliament in 1792, represented Oxford University in that body in 1802, till summoned to the House of Peers and created Baron Stowell in 1821.

² Richard Payne Knight, a patron and lover of learning and the fine arts, to the study and encouragement of which he devoted a great portion of his time and ample fortune. Classical literature was his favorite study; his splendid collection of ancient bronzes, medals, pictures, and drawings, in his museum at his house in Soho Square, was bequeathed at his death to the British Museum. He died in 1824, aged 76.

Journal," in consequence of the nonsense which I found circulated concerning it; and shall be highly gratified if I can contribute to promote in the smallest degree, among so great and increasing a people, the study of that which I have found to be the most pure, exquisite, and inexhaustible source of amusement and delight, and which, by making us acquainted with a richer, fuller, and more exalted vehicle of intellectual intercourse, seems to introduce us to the acquaintance of a higher order of intellectual beings. I remain, sir, your obliged and obedient servant,

R. P. KNIGHT.

At this time my father had a correspondence with Dr. Popkin, of Harvard College, in reference to his Greek Lexicon, and with the Rev. Pliny Fisk, American missionary to Greece, in relation to modern Greek.

Mr. Fisk writes from Smyrna, May 15, 1821:—

DEAR SIR, — Your acceptable favor of February 17 reached me the 23d of last month, accompanied by the pamphlet and letter for Bambas. The continuance of your correspondence affords me no small gratification. At the commencement of the present political disturbances between the Turks and the Greeks, the college at Scio was in a manner broken up. Bambas is gone, but I have not yet been able to learn where. Your letter and the pamphlet shall be forwarded as soon as I learn where to send them. Report says that Bambas is gone to Malta, or to Corfu. If so, perhaps the next we hear of him he will be at the head of a college in one of the Ionian islands. He would be an admirable man for such a place, and Lord Guilford, to whom the establishment of literary institutions in those islands is in some sort committed, is said to be very zealous in laying plans and procuring means for reviving among the modern Grecians the glory of ancient times. You inquire about Greek inscriptions in Scio. I saw nothing of the kind there, — indeed, the island is distinguished for no antiquities whatever. While other places around us are interesting on account of what they were, Scio is interesting on account of what it now is, and of what it promises to be, — at least, such were my reflections when there.

What effects it will experience in consequence of the present political movement in the country, I will not undertake to predict. With this I send you a few inscriptions which I copied at Pergamus, Thyatira, and Sardis. I hope they may afford you a little amusement in some moment of leisure. With kindest respects to Mrs. Pickering, and Mr. and Mrs. Peirce, I am, sir, truly yours,

P. FISK.

P. S. — I have written a small Romaic tract for distribution among the Greek children, of which I enclose a copy.

CHAPTER XV.

Eliot's Indian Grammar. — Correspondence with Mr. Du Ponceau. — Free Importation of Foreign Books. — Proposals for a Chinese School. — Degree from Bowdoin College.

1821-1822.

As the members of my father's family were rarely separated, or at any considerable distance from home, but few letters of a domestic nature exist. My own childhood was constantly spent with my parents, except between the ages of nine and eleven, when I was in the family of my aunt, Mrs. Nathaniel Adams, at Portsmouth, N. H., for the advantage of musical instruction not then to be obtained in Salem. No letters of that period to myself now exist. As my grandmother, Mrs. Payson, and two of my mother's married sisters were living in Portsmouth at that time, the occasional visits of my parents, which I well remember, probably took the place of elaborate letter-writing.

Mr. Du Ponceau, in a letter to my father, July 25, 1821, says that he has nearly translated Zeisberger's Onondaga Grammar, from the German manuscript copy, and that he has begun to translate Zeisberger's Onondaga Dictionary, also in manuscript in seven thick quarto volumes, and written in German. Mr. Du Ponceau adds: —

“ But whether I shall be able to finish it, I cannot say; for it is a most heavy labor. Still, it is better to do something than

to be idle. I think I could compass much if I had not professional business and heavy land trusts upon my hands, which take up a great part of my time in a manner not the most pleasant to me. But we must do our duty as we find it chalked out for us. The late General Hamilton used to say that true happiness consisted in being constantly employed in some occupation of your choice; and he was perfectly right. But there are few men in this life who have the privilege of choosing their occupation; and when they have, they generally abuse it."

During the preparation of Eliot's Indian Grammar for the press, and while it was in the course of publication, the correspondence between my father and Mr. Du Ponceau was chiefly engrossed by a discussion of the grammatical details which the subject presented, and their connection with the science of comparative philology. This Grammar was to be republished by the Massachusetts Historical Society, in a volume of their Collections. The Grammar of John Eliot, missionary to the Massachusetts Indians, was originally published by the venerable "apostle," at Cambridge, in the year 1666. It bore this title: "The Indian Grammar begun; or, an Essay to bring the Indian Language into Rules, for the Help of such as desire to learn the same, for the Furtherance of the Gospel among them." It was comprised in sixty-six pages; and it had become so rare that there was not one perfect printed copy in the extensive collection of early American publications in the archives of the Historical Society. A perfect copy, however, owned by a member of the Society, was used now in preparing Eliot's Grammar for republication. Several years previous Roger Williams's "Vocabulary of the Narragansett Dialect" had been republished by the

Massachusetts Historical Society ; and in carrying out their intention of communicating to the public all rare and valuable memorials of the Indian languages, their Publishing Committee intrusted to my father, who was one of its members, the care of the republication of Eliot's Grammar, which appears to have been the first Indian Grammar ever printed in North America. In the prosecution of this work Mr. Du Ponceau's interest was warmly enlisted, and his valuable aid most freely given. He had consented to furnish some notes on the Grammar ; and in writing to my father, August 16, he says : —

“ I send you the introductory part of my Notes on Eliot ; I am now going to plunge into the subject. I hope you will permit your name to appear at the head, as it is my wish to dedicate this trifling labor to you.”

In reply, my father writes : —

“ I cannot but be gratified with your plan of addressing the Remarks to me, and shall let them remain in that form. I confess I am delighted that the character of our old Apostle Eliot (as you know he was called) has made the same impression on your mind that it did on mine. The more I have reflected on his biography, the more it has excited my feelings in his favor.”

In a later letter to my father, Mr. Du Ponceau, referring to their joint labor on Eliot's Grammar, says :

“ Your wish that I had written Preface and all is very flattering to me. I also wish you had written Notes and all. My Vocabularies go on ; I have now forty-three in the book. I wish then you were here, that I could show them to you. If you had the sun, you know you would not enjoy it without somebody to say, ‘ See what a fine sun ! ’ ”

In one of his letters to Mr. Du Ponceau my father says : —

“It is unnecessary for me to tell you how much gratification I receive from your approbation of anything I write, especially when I have to write upon subjects of which I know so little as of the Indian languages. As to the Philosophers, I was not sorry to have an opportunity of a hit¹ at them. How shameful it is, that while others are rambling among the thorns and briars of the Indian thickets in search of facts, those lazy fellows should loll in their armchairs and cut out an Indian language or Indian manners, according to their own pattern, with as little hesitation or doubt as if they had explored everything themselves! I am tired of such reveries, and I hope what you have done will dispel these dreams.”

On receiving from my father a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Essex Historical Society Mr. Du Ponceau acknowledged it in the following playful manner : —

SEPTEMBER 11, 1821.

I have received by this day's mail the Constitution of your Essex Junto, with which I am much pleased; it is a good example for every district of our country. I hope and wish that you may meet with all desired success, and that your Society may long flourish under the shade of your venerable *Quercus Sacer*,² — a good device, I think, to preserve in your Corporate Seal the memory of your first President, who is truly a *quercus sacer*, and not a Holly-oke. I love dearly foolish trifling when writing to those who I know will overlook it. You must know I have been employed all the morning in drafting legal writings, — a most fatiguing piece of business, which makes it delightful to unbend the bow a little, and let the mind fly at random, and the poor dreamer awake. Through the kindness of Mr. Tudor,

¹ Introductory Observations to Eliot's Indian Grammar.

² Dr. Edward L. Holyoke, of Salem, a graduate of Harvard College in 1746.

I received yesterday an excellent Vocabulary of the Language of the Penobscot Indians, written and spelled according to the Pickeringian Orthography, by his sister, Mrs. Gardiner, of Hallowell, Me., who from a letter to her brother which I have seen, and from the manner in which the Vocabulary is arranged, appears to be a very sensible, amiable woman.

On the 26th of September Mr. Du Ponceau writes :

“I have lately received a letter from the good Vater. His letter is written in haste, as usual ; he desires me to remember him to all who honor him with their friendship in this country. I have no doubt you will before long receive a letter from him. He writes to me that he is about to write a new work, on the Grammar of the American Indian languages, which he says will be a great improvement on his own Mithridates. You know he is the author of that part of the work which concerns America. He desires me to send him materials, which I am about to do. I have been told by Mr. Cogswell that Baron Humboldt contemplates a work of the same description. I am glad the publication of the venerable Eliot’s Grammar will come in aid of all these exertions, and that our country has taken a part in this branch of scientific investigation, which as to us may be considered as truly national. *Excudent alii.* Let others (those of the Old World) attend to Persian, Arabic, Celtic, and other Eastern antiquities : to us it belongs to work the rich mine which lies at our feet ; and the world will applaud us as it always applauds those who are in their proper place, do their own business, and whose conduct is within the line of propriety.”

In sending his manuscript Notes on Eliot’s Grammar to my father for the press, Mr. Du Ponceau says :—

“Do what you please with my poor Notes, and be assured that every alteration done by you, — nay, every stroke of the axe, — will be an amendment in my eyes, and that my confidence in you is as unbounded as my sincere affection.”

In a subsequent letter he says : —

“I have this day (September 7) received by mail your able Introduction to Eliot’s Grammar, — I should have said ‘able and elegant,’ because it is both. The style would have excited my jealousy if I were susceptible of that mean passion. The method is excellent. You first take a bird’s-eye view of Indian languages generally, then of the particular idiom before you, leaving the details to your humble successor in the field. I have only to observe that you have made me more conspicuous than I deserve; but I attribute it to your partiality, which is sincerely returned. You have made capital use of Clavigero and Molina, as well as of Williams, Colden, and Company. Your list of Eliot’s works shows he was truly a wonderful man.”

At a later date (October 8) Mr. Du Ponceau writes :

“You are mistaken in your comparison of your Preface and my Notes. The idea of the phenomena of language is new and beautiful, and worth above one hundred pages of Notes. It will give rise to more new ideas and things than you are aware of. A noble book is wanted in philology, — the Phenomena of Human Language. You are worthy of writing the book, since the idea is yours; if you do not, it will be written, for this is a mother-idea that will create a new title in philological literature. Could jealousy enter into my composition, I should be jealous of that idea, which I would give much to have conceived and developed as you have. Humboldt has understood it, and paid its author due homage for it.”

On the 8th of October my father, in a letter to Mr. Du Ponceau, says : —

“You say that Mr. Cogswell told you that Baron Humboldt was about a work on the American languages. The Baron speaks of it in his letter to me, in which he expresses a strong wish to make his work the most complete that has appeared. I have just despatched a packet for him, with such trifling

materials as I possessed or had access to; with specimens of our two or three manuscripts. As to our Essex Junto Circular, it was drawn up in great haste by Judge Story; but we shall make another one, and I will in that take care of our Indians as you wish. But I must break off abruptly, as it is late at night, and I am obliged to be up to-morrow morning at four o'clock to go to one of our County Courts!"

September 6, 1821, my father was unanimously chosen to deliver an address to the Essex Historical Society at the annual meeting in September, 1822; but in June, 1822, his request to be excused therefrom was granted.

In the year 1821 the subject of a reform in Harvard College was seriously agitated, the necessity for improvement in the discipline and instruction of the College being widely felt in the community. Conferences and elaborate correspondence took place on the subject between the members of the Corporation and the Overseers, in which Mr. John Lowell of the Corporation, Judge Story and my father of the Overseers, and Mr. George Ticknor of the department of instruction at Harvard, were deeply interested. My father's philological correspondence with his friend Mr. Du Ponceau was carried on with unabated enthusiasm in all the intervals of freedom from professional duties which they were able to command. To Mr. Du Ponceau my father writes, November 2:—

"Yesterday I received your two letters of the 28th and 29th just as I was going into Court, and last night I had only time to read them over hastily. I had before that received those of the 26th and 27th, accompanied by Mr. Heckewelder's of the 25th. They have given me a great stock of materials,—which, however, I fear I shall not be able to work up to much advantage, in consequence of the pressure of business. This

evening our Law term is finished, and the Court will deliver opinions to-morrow forenoon. But I shall in a few days be obliged to plunge into our jury causes, for which I must make some preparation, — which of course will occupy most of my time."

While my father's correspondence with Mr. Du Ponceau was constantly pursued when professional business would admit, his intercourse with eminent scholars in Europe was kept up to but a limited extent, with the exception of the continued and regular correspondence with Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt. From Von Hammer,¹ of Vienna, and Richard Payne Knight, of London, he received interesting letters expressing their sympathy with his views on the subject of Greek Pronunciation. To Mr. Knight he writes, November 15: —

"I received some time since your obliging letter of the 30th of May, accompanied with a copy of your *Inscriptio Eliaca* and *Carmina Homerica*. The former I had before had the pleasure of seeing; but the latter I had not been able to obtain, though I had long been wishing to read it. I sat down to the perusal of it immediately, and could not leave it till I had gone through your most interesting and invaluable *Prolegomena* and *Note*. They contain a fund of instruction, and I have not contented myself with once reading them, but make them my constant study."

The "*Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung*" of October, 1821, contains a notice of my father's Essay on a Uniform Orthography for the Indian Languages of North America, and of his Essay on the Pronunciation of the Greek Language.

¹ Joseph von Hammer Purgstall (Baron), born in Grätz, Styria, 1774, died at Vienna, 1856.

At the close of this year he writes to Mr. Du Ponceau (December 25) : —

“You will perhaps wonder at my long silence, till you are informed that incessant engagements for a month past have left me no time for answering your letters. Our Supreme Court has been sitting in this town longer than usual, and I have been myself more occupied than usual during the term ; and as that adjourned, our County Court commenced its session, which occupied us till Saturday last, and has left us but two spare days to prepare for the adjournment of the Supreme Court, which meets again to-morrow. What drudgery this forensic business is ! If it were not for an interesting question now and then, to make one think and examine principles, it would be nothing but drudgery. But, after all, the business part of every profession (which is nine tenths of it) is labor and drudgery ; so that ours may still be called a glorious profession. I would not exchange it for any other.”

The close of the year 1821 found my father freed from the “German labor”¹ of editing Eliot’s Indian Grammar ; and in writing to Mr. Du Ponceau he says : “I shall in a few weeks set about our Greek and English Lexicon.”

To this announcement Mr. Du Ponceau replied : “Your undertaking to translate Schrevelius’s Greek Dictionary into English is a mighty undertaking. I doubt not you will execute it well.”

The actual preparation of the Lexicon for the press was here referred to by my father. He had planned and begun the translation in 1814, and afterwards obtained the assistance of Dr. Daniel Oliver,² who was associated with him in the further translation of the

¹ In writing to Mr. Du Ponceau he characterized the editing of Eliot’s Grammar as a “German labor.”

² Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy at Dartmouth College.

work; and a prospectus was issued in 1820. The unexpected and very great labor involved in the prosecution of this work, the pressure of professional engagements, and the smallness of the fount of type originally procured from Scotland, delayed the publication of the *Lexicon* until the year 1826.¹

In the winter of 1821–1822 a Memorial was presented to Congress by Thomas Jefferson on the subject of repealing the duties on foreign books. He was at this time the honored head and ruling spirit of his cherished institution, the University of Virginia. His Memorial, which was published in the “*Salem Gazette*,” called forth the publication (Jan. 18, 1822) of the *Salem Memorial*, which had been presented to Congress at the session of 1819–1820; and to this was now appended the following heading:—

“This measure is of vital importance to the literature and science of the United States, and there now seems to be a strong conviction of this truth in all parts of the country. Our own University and other seminaries of learning are earnestly co-operating with the University of Virginia in this application to Congress; and that distinguished body, the American Philosophical Society, in Philadelphia, we understand, is about to add the weight of its character to the cause. Two years ago a Memorial on the same subject² was presented to Congress by several gentlemen of learning in this town; but for want of co-operation in other parts of the country nothing was done by Congress on that occasion. As that Memorial was the first on the subject, and as it contains some views which have not been taken in

¹ In 1821 Mr. Pickering was elected a member of the American Antiquarian Society, and an honorary member of the Society for the Promotion of Legal Knowledge at Philadelphia.

² This *Salem Memorial* was drawn up by John Pickering, and signed by Dr. E. A. Holyoke and other gentlemen of Salem.

those we have seen, we have obtained a copy for publication, in the hope that it might be of some utility at the present time."

To Mr. Jefferson my father now wrote as follows :

JANUARY 28, 1822.

Having lately had the pleasure to see the Memorial presented to Congress by you, on the subject of repealing the duties upon imported books, I take the liberty to forward to you a copy of one upon the same subject, which was offered two years ago by several gentlemen of this town. It gives great satisfaction here to observe that the scholars in your part of the country entertain the same opinions with themselves upon this important subject, and they hope that your efforts in the cause will produce the desired effect. Permit me, sir, to avail myself of this occasion to offer you a little publication of mine upon the subject of an Orthography for our Indian languages (in which you have taken a lively interest) which promises valuable additions to our stock of philological science. You will know how to make all just allowances for the imperfections of the Essay. I take the liberty also to send you at the same time a copy of a Review¹ which is just published in the "North American" for the present month. I have the honor, etc.

The reply of Mr. Jefferson to my father is dated Monticello, February 13 : —

I thank you, sir, for your Essay proposing an Uniform Orthography for the Indian languages. It appears to me judiciously combined for effect and practice. It would be fortunate could it become the commencement of an uniform orthography for the world ; but I suppose we are to despair of seeing such a sacrifice by any one generation for the good of all succeeding ones. Such an orthography would have added value to the colossal Vocabulary of Catherine, of which the work of Adelung, the subject of your Review, seems to be a synopsis. His filia-

¹ The Review above named was his own article on "Adelung's Survey of all the known Languages and their Dialects."

tion of the languages of our own Indians strengthens our confidence in his other researches. I had not before known of the petition from Salem on the subject of the duty on books. About four years ago I made an attempt through our delegates in Congress to obtain a repeal of that duty, but without effect; and the late Report of the Committee of the Senate on that subject does not augur favorably of the issue of the present combined effort. With my thanks for these communications, be pleased to accept the assurance of my great esteem and respect.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Among the pleasant occurrences of the year 1822 was the renewal of an acquaintance with Mr. Joel R. Poinsett, whom my father had met many years before in Portugal. Mr. Poinsett was now a member of Congress from South Carolina, and my father having sent to him at Washington to enlist his interest in the repeal of the duty on foreign books, received the following letter from him: —

WASHINGTON, February 8, 1822.

DEAR SIR, — It is true that I was surprised by your letter of the 28th ultimo, but most agreeably so, for I recollect always with pleasure the happy days spent together at Lisbon. Since that time I have been a wanderer over most of the civilized world, but have returned to fix myself in my native country with an ardent desire to be useful. I am much obliged to you for the Memorial, and you may rely upon my using every exertion in my power to promote the views of the Memorialists. In the mean time it will give me pleasure to hear from you, and to keep up the correspondence you have so kindly renewed. Very sincerely yours,

J. R. POINSETT.

From Mr. Du Ponceau, to whom my father had sent his Review of Adelung's "Uebersicht," the following letter was received: —

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 29, 1822.

I received last Sunday your Review of Adelung's "Uebersicht." I felt exceedingly grateful for that kind expression in which you do me the honor to place me among your countrymen. You have touched me in the tenderest place, and I return you my most hearty thanks for it. The whole of that week I was engaged in the great "Catholic Cause," which is to decide whether the Pope shall be allowed to exercise uncontrolled authority in this country while all the Governments of Europe protect their subjects against his usurpations. The question is between the Catholics and the Papists. I am on the side of the former; but I fear the subject is not yet sufficiently understood in this country. A speech of eight hours was too short to develop all I had to say.

In answering this letter my father says: —

"I long to see your argument upon this important question, the 'Catholic Cause.' We know nothing about the Catholics in this country, and look upon them with Puritanic eyes."

A few weeks later my father writes to him: —

MARCH 29, 1822.

I have just returned from our County Court, in a neighboring town, where I have been engaged (*inter alia*) in a curious Quaker trial, of which you have seen some account in the newspapers. It seems that a new sect has sprung up in this region among the Quakers, and is denominated "New Lights" by the old regular Quakers. These "New Lights," consistently with the original Quaker principle, claim the right of being moved by the spirit when, etc., where, etc., as we say in pleading; but the "Old Order," as the "New Lights" call them, insist upon an adherence to the usages of the Society in respect to approving of their preachers, elders, and others that are to go into the high seats of their meeting-houses. For peculiar reasons we submitted the cause without argument; but there will be a report of the trial (the evidence merely), which I will send you as soon as it is printed.

In February, 1822, the American Antiquarian Society, which held its session at Worcester, elected my father a Member of the Society.

At the recommendation of Mr. Du Ponceau, my father sent a copy of Eliot's Indian Grammar to the President of the Antiquarian Society of France, Baron Coquebert de Montbret; and on enclosing with it a copy of his Essay upon the subject of a Uniform Orthography, he adds:—

“This work is limited to the North American languages; but it will be found applicable as a practical orthography (if I am not mistaken) to the barbarous and unwritten languages of the globe in general.”

The Essay attracted great attention among scholars both at home and abroad, as Mr. William H. Prescott has justly said; adding that “Sir William Jones, had he lived to this period, might have rejoiced in the realization of his wishes in regard to the existence of some intelligible and universal medium of communication for the languages of the East, since he would have found such a medium now afforded by a simple contrivance, the more beautiful, like all other skilful contrivances, from its very simplicity.”¹

With regard to this Essay, Mr. Du Ponceau said at an early day:—

“If, as there is great reason to expect, Mr. Pickering's Orthography gets into general use among us, America will have had the honor of taking the lead in procuring an important auxiliary to philological science.”

¹ Memoir of Hon. John Pickering, LL.D., by William H. Prescott, LL.D. Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

To this quotation from Mr. Du Ponceau Mr. Charles Sumner adds his own testimony in the following words: —

“Perhaps no single paper on languages, since the legendary labors of Cadmus, has exercised a more important influence than this communication. Though originally composed with a view to the Indian languages of North America, it has been successfully followed by the missionaries in the Polynesian Islands. In harmony with the principles of this Essay, the unwritten dialect of the Sandwich Islands, possessing, it is said, a more than Italian softness, was reduced to writing according to a systematic orthography prepared for them by Mr. Pickering, and is now employed in two newspapers which are published by the natives. It is thus that he may be properly regarded as one of the contributors to that civilization under whose influence those islands, set like richest gems in the bosom of the sea, have been made to glow with the effulgence of Christian truth.”¹

In 1822 the Rev. Dr. William Jenks, of Boston, himself distinguished for his knowledge of the Chinese language, conceived the idea of the utility of having a Chinese school in this country; and the following correspondence on the subject took place: —

Boston, Feb. 20, 1822.

DEAR SIR, — There is a subject on which I have been on the point of writing you some weeks. You know my poor Chinese friend A-See, or William Botelhohe, has been very sick. There is hope of his recovery, however, and I am anxious to render the circumstance of his coming to this country, and his residence here, useful both to him and ourselves. For this purpose, application has been made for his admission into the Foreign Mission School at Cornwall. To that school he can be admitted on a probation of three months, as soon as he can reach there.

¹ The Late John Pickering, by Charles Sumner (Law Reporter, June, 1846).

But he needs help first. It has been suggested to me that Mr. Perkins, of this town, whose princely liberality to the Athenæum does him so much honor, would be very likely to patronize a plan of introducing Chinese literature into our country, as the connections of his house are so great with China. My present request then is that you will give me your views on this subject in such a manner—if they comport with my own—as that I can show your remarks to Mr. Perkins, and gain his attention to the object. William is the first Chinese whom I have known willing to place himself under such guidance. As the poor fellow is in immediate want of the proceeds of charitable exertion, you will do an additional favor by as speedy a reply as may possibly consist with your convenience and a just attention to a subject which I hope may be of use to our literature. And should any of the wealthy East India or Chinese merchants of Salem choose to help the fund and assist in founding a Chinese school or department, no objection surely could be made.

WILLIAM JENKS.

HON. JOHN PICKERING.

In reply to Dr. Jenks my father wrote as follows :

“I have been thinking a good deal of the rare opportunity which is now in our power, by means of your Chinese friend A-See, for beginning an American Chinese school, which would enable us to have some little acquaintance with Chinese literature,—a subject of which we are at present quite ignorant. It is true that the literature of China is not, like the production of various mechanic arts, a necessary of life,—no more is the old wine which we send to that quarter of the globe, in order to insure its flavor; we might do very well without this luxury, and the bulk of the community do so live. The bulk of the community too may, and do, live very well without Latin or Greek; yet it is not the less true that those studies form a part of the circle of liberal pursuits among all nations, and in no country can the department of science and literature be considered as fully and efficiently organized until there is a proportionate provision made for all studies which are cultivated by polished nations. Now, we know that throughout Europe the

Chinese language is studied both for the sake of opening to the world many extraordinary historical and other subjects of knowledge which are locked up in that extraordinary tongue, and also with a view to the general phenomena of human speech, and that enlarged study of philology which is a striking characteristic of the present age. In a word, this study is one of the constituent parts of the learning of that great community of polished nations of which we claim to be a member, and shall soon be, I hope, a highly distinguished and most efficient member. If, therefore, we have any ambition to maintain our proper rank in that great community, it is very clear that we must qualify ourselves for that station by pursuing the same objects and making the same acquisitions which the other members of it do. Nations, like individuals, must not expect to have their character taken for just what they themselves assert it to be, but they must establish a solid and lasting reputation by their acts, as an individual must by his conduct in private life. I should therefore rejoice to have it in our power to announce to the learned of Europe that we had already laid the foundation of a Chinese school in the United States. Not that we ought, at this period, to attempt an extensive establishment of the kind, but that we should make a beginning, when we have so good an opportunity, by means of the Chinese now in Boston. The literary, religious, commercial, and other advantages will, I am persuaded, be felt even by the present generation."

Mr. Du Ponceau, in writing on the 3d of June, says : —

"This day I completed my sixty-second year. My children are gathering roses to adorn the house on the occasion. The cook is preparing my favorite dishes; the fruits of the season are in requisition for a little family feast in honor of the day. My daughter has learned all these things in France, and the pious creature finds pleasure in this little pageant, by which she gives vent to the feelings of her heart. I am become so much of an American that I cannot help finding something strange in these domestic ceremonies; yet as the turn of my mind is somewhat romantic, and as I am well convinced of the genuine affection of

my children, *je me laisse faire*.¹ I have received from Germany twenty volumes of the dramatic works of Kotzebue, in addition to eight that I had before. This will make a pleasant reading for my winter evenings. I have received also the lovely poem of 'Louisa,' by Voss, in a very good Latin translation. It is at the bookbinder's, and if you wish to read it, at your service. The German is printed *en regard*. It is a delicious morsel. I know nothing in English like it, except some of Crabbe's works. But with the same simplicity, Voss has more dignity and elegance,—no wonder, when we consider that this same Voss is the excellent translator of Homer and of Shakspeare. This poem, in my opinion, is surpassed by nothing but Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea, which is of the same kind, and truly inimitable. I must give the palm to Goethe; yet Voss comes very near to him, and the difference is more felt than seen."

June 7, my father says, in reply to Mr. Du Ponceau :

"How is it that you find time to read novels and poems in German as well as to study Indian philology? I should be delighted to read the little poem of 'Louisa,' from your account of it. I find on looking around me so much literary drudgery to do (which nobody else will submit to) that I feel it to be a kind of duty to work all the time; and this prevents me from indulging myself in the luxuries of poetry. I intend, however, to read Voss's Shakspeare as soon as I can get a copy from Germany. I have this day received a long letter from Baron Humboldt (twenty pages), full of civilities and grateful feelings, as well as feasible remarks on the subject of Indian languages in general. I had almost forgotten your anniversary celebration! If I had known it sooner, I should have been inclined to decorate my house with roses and *Indian*, and an extra dinner. What a dry, business nation we are, to refuse ourselves all such little gratifications,—which, besides, have a good moral effect. This we owe to our Puritan ancestors."

A correspondence between my father and some of the missionaries in the East occurred during this year. A

¹ Mr. Du Ponceau's daughter was an only surviving child. She married Mr. Garesché, and they had two children, Anne and Du Ponceau.

fragment of the Punic language in Plautus, and a reported resemblance of the Punic to the Maltese language, and of the Maltese to the Irish language, had attracted my father's attention and excited his interest. To ascertain the facts in the case, or learn what were the grounds of this reported resemblance, he applied to the Rev. Pliny Fisk, Missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, then stationed at Malta. In a letter of several pages in length, Mr. Fisk gives a detailed account of his investigations in the books of the extensive library collected by the Knights of Malta, as well as the result of his own inquiries of persons familiar with the ancient Irish language, — all contradicting the reported resemblance between the Maltese and Irish languages. A postscript to Mr. Fisk's letter has the following announcement respecting two Greek boys who afterwards became well known in this country : —

“We expect to send two Greek boys by Captain Dewing, who carries this, to be educated at Cornwall. They speak Greek and Maltese. You will perhaps feel an interest in seeing them. While in Salem, they will be under the care of Rev. Mr. Cornelius.”¹

A letter from the Rev. William Allen, President of Bowdoin College, dated October 3, communicated to my father the action of the Trustees and Overseers in the following terms : —

“In obedience to the instructions of the Boards of Trustees and Overseers of this College, I have much pleasure in appris-

¹ These boys were Photius Kavasalis and Anastasius Karavelles. Both were educated for a time in this country. Photius became a chaplain (“Photius Fisk”) in the United States Navy; Anastasius returned to his native land, where he was established in the profession of the law.

ing you that at the late Commencement, in consideration of your distinguished learning and valuable labors to promote the literature of our country, as well as of your skill in legal science, they voted to confer upon you the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws."

In a long letter of eight pages from Baron Humboldt (October 9), chiefly devoted to philological details, are the following general remarks: —

J'aime à me flatter que vous aurez reçu une longue lettre de mon part, écrite l'hiver dernier. Je suis depuis en possession de la vôtre du 18 février, et des intéressants ouvrages qui l'accompagnaient. Je vous en présente mes bien vifs remerciements. Je m'étois justement procuré un exemplaire de l'ancienne édition de la Grammaire d'Eliot de l'université de Gottingue lorsque je reçus votre nouvelle impression que vous avez enrichi, Monsieur, d'une introduction extrêmement intéressante. Les notices, que vous y donnez sur les différentes langues qui sont parlées dans le Nord de l'Amérique, et sur les dialectes de ces langues, sont vraiment précieuses. Elles répandent une clarté sur ces objets qui ne laisse absolument rien à désirer. Votre nouvelle édition est parfaite. Elle est correcte et on ne peut pas mieux imprimée. Mais je craindrai d'abuser de votre patience, Monsieur, en m'étendant d'avantage sur les réflexions que vos intéressants envois m'ont fait faire. Vous verrez du moins par ce petit échantillon que vous ne les avez point fait à un ingrat. Ils m'ont causé le plus grand plaisir et j'ai tâché d'en tirer autant d'instruction et de fruit que possible. J'ai lu il y a quelques mois à l'Académie de Berlin un mémoire sur la différence des formes grammaticales des langues cultivées et de celles qui ne sont pas parvenues à posséder une littérature. Comme j'y parle beaucoup des langues Américaines je prendrai la liberté de vous le communiquer dès qu'il sera imprimé. La mention flatteuse que vous avez faite, Monsieur, de mes foibles travaux dans vos écrits, excite toute ma reconnoissance. Je vous prie d'en accepter l'expression. Vos suffrages et ceux de vos compatriotes me serviront d'encouragement à poursuivre une route souvent aride et hérissée de nombreuses difficultés. Veuillez me

conserver, Monsieur, votre souvenir bienveillant, et agréez l'assurance de la considération très distinguée avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

HUMBOLDT.

A Tegel,¹ près de Berlin, ce 9 octobre, 1822.

¹ Tegel, the ancestral Schloss, one of the estates of the family, the residence of Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt.

CHAPTER XVI.

Proposed Changes in Methods of Instruction in Harvard College. — Mr. Pickering elected a Fellow, but declines. — Cherokee Grammar. — A Representative in the Legislature. — Completion of the Greek Lexicon.

1823–1826.

THE preliminary arrangements for printing my father's Greek Lexicon occupied him in the summer of 1823 by his necessary correspondence with those who were engaged in the mechanical portion of the work. The fount of Greek type had been procured from Glasgow. The first proof-sheets were sent to him by Mr. Eliab W. Metcalf, the printer, on the 19th of June; and it was found necessary to obtain additional Greek types from the Boston Foundry, for marking the quantities of the Greek letters.

At the Foreign Mission School at Cornwall, Conn., my father's Essay on Modern Greek Pronunciation was now called into requisition practically, in the instruction of the Greek boys, Photius and Anastasius, sent to this country by Messrs. Fisk and Parsons, who wrote to the Rev. Mr. Daggett, expressing a desire to have the boys begin the study of ancient Greek, pronouncing it as they now do the modern, and adding: "If you have Mr. Pickering's Essay on Greek Pronunciation, you will be able to see at once how the Greeks pronounce their language." Mr. Daggett accordingly wrote to my father to obtain a copy of the Essay, which he had not seen.

In July of this year a Committee was appointed to examine into the state of the University at Cambridge, consisting of Judge Story, chairman ; John Pickering, Richard Sullivan, Charles Lowell, Henry Ware ; and S. Leland and S. Hubbard, of the Senate. Much anxiety and dissatisfaction respecting the state of the College existed at this time, especially among its friends, and a thorough investigation was deemed necessary.

President Kirkland, under date of October 6, from Cambridge writes to my father : —

DEAR SIR, — At a meeting of the Corporation of Harvard College held this day, they voted to proceed to choose some gentleman to be a Fellow of the Corporation, in the place of Mr. Phillips, deceased. Bállots being given in, you were unanimously chosen. I am to present the election to the Overseers for concurrence at the next meeting, or at a meeting to be previously called. In the mean time, however, it is thought proper that I should communicate at this stage of the proceeding what has been done. I hope you will not find any insurmountable objection to an acceptance of the place. In regard to the demand upon your time, the Corporation are of opinion that a monthly meeting will be sufficient for all the business. I have a belief that less than that even can be made to answer, and that six or eight meetings a year, besides Commencement, will meet the exigence. Secondly, in regard to the expense, the Corporation are accustomed to charge the College treasury the expense of the meetings. They will consider it a matter of course that it should be not at your own charges entirely that you give your time and attention to our concerns, and will pay the expense incident to your attendance. I ask the favor of seeing you when convenient, when you shall come to Cambridge, or shall be in Boston, at liberty to afford me an interview. With high consideration and regard, I am, dear sir, your friend and servant,

JOHN T. KIRKLAND.

HON. J. PICKERING, LL.D.

To this letter my father replied, October 9 : —

DEAR SIR, — I duly received your letter of the 6th instant, informing me of my being elected a Member of the Corporation in the place of Mr. Phillips, and I was on the point of answering it immediately ; but it seemed on the whole too important a question to be decided instantly, and I therefore concluded to think of it more deliberately, and see if the numerous obstacles to an acceptance could be overcome. I have, accordingly, been reflecting on the subject ; but notwithstanding the additional facilities that may be given to the discharge of the duties belonging to the station, I cannot bring myself to the conviction that I ought to accept the appointment. If circumstances should ever admit of my going to reside in Boston or Cambridge, the case would be very different. I should, however, according to your wish, be happy to have an interview with you the first time I go to Cambridge or Boston ; but I fear this will not be in season, on account of my engagements in preparing for our Supreme Court, which sits here in about a fortnight. If, in the meantime, I should not be able to see you, I must beg the favor of your communicating this as my final decision, and that you will tender to the gentlemen of your Body my respectful acknowledgments for the honor conferred on me by the nomination, and my regret at being under the necessity of declining it. I am, etc.,

REV. PRESIDENT KIRKLAND.

In January of this year my father resigned his office of County Attorney for Essex County.

In the summer and autumn of 1823 my father had an opportunity of pursuing his philological investigations of the Cherokee language by the aid which he obtained from David Brown, a native Cherokee, an intelligent young man whose education had been under the care of the Board of Missions, and who was at this time studying at Andover. During a summer visit of three

weeks in Salem he delivered an interesting address in behalf of his nation both to public and private audiences, and he made the acquaintance and gained the friendship of persons interested in his cause. As he was frequently at our house, my father had a rare opportunity of eliciting from him practical information respecting the Cherokee language; and this led to the undertaking of making a Cherokee Grammar, on which my father was long employed in his hours of leisure and relaxation from business. It was a work requiring much labor, even with the transient assistance of a native Cherokee; for the necessary details and facts were only to be obtained by careful and repeated questions of a critical and philological nature, to the consideration of which David Brown was wholly unaccustomed. His general acquirements and command of our language will be seen by the following extracts from a letter written to my father: —

ANDOVER, Sept. 4, 1823.

DEAR SIR, — You have no doubt been anxious to hear from me, and receive answers to your questions in relation to the Cherokee Grammar. Many things prevented me from attending to the questions. On my return from Salem I found myself far down stream from the middle class, and so I had to apply myself constantly, in order to go over the ground in which they traversed during my absence. The annual examination is drawing nigh; and as I shall take no part in it, I shall have considerable time to attend to our beloved Cherokee language. I am at present collecting verbs, and comparing them together. In the middle of October I think of going home, in company with Mr. Evarts.¹ I think of visiting the council-

¹ Mr. Jeremiah Evarts, Corresponding Secretary of the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions" and the father of the Hon. William M. Evarts.

fires that burn far towards the setting of the sun. With regard and high esteem, dear sir, your humble and obedient servant,

DAVID BROWN.

HON. JOHN PICKERING.

In a subsequent letter David Brown, when writing from Boston, says : —

“Perpetually am I going from one place to another, — which course renders it impossible for me to study. But I am determined to find time for the Cherokee Grammar. Every sheet you shall send on I will look over with pleasure. If you have any questions of importance on the subject, say on. I have endeavored to correct the last sheets, but I hardly find any mistakes. I think that you are moving rapidly towards the standard of an accomplished Cherokee.”

At Commencement time Mr. Du Ponceau passed several days at our house. On his return home he wrote from Philadelphia, September 6, saying : —

“I arrived here on Saturday evening last, full of gratitude for the kind attentions that you lavished upon me while I was in your good town, Salem, and also in Boston, where your kindness did not forsake me. I shall remember the journey as one of the happiest periods of my life, and particularly because it gave me the long wished-for pleasure of your personal acquaintance and that of your amiable family. I hope you will return the visit in due time, and make us happy here by seeing you among us. I have seen in the ‘Salem Gazette’ the account of your reception of the great and good General Lafayette. How you can, in two days, have got up this dinner of three hundred persons, is what I cannot well conceive ; yet so it was, and the toasts and all were exceedingly appropriate. Your father must have been delighted in fighting over old battles with the old General, — only the opportunity was too short ; but the converse must have been sweet. Such another awaits the hero here, with his old friend Judge Peters. Why were they not together, one at his right, and the

other at his left hand. I perceived your finger in a great many things on this occasion, while you kept at a distance, as a Vice-President, at some end of the table. Again accept my thanks for all the goodness you have shown to me. Present my best respects to your venerable father and his lady, the sight of whom has revived in me the remembrance of many attentions which I received from her in my early youth, when she permitted me to be one of her occasional visitors. Remember me also to your own Mrs. Pickering and your amiable daughter; also to Judge Story, whose marked kindness to me I shall never forget."

In writing to my father October 31 he says : —

"I have brought home something good from the visit I made to you, — I mean something good for our State. I have persuaded a small party to begin to imitate you by celebrating the landing of our great pilgrim, William Penn. On the 4th of November sixteen of us will dine together in the old Mansion House which Penn occupied while in this city, in order to commemorate that event. The house cannot well accommodate more, and it will do for a beginning. Next year we mean to extend our plan, and invite those of Delaware to join us."

On the 20th of December Mr. Du Ponceau again writes, saying : —

"I am pleased that you approve of our William Penn celebration; it has become mighty popular here among all parties, and I hope that next year we shall make a display worth talking of. I am now engaged in preparing a Constitution for the Society to be established. I expect it will be very numerous. To keep out politics and everything foreign to our main object is the great point which I shall not lose sight of."

The beginning of the year 1825 found my father engaged on the Cherokee Grammar. In a letter to Mr. Jefferson, February 10, he says : —

I beg leave to submit to you the first sheets of a Cherokee Grammar which is now publishing by our Missionary Society under my direction. You will perceive, sir, that I have been obliged to form an alphabet, as well as to reduce the language to grammatical order. The alphabet is constructed agreeably to the general views given in my Memoir upon an Orthography for the Indian Languages, published in the Memoirs of the American Academy; but I have been obliged to add three new characters to the letters which I have taken from our own alphabet, the reasons for doing which I hope will be such as shall approve themselves to all competent judges. Upon this and any other parts of the work it would be a high gratification (if I might take the liberty to ask it) to be favored with your opinion. If you were not one of the small number among us who have given a portion of their attention to the languages of our aboriginals, I might flatter myself that you would find in this particular dialect some matter of no little novelty, as well as interest to a philosophical inquirer. The last week I took the liberty to send you two of our newspapers containing the report of my part of a late debate upon the subject of our University. The subject of the debate (which took place at a meeting of the Overseers of the University) was a proposed reform in the studies and discipline. Some of my remarks on the state of learning among us will perhaps be thought by the sciolists of our country to be strong; but you, sir, and every sound scholar in the country will, I persuade myself, agree in the main with the views I have there taken. I have the honor to be, etc.,

J. P.

Mr. Jefferson replied as follows : —

MONTICELLO, Feb. 20, 1825.

DEAR SIR, — I thank you for the copy of your Cherokee Grammar, which I have gone over with attention and satisfaction. We generally learn languages for the benefit of reading the books written in them; but here our reward must be the addition made to the philosophy of language. In this point of view, your analysis of the Cherokee adds valuable matter for

reflection, and strengthens our desire to see more of these languages as scientifically elucidated. Their grammatical devices for the modifying their words by a syllable prefixed or inserted in the middle or added to its end, with other combinations so different from ours, prove that if man came from one stock, his languages did not. A late grammarian has said that all words were originally monosyllables. The Indian languages disprove this. I should conjecture that the Cherokees, for example, have formed their language, not by single words, but by phrases. European nations have so long had intercourse with one another as to have approximated their complex expressions much towards one another; but I believe we shall find it impossible to translate our language into any of the Indian, or any of theirs into ours. I hope you will pursue your undertaking, and that others will follow your example with other of their languages. It will open a wide field for reflection on the grammatical organization of languages, their structure and character. I am persuaded that among the tribes on our two continents a great number of languages, radically different, will be found. It will be curious to consider how so many so radically different have been preserved by such small tribes in coterminous settlements of moderate extent.

I had received your observations on the changes proposed in Harvard College without knowing from whom they came to me, and had been so much pleased with them as to have put them by for preservation. These observations, with the report and documents to which they relate, are a treasure of information to us. They give to our infant institution the experience of your antient and eminent establishment. I hope that we shall be like colleagues in office, acting in harmony and affection for the same object. I pray you to accept assurances of my high esteem and respect.

TH. JEFFERSON.

In reply to a question addressed to my father in a letter by Mr. Du Ponceau, "What is become of your Tselokee Grammar?" a statement of curious facts connected with it will give the history of its fate. While

the early sheets of the Grammar were in the press, the announcement that a native Cherokee had invented a syllabic alphabet for his own language, and that it promised to be adopted by the Cherokee nation, brought the work of my father to a stand. Its intended publication had excited much interest among the missionaries engaged in the Cherokee and neighboring missions for its anticipated aid in their labors; and the work had become especially interesting to my father, not only from the striking philological characteristics which he met with in the Cherokee language, but also from the hope that the Grammar would be practically useful. The invention of the syllabic alphabet by a native Cherokee, curiously and admirably adapted for use in his own language, rendered my father's labors of no practical utility; and after forty-eight pages of the Cherokee Grammar were printed, its publication was abandoned. Sequoyah (or George Guest), the Cherokee inventor of the alphabet of syllabic characters, had not been accredited with possessing genius or talent by the people of his nation; but after pondering for several years on this subject of his concentrated thought, he produced the syllabic alphabet, a description of which follows:—

“As all the words in the Cherokee language end with a vowel sound, it enabled the philosopher Guest to reduce its elementary syllables to so small a number as eighty-five, and to adopt a syllabic alphabet. The circumstance of the alphabet being syllabic, and the number of syllables so small, is the greatest reason why the task of learning to read the Cherokee language is so vastly easier than that of learning to read English. An active Cherokee boy may learn to read his own language in a day, and not more than two or three days are

ordinarily requisite. To read is only to repeat successively the names of the several letters ; when a boy has learned his alphabet, he can read his language.”¹

Not only the young Cherokees, but the old ones also, entered this newly discovered and “royal road to learning.” The school-books were printed in these characters, and Guest’s syllabic alphabet was enthusiastically welcomed and universally adopted by the Cherokee nation.

For Count Vidua, a distinguished Italian traveller visiting this country and on his way to our vicinity, Mr. Du Ponceau wrote a letter of introduction to my father, making us acquainted with a remarkable man, in whom we became much interested afterwards :

PHILADELPHIA, July 24, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have the very great pleasure of introducing to you Count Vidua, of Turin, a gentleman whose rank and standing in his own country, though very high, are the least of his qualifications. He is travelling through the world, like Anacharsis the Scythian, in pursuit of knowledge. Though attached to the forms of his own Government, he admires our Republican institutions,—ascribing their success, however, chiefly to the nation to which he thinks they are peculiarly suited. We will not be disposed to reject the compliment, though somewhat at the expense of our principles. We will take care of them here ; they must take care of themselves elsewhere. I beg you will introduce the Count to our excellent friend Judge Story, to your venerable father, and to such other persons as are best able to give him the information that he seeks. I need not say that you will be highly pleased with his company and conversation ; of this I shall leave you to judge for yourself.

¹ Article on Indian Languages by J. Pickering, *Cyclopædia Americana*.

Count Vidua visited Salem in company with Mr. Niederstetter, Prussian Chargé d'Affaires, and was several times at our house. My father gave an evening party for him, at which my grandfather, Colonel Pickering, was one of the guests ; and I well remember the eager interest of the Count in conversing with him as a contemporary of Washington, able to give him the information and facts connected with the past history of the country which he so earnestly sought to acquire.

In the autumn of 1825, the changes proposed for Harvard College being still under consideration, Dr. Popkin, the Professor of Greek, addressed several letters to my father. October 17 he writes : —

“ I have received to-day ‘Remarks on Greek Grammars,’ and am much obliged by the present and by the matter. I have wished and intended to speak or write to you concerning the Departments of the Ancient Languages in this place. There is a strong opposition to them, or endeavor to diminish the time allotted to them ; insomuch that it appears to me that some would nearly throw them out of College, especially the Greek. I think we have a majority at present, but we have to contend earnestly ; and I know not whether we shall be able to maintain our ground, certainly not the whole ground. The present effort is to bring the modern languages into much of the time and place of the ancient. I wish that the modern might be studied without so great a sacrifice of the ancient, and, as I think, of education, literature, and improvement in general. I should be much obliged by your opinion and assistance.”

In reply, my father wrote to Dr. Popkin, October 26 :

“ I have just received your obliging letters of the 17th and 18th instant ; and though I am extremely occupied with the business of our approaching Court, I cannot permit myself to delay writing to you on the important subject of the University, — a subject which is constantly in mind, and which becomes every

day more deeply interesting to me as the period approaches when I must send my own children to that or some other institution, in order to obtain such an education as my little experience in the world, both at home and abroad, convinces me will be the most permanently useful to them. I cannot repress my surprise at the opinions which you inform me some gentlemen in your quarter entertain on the subject of the ancient languages, and that there is so strong an inclination to abridge even the very limited term of time now allotted to the study of them. So far from this being the case, I have long hoped that more and more time would be gradually allowed to them. Least of all did I expect that the study of the modern languages would ever be thought so important as actually to interfere with that of the ancient. Everybody who has ever studied the modern languages so far as to be able to read them (which is all that can well be effected without visiting foreign countries, and all that is necessary for an American), — everybody, I say, knows that a competent knowledge of those languages may be obtained with very little study. A youth may learn all that he will want to know of those of the South of Europe in the course of a few months, by the help of his Latin ; and as many more of the North of Europe at the same time by the means of our own Teutonic dialect. To this degree of knowledge he may attain at his leisure hours, and without interfering with studies which are essential to the proper cultivation of his intellectual powers. As to the general question of the due apportionment of time between science and literature (of which last, classical studies constitute the very body and substance), I have for some time perceived with regret that the opinions of a portion of the public (which naturally has an influence within as well as without the walls of college) have been tending towards the sciences, to the manifest injury and depression of literature. Now, it is natural enough that the mass of the community who are to get their living by the handicraft arts should think it necessary to study the sciences connected with those arts. But that those who are intended for the learned professions (which are the main objects of a University education) should be trained in that course, seems preposterous. Every man of the least reflection knows that the actual use he has for scientific knowledge

in two at least of the professions is almost nothing; and, considered not merely as a discipline of the intellectual powers, but as materials to be applied to the purposes of the professions, the sciences generally would not be worth the time bestowed upon them; whereas his acquisitions in literature would be of daily use. I do earnestly hope you will have influence enough to prevent the mischievous effects of the opinions you mention, which, as you justly observe, will be ‘a sacrifice of education, literature, knowledge, and improvement in general.’ I have hardly left room enough to say that I shall esteem it a great favor to have the substance of your intended Note upon the Greek Grammar, and shall expect it with impatience, as I shall the result of your deliberations on the Ancient Languages. I hope the latter will be such that foreign nations will not have it in their power to apply the *Qua te dementia cepit* to our Alma Mater.”

Early in the year 1826 the fount of Greek type which was imported from Scotland, and had arrived in Boston harbor several weeks previously, was at length unladen from the vessel, and made available in the publication of the Lexicon on which my father’s labors had been so long employed.

In May, 1825, a meeting having been held in Salem on the subject of establishing manufactures in the town, a committee of five persons was then appointed to ascertain “if it will be practicable and expedient to establish cotton or other manufactures in this town, either by water or steam power, with liberty to employ surveyors, engineers, and agents; and that they report the result of their inquiries at a future meeting to be called by them.” John Pickering, Benjamin W. Crowninshield, Joseph Ropes, Frederick Howes, and John W. Treadwell, Esqrs., were appointed as this committee. In pursuance of this object, some of the leading citizens

of Salem, seventy-one in number, subscribed to an agreement to pay whatever expenses might be incurred by the committee. The able and experienced engineer, Loammi Baldwin, was consulted at once; and with his brother, George R. Baldwin, was engaged in the necessary surveys and investigations. Meantime the committee were occupied in conferring with the owners of lands, flats, or water privileges on the North River, Collins' Cove, etc., to quiet or extinguish any conflicting claims, and found them in general ready to co-operate in the enterprise. The committee having applied to the town of Salem for its co-operation, the citizens, in one of the largest meetings ever assembled, liberally voted to grant and relinquish flats and various other privileges in promotion of the object desired. An Act of Incorporation was obtained from the Legislature for the Company, under the name of "The Salem Mill Dam Corporation," etc. The report of the committee, drawn up by my father, was presented and read March 29, 1826, at a meeting of the subscribers to the fund for making the above investigations, and the interest in the subject was unabated. In August of the same year, at a meeting of the Salem Mill Dam Corporation, a report from Loammi Baldwin was submitted; and it was voted unanimously that "in the opinion of the stockholders nothing has occurred to diminish their confidence in the practicability and utility of erecting the Mill Dams according to the Act of Incorporation," etc. This report was in the form of a "Letter to the Hon. John Pickering, President of the Salem Mill Dam Corporation, upon the estimates, etc., of that work, by L. Baldwin, Engineer to the Company." The communi-

cation of Mr. Baldwin closes with the following sentence : —

“When you consider the extensive and valuable privileges granted by the town, with a promptness and liberality almost unprecedented by similar corporations, and the natural influence this great scheme will have upon the immediate interests of Salem and vicinity, there seems no just reason for hesitation in the execution of your plan.”

The history of the abandonment of this promising enterprise has not been circumstantially recorded ; but the disappointment of the public-spirited citizens of Salem is well remembered.

In the year 1826 my father was a Representative from Salem to the Massachusetts Legislature. During the summer session the subject of proposed changes in the instruction at Harvard College enlisted his efforts, aided by most earnest communications from some members of the Faculty respecting the objects desired.

In August the first edition of the Greek Lexicon was published.¹ It was edited jointly by my father and Professor Daniel Oliver. From the letter B to O, inclusive, the translation was made by Professor Oliver ; the residue was translated by the original editor, or under his direction, in which part of the labor he received important assistance from Benjamin L. Oliver, Esq., of Salem, and Mr. George R. Noyes, of the University ; and he was also responsible for nearly all the additional matter which was incorporated into the various articles, as well as for the entire revision of the whole work.²

¹ Published by Cummings, Hilliard, & Co., Boston. Printed at the University Press, Cambridge, by Hilliard & Metcalf.

² Extract from the Preface to the first edition.

On the publication of the Lexicon, testimonials to its value were received by my father from some of the eminent classical scholars and instructors of the day. Mr. Benjamin A. Gould, for many years at the head of the Boston Latin School, wrote to him, Sept. 30, 1826 :

“I have received a copy of your Greek Lexicon, for which you will please to accept my thanks. I am exceedingly pleased with the work, both as respects the matter and the manner. It is an honor to our country. You have had a long and arduous task to accomplish, and you have accomplished it, I hope, as much to your own satisfaction as I am sure you have to that of others who have waited with interest the completion of the work. You have conferred a blessing on the community.”

November 26 Mr. George Bancroft, Principal of the Round Hill School at Northampton, writes : —

“The Lexicon with which you have favored the public we now use altogether in our school. You have the great honor of having begun the good work of improvement in Greek lexicons among us. I hope the good impulse you have given will never be lost. There is no danger, with all our efforts, that learning will gain too strong a foothold among us, or receive an undue share of attention.”

CHAPTER XVII.

Removal to Boston. — Legislative Duties. — Correspondence with Baron von Humboldt. — Member of the Board of Aldermen. — Lectures and Literary Work. — Death of his Mother. — Bi-centennial Celebration of Endicott's Landing in Salem. — Death of his Father. — Letters from William Wirt and Chancellor Kent.

1826-1829.

IN November of the year 1826 preparations were in progress for undertaking a second edition of the Greek Lexicon. November 7, Mr. Metcalf, of the University Press, wrote as follows to my father: —

“The publishers of the Lexicon think it high time to commence another edition. I have made arrangements with Mr. Newton, the person who did the composition of the first edition, to do it, and he is now ready to take hold of it. I will thank you to authorize us to go on as soon as may be, as the compositor is now at leisure.”

While still living in Salem, in November of this year, my father was Chairman of the Committee of the First Church on the occasion of the dedication of the new edifice, then completed, on the site of the old one built in 1718, which had been taken down March 13, 1826. The winter session of the Legislature compelled my father to be in Boston in December, though his family was not established there till January, 1827.

A note from the Rev. Mr. Brazer,¹ of Salem, to my father respecting some borrowed books, concluded with the following sentence: —

¹ Rev. John Brazer, pastor of the North Church (Unitarian), Salem.

I cannot close this note without expressing my most sincere regrets at your leaving town ; though it has not been my privilege to see you half so much as I have wished, yet it was a comfort to know that you were at hand and accessible. I earnestly hope that a gracious Providence may attend you in this removal, and that all, and more than all, your expectations may be fully realized. I am, my dear sir, with very great respect and affection, your friend,

J. BRAZER.

On removing to Boston a house was taken in Franklin Street (No. 5), on the southern side, between Hawley Street and Washington Street, in a new brick block of four houses owned by Mr. Barnabas Hedge, of Plymouth. My father's office was in Court Street, on the northern side of the street (No. 17, I think), where Mr. William F. Otis was eventually established and associated with him.

During this winter's session of the Legislature my father was engaged in some important subjects and debates. The question of a free bridge between Charlestown and Boston was in agitation. A bill of the petitioners entitled "An Act establishing the Warren Bridge Corporation," received the sanction of a majority in the House of Representatives ; my father, with thirty-six of a minority, protesting against it. A majority of the Senate also favored it, with a minority protesting against it there. But eventually the Governor, Levi Lincoln, in an elaborate message, rejected the bill authorizing the free bridge ; and upon its reconsideration, although it passed in the House, it was lost in the Senate. Another important subject which came up before the House of Representatives at this time was a bill for licensing the sale of lottery-

tickets, — regulating the sale of lottery-tickets in the State by licensing the vendors. A protracted and warm discussion of the question occupied four days, my father taking part in the debate on strong moral grounds. Of this speech one of his contemporaries says in the “*Boston Courier*” of Feb. 8, 1827: —

“I should do injustice to my feelings were I to suffer the excellent speech of Mr. Pickering, delivered in the House of Representatives on Monday, upon the lottery bill, to pass without bestowing upon it my entire approbation. To say that it is worth all that has been said upon this subject in the House, partakes neither of flattery nor compliment. Its sound sense, clear reasoning, and high morality emanate from a mind whose judgment is at once vigorous and penetrating, and from a character which is impeccable. With grateful feelings, therefore, for this public and timely effort, do I tender the right hand of fellowship to this gentleman. It is folly to talk of licensing lotteries that our revenue may be increased. We are not driven to this resort by any consideration; and if we were, I would exclaim with Mr. Pickering, ‘Perish the revenue if it cannot be raised but at the expense of the public morals!’”

On our removal to Boston my father was welcomed with great cordiality. A large circle of old friends, relatives, and new acquaintances greeted us. Some of the civilities which were shown him and his family he was able to accept and reciprocate, so far as he could spare time in the evening; yet he found but little time for general society, his professional business occupying his days, and often his evenings. When his evenings were not thus employed, he was busy on his *Greek Lexicon*, or other literary work, the most laborious of which seemed a relaxation from professional cares.

In the first letter addressed to my father in Boston by Mr. Du Ponceau, Jan. 9, 1827, he says: —

“I have received with very great pleasure your friendly letter of the 4th instant. Your wishes for the New Year must have operated, for I am in perfect health and in good spirits, notwithstanding the easterly wind, by which I am in general affected. I knew you were engaged in removing to Boston, and that accounted to me for your silence; much as I wished to hear from you, I waited patiently for the time, which I knew would come, when the impediments would be removed. I rejoice that they now are.”

My father received the following official letter from Mr. Charles Folsom, Corresponding Secretary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, dated Cambridge, January 31 of this year: —

HON. JOHN PICKERING, — The Committee of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, appointed at the last meeting to select an Orator and a Poet for the next anniversary, having designated you as the Orator, I am instructed to communicate to you this appointment, and to request the favor of your acceptance of it, which you will please to signify to me.¹ The Rev. Dr. Flint, of Salem, is elected Poet for the same occasion, and the Rev. Dr. Channing is requested to perform the customary religious services.

In a personal letter, enclosing the above communication, Mr. Folsom says: —

“Permit me to add my own personal request — I had almost said entreaty — that you will not decline the service. Some of the most seasonable topics — those which ought to be pressed on the attention of our men of letters at this time — you are better prepared to treat, from the attention you have given them, than any other member of the Society with whom I am acquainted. Excuse my freedom in urging this matter; but it seems to me that the influence of these celebrations is becoming more important, and that it may and ought to be made to counteract the mischievous influence of popular superficial writers on education, and ignorant decriers of humane studies.”

¹ The appointment was declined.

In relation to the question of a free bridge between Charlestown and Boston, under discussion by the Legislature this session, in which my father took a prominent part, Mr. Leverett Saltonstall writes to him from Salem : —

FEBRUARY 27, 1827.

All our friends at the Club last night agreed that the Charlestown Bridge question was one of the most important that had arisen since the Revolution. It is indeed alarming. Why should the Legislature put the petitioners or the public to the trouble and expense of building a new bridge? Why not make a short act to prohibit the present bridge corporation from taking any more toll? It is a much easier way of doing the business. Fight the good fight of faith while you have strength to stand and breath to speak.

In a letter written to my father, February 28, Mr. Saltonstall says : —

“I write in the midst of Danvers deponents, parties, etc., to congratulate you on your very able effort yesterday, and I hope I may say successful in the broadest sense. It is a fearful question, tremendous in its consequences. I can hardly tell why, but I never felt more interest in any subject before the Legislature. If they cannot be made to feel the impropriety of granting a free bridge, I shall despair of the State. The Government will fail of securing one of the chief objects of an association in civil society, — the protection of the rights of property.”

In the spring of 1827 my father received the acquisition to his acquaintance of a gentleman interested in the North American Indians and their languages, by letters of introduction from Philadelphia. Mr. Du Ponceau writes : —

“Give me leave to introduce to you Dr. Edwin James, of the United States Army. The pleasure I have enjoyed in his com-

pany induces me to make him known to you. Although you seem to have abandoned the Indian languages, you may be sometimes tempted to return to your first love, though but for a short time. Dr. James is a Philo-Indian, has lived much in their neighborhood, and acquired many of their idioms, which he now means to study scientifically."

In a letter introducing Dr. James, Dr. Charles Pickering says : —

"The bearer of this note is Dr. Edwin James, of the United States Army. Dr. James accompanied, in the capacity of Botanist and Geologist, the expedition to the Rocky Mountains under the command of Major Long; he has been long resident in the Indian country, and has examined their languages, antiquities, etc. As you are much interested in these subjects, it will give you pleasure to meet with one who is so able to impart information."

The following letter from Dr. James himself is dated from New York, March 20 : —

SIR, — Herewith is enclosed a letter of introduction which I solicited and procured from Dr. Pickering, of Philadelphia, a short time since, when it was my intention to have visited Boston. As I have but a short time to remain in the Atlantic States before I return to the West, and may not find it in my power to visit your city, I take the liberty of forwarding it, together with some hasty remarks which I had written before I saw the continuation in the "United States Review" of the critique commenced in the "New York Review." The first part of that able article reached me at the mouth of the Wisconsin; and an apprehension that the promised continuation might not appear, in consequence of the discontinuance of that publication, induced me to draw up the few remarks which I send herewith. When I arrived in this city, I found that the continuation in the "United States Review" had entirely superseded the necessity of any remarks of the kind I had proposed to make, and I send the sheets to you rather as an expression of my approbation of that critique than with the hope that I can

afford any information on a subject to which you have given so much attention. I have received no intimation of the name of the author¹ of that article; there are, I think, few men in the United States who could have written it.

I expect to proceed in the month of May to the Sault of Ste. Marie, at the outlet of Lake Superior, where I am now stationed. If I can be of service to you by collecting vocabularies or information of any kind, I shall esteem myself honored by any call you may make upon me. I have the honor to be, with great consideration, your obedient servant,

EDWIN JAMES.

J. PICKERING, Esq.

The manuscript sheets by Dr. James, accompanying his letter, consist of general and critical remarks, amounting to thirteen pages, relating to Indian languages, with examples of the dialect of the Menomones, and lucid observations on the structure of the Aboriginal languages.

To Baron Humboldt, with whom my father's correspondence had been long intermitted, he wrote, November 27:—

“It is a great while since I received your last letter (which was dated June 29, 1824), and you may perhaps be surprised at my apparent neglect in replying to it. The truth is that the delay has proceeded from causes altogether beyond my control,—from circumstances mostly of a personal nature, which it would be impertinent towards you and unpleasant to myself to trouble you with. I beg you, sir, to be assured that nothing less than the irresistible force of circumstances would have occasioned any interruption of a correspondence from which I derive so much pleasure and instruction, and which I hope now to continue without so long an intermission in future. Since I last wrote you, I have removed to this city (Boston), where the advantages of pursuing my professional business are much greater

¹ John Pickering's article, published anonymously over the fictitious name of “Kass-ti-ga-tor-skee.”

than they were in Salem, my former residence. Boston is also the centre of our Northern literature, and is only three miles (English) from our University of Cambridge, where there is a valuable library, to which I have access. This, in addition to the literary society of this city, affords facilities for study which are not to be found in our smaller towns. But although I am thus more favorably situated, both for business and study, yet I do not expect to devote so much time as heretofore to literary pursuits; for I find that in a large town one is obliged to give an undivided attention to the object of pursuit, whether it be business or study; and as I cannot live by literature, I must decide to live by my profession, the law, and indulge myself occasionally only, as an *amateur* in literature. I beg to make my acknowledgments to you for the valuable present of your own Berlin Academy's Transactions, and the copies of your own Memoir, which last, you will allow me to say, is full of interest to all who like to take extensive and philosophical views of the subject."

After giving Baron Humboldt the titles of some publications which he was about sending him, in some of the Indian languages, in three of which the missionaries had adopted his system of orthography, my father adds:—

"A gazette or newspaper in the Cherokee and English languages is about to be published in the Cherokee nation. The types are now making in this city (Boston) for a new set of characters, made by a native Cherokee. I should inform you that this native, whose name is Guest, and who is called by his countrymen 'The Philosopher,' was not satisfied with the alphabet of letters or single sounds which we white people had prepared for him in the sheets of a Cherokee Grammar formerly sent to you, but he thought fit to devise a new syllabic alphabet, which is quite contrary to our notion of a useful alphabetic system. He has by his own analysis reduced all the syllables of their language to about eighty-three, and his alphabet accordingly consists of eighty-three arbitrary characters, instead of six-

teen or eighteen Roman letters. He has, however, taken the Roman letters as the basis, and has added to them some little mark, or has distorted their shapes, in order to suit his purpose. This is much to be regretted as respects the facility of communication between these Indians and the white people; and the plan seems to us to be very unphilosophical. But, strange as it may appear, the fact is that, either by force of their national pride (for which we cannot blame them), or by reason of the greater convenience of their syllabic alphabet, the use of the new characters has spread among them in the most inconceivable manner, and they learn with great rapidity, both the old people and the young. So strong is their partiality for this national alphabet that our missionaries have been obliged to yield to the impulse, and consent to print their books in future in the new characters. As soon as the newspaper is begun, I shall not fail to transmit some of the numbers to you, which will certainly be a great curiosity to the world. I have been long hoping to see your great work on the American Languages; but I know how laborious an undertaking it must be."

In a letter to Baron Humboldt, accompanying some elementary books in the Choctaw (Chahta) language, published by the American Board of Missions, my father writes, December 28:—

"You will be immediately struck with one fact,—that the Chahta language has no etymological affinity with the Cherokee; yet its grammatical character resembles that of the latter! The Chahtas reside on the territory between the Mississippi and Tombigbee rivers, not far from the Cherokees, and mostly on that part which has been lately made a new State of our confederacy, under the name of the State of Mississippi. This tribe of Indians has made considerable advances in civilization, particularly in agriculture and manufacture of cotton; but they have not made so great progress as the Cherokees."

By a vote of the Committee of the Suffolk Bar, April 10, 1827, communicated to my father, April 13,

by "S. E. Sewall, Secretary," he was recognized as a member of the Suffolk Bar.

During this year my father's correspondence was more limited than usual, being chiefly confined to letters of a business nature, with few exceptions. The claims of his profession, in his new place of residence, demanded his devoted efforts; and it was only by seizing slight intervals of leisure, and employing his odd moments diligently, that he found opportunity for any literary pursuits, by way of relief and relaxation. Many letters, from professors and other persons connected with literary institutions, relating to the Greek Lexicon, were received, and doubtless answered whenever necessary; but of these last no copies remain, except such as were connected with the progress and publication of the Lexicon. Mr. Du Ponceau wrote less frequently than when my father had more leisure for literary pursuits. In a letter of July 16 he says:

"I have read a late work written in French by a modern Greek, entitled 'Calliope,' in which he proves undeniably that the ancient Greek was pronounced like the modern. It is a well-written and interesting work. His authorities are chiefly the ancient Greek grammarians. The work is learned, profound, and conclusive. I am very happy to find your father in such excellent health and fine spirits,¹ — *semper idem*."

At the close of the year 1827 my father received a letter from Baron Humboldt, dated at Tegel, September 22, in which he says:—

¹ Colonel Pickering visited Philadelphia occasionally on business connected with lands in which he was interested. He was at this time eighty-two years old.

J'aime à me flatter que vous aurez reçu, Monsieur, les mémoires que j'ai eu l'honneur de vous envoyer il y a quelques années. J'apprends au moins par Mr. Du Ponceau que ceux que je lui avois destinés, lui sont exactement parvenus. Mais j'ai à regretter une lettre qu'il a bien voulu m'écrire et que je n'ai pas reçue. J'ai peut-être essuyé la même perte aussi de votre part, Monsieur. Je prends la liberté de vous adresser aujourd'hui une dissertation sur la langue Chinoise et sa grammaire.¹ Je vous prie de vouloir bien l'accueillir avec la même indulgente bonté que j'ai si souvent éprouvé de votre part. Vous trouverez en parcourant, Monsieur, mon petit écrit qu'il renferme des notes de M. Abel Rémusat dans lesquelles il combat quelquesunes de mes opinions. Je crois pouvoir répondre à la plupart de ses objections, je crois surtout qu'il attache trop de poids à l'influence que l'écriture Chinoise a pu avoir sur la grammaire de cette langue. Je me propose de revenir sur ce sujet dans un ouvrage qui m'occupe dans ce moment. Je n'ai pas manqué de continuer mes études sur les langues américaines. J'ai fait un long travail sur l'alphabet et la prononciation de toutes les langues de l'Amérique méridionale. J'ai tâché de fixer les sons autant que mes matériaux actuels le permettent. J'ai fait beaucoup usage de votre intéressant mémoire pendant ce travail. M. Niederstetter, notre Ministre auprès des États-Unis, m'a promis de vous faire parvenir cette lettre, Monsieur. Il me manque qu'il a eu l'avantage de faire votre connaissance. Je regrette que ma position ne me permette pas de faire un jour un voyage en Amérique et d'avoir le plaisir de vous y voir. Veuillez en revanche agréer par ces lignes l'assurance des sentiments les plus distingués avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

HUMBOLDT.

In writing to Baron Humboldt, Jan. 14, 1828, my father acknowledges having received his letter of September last, and says:—

¹ Lettre à M. Abel Rémusat sur La Nature des Formes Grammaticales en Général, et sur Le Génie de la Langue Chinoise en Particulier, par M. G. de Humboldt. Paris, 1827.

“Your Dissertation on the Chinese Language, mentioned in that letter, did not, however, arrive till last night; but by sitting up till a late hour I read it once, though in too rapid a manner to enable me to give you any reflections upon it, if I were capable of doing it. Indeed I read it, as I do everything from your pen, with the feelings of a pupil who is listening to the instruction of his teacher. It gives me great satisfaction to learn that you are studying the languages of the Islands in the Pacific Ocean, as I flatter myself that I may be able to furnish you with some materials for the study by means of the Missionary Society which is established in this city, which has a regular correspondence with the Sandwich Islands. This Society receives copies of all the little publications made at Hawaii (Owhyhee), and I have just requested their Secretary to give me one copy of them all for you. I have a Manuscript Vocabulary of the language of the Feejee (Fidschi) Islands, which is the only specimen I have ever seen, and which I obtained from an intelligent supercargo of an American ship that visited those islands in the year 1811. A small portion of two Manuscript Vocabularies (Hawaiian and Feejeean) in my own collection was published from my copies in a little work, which I now send you, entitled ‘A Journal of a Tour round Hawaii,’ printed by our Missionary Society in 1825. You will find the words in the Appendix of the volume. You will see by the Preface and the Appendix that our missionaries have adopted the systematic orthography which I recommended for our American languages, and our missionaries have remarked that the native children, by means of this orthography, learned to read their language in a much shorter time than our children in the United States learn to read English. This Journal, I would observe, has been republished in England, and you may perhaps have seen it. The author, the Rev. William Ellis, is now in England, his native country. You will be pleased to hear that a line of regular packet-ships is to be established by some merchants in New York and Hamburg, which will greatly facilitate your communication with this country. The first ship is announced to sail on the 15th of February. I hope the projectors of it will meet with success; but whether the commercial gain shall be on our side or not, I am sure we shall

derive much intellectual profit from this intercourse. If, too, this facility of travelling should induce you to honor our country with a visit, we should feel under additional obligations to the enterprising spirit of our commercial citizens. I send you the new Cherokee Syllabic Alphabet mentioned in my last letters, from the types intended for their newspaper. I have given the powers of all the characters as correctly as I am able at this time; but I shall be able to give you a more full account of them at a future day. In the course of two or three months they will begin to publish their newspaper, which I shall not fail to send to you.

“P. S. — I open my letter again in order to send you the Prospectus of the Cherokee newspaper which I have this moment, and from the Editor, a native Indian, by the name of Elias Boudinott (a name assumed from the English, as is very common), who is personally known to me. On the second leaf of the Prospectus you will see an original letter from the Editor addressed to me, which I am sure will be a great curiosity in Europe. You will perceive that his English style is perfectly correct. If you would permit me, I shall put your name down as a subscriber, — which would be esteemed a great honor; but whether you would allow this or not, I shall send you some of the newspapers.”

Letter of Elias Boudinott to John Pickering: —

ECHOTA, CHEROKEE NATION, Dec. 17, 1827.

DEAR SIR, — I take the liberty to send you the enclosed copy of the Prospectus of the “Cherokee Phoenix.” In this undertaking of the Cherokees I would not wish to promise much. I hope, however, that our Northern friends will not turn off with disdain. I will try to make the paper as respectable as my limited means will allow. I hope you will be so good as to obtain subscribers in Salem, and to return to me their names without delay. Mr. Worcester is now living here. He will probably write some articles on the Cherokee language for the “Phoenix.” He has made astonishing progress in learning the language. The publication of the first number will be delayed over the time stated; but it is desirable that we should have as

many subscribers as possible before we begin. I have the honor to be, sir, yours respectfully,

ELIAS BOUDINOTT.

In reply to my father's letter, Baron Humboldt wrote, November 15, as follows : —

MONSIEUR, — J'ai eu l'honneur de vous adresser une lettre de Londres lorsque je m'y suis trouvé cet été et je me flatte qu'elle vous sera arrivée dans le temps. Depuis que je me trouve du retour ici, j'ai reçu deux lettres de votre part, Monsieur, dont je m'empresse à vous dire mes plus sincères et mes plus vifs remerciements. J'ai reçu les divers envois que vous avez eu la bonté de me faire, et je ne saurais vous dire, combien ils ont excité toute ma gratitude. J'ai lu avec le plus vif intérêt, Monsieur, la partie de votre lettre où vous me parlez de vos relations avec les isles de Sandwich. Je n'ai malheureusement pas trouvé M. Ellis à Londres, et j'ai beaucoup regretté de ne pas avoir pu faire sa connoissance. Parmi les ouvrages manuscrits que vous possédez sur les langues des isles du Sud, le vocabulaire des isles de Fidji et la grammaire du dialecte de Hawwaii m'intéressent de préférence. Vous ajouteriez, Monsieur, à toutes les obligations que je vous ai déjà si vous vouliez avoir la complaisance de faire à mes fraix copier pour moi les mots Fidji qui n'ont pas trouvé place dans le recueil qui a été imprimé dans le Journal de M. Ellis. Ce groupe d'isles est du plus haut intérêt. L'établissement d'une communication régulière entre Hambourg et New York par le moyen de bateau à vapeur sera extrêmement utile pour Allemagne. Que je désirerois pouvoir en profiter pour voir vous remercier de bouche de toutes les bontés dont vous voulez bien me combler. Mais à mon âge, entouré d'une famille nombreuse, il est difficile de penser à un pareil voyage. La lettre d'Elias Boudinott que vous avez eu la bonté de m'envoyer, est certainement une chose extrêmement remarquable et c'est un nouveau phénomène que de voir une des langues indigènes de l'Amérique se maintenir au milieu des efforts faits pour adopter la civilisation Européenne, même se fixer d'avantage par un alphabet entièrement différent du notre. Je placerais mon nom

très volontiers dans la liste des souscripteurs du Phoenix Cherokee, et j'ai écrit pour cet effet à M. Boudinott. Vous me ferez bien de plaisir d'accompagner ma lettre qui est écrite en français, d'une traduction anglaise. Je prie M. Niederstetter, Monsieur, de vous payer le prix de la souscription.

To Commodore Charles Morris, at this time in command at the Charlestown Navy Yard, the following letter was addressed by my father:—

IPSWICH, May 1, 1828.

SIR,—I have just received, by the Hon. Mr. Reed, your obliging letter of this morning, informing me of my appointment as Judge Advocate of the Court of Inquiry convened at Charlestown. It would afford me the highest satisfaction to accept the appointment unconditionally, and meet the Court to-morrow agreeably to your request; but I am now actually engaged in a cause which is on trial in the Supreme Court, now sitting in this place, and which will not be concluded till to-morrow at noon; and after that I should still be occupied one or two days more in this place. The only practicable arrangement, therefore, which I could make would be to meet the Court on Saturday morning, for the purpose of organizing, and then to be excused for Monday and Tuesday in order to finish my present engagements here; after which time I could give my undivided attention till the close of the inquiry. If this arrangement (which I propose to you with reluctance on so important an occasion) should meet the views of the Court of Inquiry, it would be extremely gratifying to my feelings to manifest my sense of this mark of distinction by discharging the duties thus allotted to me to the best of my ability. If it should not be consistent with your engagements to permit the delay of the two first days of next week, I can only regret that my duty to others, by previous engagements, should deprive me of the opportunity of accepting the honor of your appointment, and discharging the duty which, under that, I should owe to the Court of Inquiry and to the public; and in that event I would only beg you to assure the Court of Inquiry of the obligations I am under to them on this occasion.

The services of my father as Judge-Advocate were cordially accepted. The Court of Inquiry was held at the Navy Yard, Charlestown, upon the several complaints of Alfred P. Edwards, the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Foreign Missions, Josiah Chester, and James Cullins, against Lieutenant John Percival, of the United States Navy. The Court was organized May 1, and continued its sessions more than six weeks, — ending June 16, 1828.¹

On the 23d of June, 1828, Mr. Du Ponceau writes to my father: —

“I have had the pleasure to see in this city your amiable and learned townsman Mr. Folsom, who spoke to me a great deal about you; and I cannot let him depart without writing you a few lines, to remind you that I am yet alive, and your devoted friend as much as ever. I hear from Mr. Folsom that you are on the list of candidates for the honorable office lately filled by the venerable Kirkland. I need not tell you how happy I shall be to hear of anything that will return you to the Republic of Letters, to which you of right belong. We are going to be overwhelmed by Books of Travels of Europeans through the United States. The last work, yet in embryo, is Captain Basil Hall's, who no doubt will put forth a book shortly after his arrival in England. He will sail from New York on the 1st of next month. The days of the Fearnese and *id omne genus* are past; this country rises by its own weight, and commands respect. It will not do now to deal insipid raillery and vulgar abuse in speaking of the United States; the public voice of Europe, as well as America, would rise against it. I have been for years watching this growing ascendancy of our star on the horizon; it cannot now escape the most common observer. The genius of the country is rising in a majestic form, and the scoffers feel the awe inspired by its presence. We may foretell

¹ Present, Captain Charles Morris, President; Captain John Orde Creighton, Captain Alexander S. Wadsworth, Members.

that Hall's book will be in a much more liberal style than those of his predecessors."

My father at this time, in addition to his professional and literary employments, was a member of the Board of Aldermen of the city of Boston, and Chairman of the Committee on the Latin School, as I find by a letter addressed to Mr. Benjamin A. Gould on his resigning the situation of Master of the Boston Latin School, over which he had successfully presided for fourteen years.

In Boston, still more than in Salem, letters of introduction brought strangers to my father's acquaintance; and the quiet hospitality of the household was extended to them, as far as was consistent with his business vocations.

Señor Manuel Lorenzo Vidaurre, late Minister of State and President of the Supreme Court of Peru, and Plenipotentiary to the Congress at Panama, and Colonel Alexander Négris, a brother of the distinguished Greek statesman, were among my father's visitors at this time.

In the summer of 1828, while I was on a visit to my grandparents in Salem, my grandmother Pickering was seized with serious illness. Among my father's papers is the following extract of a letter from his father:

THURSDAY, AUG. 14, 1828.

MY DEAR SON, — Our hopes of yesterday are blasted. With her strength prostrated, your mother died this morning a few minutes before eight o'clock. She had slept almost all night; but when not asleep, so extreme was her debility that she did not utter a word. She appeared entirely free from pain, and breathed her last without the least emotion.

The biographer¹ of my grandfather most justly says : —

“In the death of his wife Colonel Pickering experienced the greatest bereavement that could possibly befall him ; no more beautiful, lovely, and happy instance of wedded life can be found than they presented.”

In the autumn of 1828 the members of the Essex Historical Society resolved on celebrating the bi-centennial anniversary of the landing of Governor Endicott in Salem.

The newspapers of the day contain a glowing account of the success of this celebration.² Judge Story was the Orator of the occasion, and the Rev. Dr. Flint contributed some appropriate hymns, to be sung at the church. A procession was formed, in which Dr. Holyoke joined, as it reached his house on the way to the North Church ; and it was noticed that when one of the hymns was sung, he rose and joined in it.³ The Oration lasted two hours in the delivery ; and when the exercises at the church were over, the procession formed again, and proceeded to Hamilton Hall for the dinner. Here Dr. Holyoke presided in his official character as President of the Essex Historical Society. Many distinguished guests were present, and among the strangers were the Presidents of Historical Societies of other New England States. Speeches were made at table by Webster, Everett, and others.

¹ Mr. C. W. Upham.

² The details of this celebration are from the Salem Gazette and Essex Register of September, 1828.

³ Dr. Edward Augustus Holyoke had passed his hundredth birthday ; he was born Aug. 1, 1728, o.s.

Mr. Quincy, Mr. Sullivan, and Mr. Pickering, of Boston, were present on the occasion. Toasts were offered as usual; and among others recorded in the newspapers, the following by Colonel Pickering: "The great principle of our emigrant fathers, — Liberty, civil and religious; *esto perpetua!*" The newspaper adds: "When the toast of the venerable Colonel Pickering was announced, the company rose by a simultaneous impulse, and greeted the sentiment with unmeasured cheerings." After several of the regular toasts had been given, Dr. Holyoke retired from the hall. As an instance of his remarkable vigor, the newspapers mention that he had written the invitation to the President, John Quincy Adams (unavoidably absent), with his own hand, on the day he was a hundred years old, and had taken it to the post-office himself the next morning.

During this year my father's correspondence was more than usually limited. Letters of introduction to Baron Humboldt for friends about visiting Europe who requested them, are noted among his papers. Devoted as he was to the exacting claims of his profession, he found relief and recreation in literary labor. An elaborate Review of Johnson's Dictionary, edited by Webster, was written by him, and published in the "American Quarterly Review." At the request of the Rev. Samuel Willard, of Greenfield, and to aid him in his infirmity of blindness, he wrote a Review of the Elementary School Books of this author, which was published in the "North American Review," of which Mr. Edward Everett was then editor. In writing a letter to my father from Washington, November 29, respecting this Review, Mr. Everett adds: —

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"We had yesterday a most interesting scene at the President's house,—a long talk with the Winnebago deputation now here. Three of their number spoke, and what they said was interpreted through the medium of the French. I wished much that I possessed your means, if not of following them, at least of forming some judgment of the structure of their language. They are the wildest Indians I ever saw."

To the "Encyclopædia Americana," at this time under publication in Boston, my father contributed some articles, at the solicitation of the editors,¹ especially on subjects connected with his profession and pursuits. One of these articles was on the Agrarian Laws of Rome.

From Mr. William Russell, editor of the "Journal of Education," and Mr. Walsh, of the "American Quarterly Review," my father received solicitations to review Webster's Dictionary. Mr. Walsh writes:—

JANUARY 14, 1829.

We ought ourselves to exhibit the errors of Webster before they fall under the acrid pens of the European critics.

A few months later, March 22, he again writes, saying:—

"Sorry I am that you cannot undertake Webster's Dictionary. Such a work should be properly reviewed in our own country before it is handled in Great Britain."

My father did not review it.

To his uncle, Paine Wingate, Esq., at Stratham, N. H., my father wrote the following letter:—

BOSTON, January 30, 1829.

DEAR SIR,—I have to communicate to you the painful information of my father's death, which happened yesterday

¹ Dr. Francis Lieber and Mr. Edward Wigglesworth.

morning. The family desire to be affectionately remembered to yourself and our aunt and family. She is now the only survivor¹ of that circle of near and kind friends whose society we have so long had the happiness to enjoy, and the recollection of which calls forth our gratitude to the Author of the numerous blessings which have fallen to our lot. I am, etc.,

J. P.

From instructors in schools and colleges my father received gratifying testimony to the usefulness of his *Lexicon*. Mr. George Bancroft, then at the head of the "Round Hill School," Northampton, says of the second edition : —

MARCH 11, 1829.

I consider this edition as one in which a great step is taken towards what I hope you will yet accomplish. Of the Greek and English lexicons in common use, it seems to me best suited to our present state. Of the former edition, a great many were used in the school, — probably near one hundred ; I shall like the use of the new edition still more. I am charmed that you estimated Heeren so highly ; I felt sure you would. I hope they will use him at Cambridge.

G. B.

Professor Moore, of Columbia College, wrote to my father as follows : —

NEW YORK, March 12, 1829.

I received yesterday, my dear sir, through the hands of Messrs. Carvill, the valuable present of your *Lexicon*, and will not delay my thanks until I shall have ascertained from use that its literary merit equals the beauty of its mechanical execution. In that case it deserves to supersede every other manual of the kind. It augurs well for Grecian letters in the

¹ Timothy Pickering, the father of Colonel Timothy Pickering, had seven daughters and two sons. The first death (that of Mrs. Sargeant) was at the age of seventy ; the last (that of Mrs. Wingate) at the age of one hundred years and eight months.

country, and is highly flattering to your work, that a new edition should be so soon demanded, notwithstanding the appearance almost simultaneous with the first, of no less, I think, than four rival Greek and English lexicons. I shall as soon as possible qualify myself from my own experience to recommend your Lexicon to use; and if anything should occur to me that seems worth suggesting to you for the still further improvement of a third edition, I shall not fail to communicate it. In the mean time believe me, my dear sir, with sincere respect, your obedient servant,

NATH. F. MOORE.

TO JOHN PICKERING, ESQ.

The correspondence which had been for a few months intermitted between Mr. Du Ponceau and my father was now resumed; and Mr. Du Ponceau writes to him, April 20, as follows:—

“From the Senate,¹ from the Bar, from the Aldermanic Office, from the Literary Cabinet, your letters are always welcome. I have received that of the 15th with its enclosures, and I am well pleased. I knew why you did not write before, and I waited patiently the moment, which I knew would come, when a little leisure would procure me your welcome lines. Meanwhile I have heard frequently of you through your Boston friends passing through this city. I had not long since a most comfortable (William Penn would have said a “savory”) conversation on your subject with your excellent Mr. Quincy, who is very much your friend, and values you as he ought. I never fail to inquire about you of all the Yankees I meet. I was apprised of your new senatorial dignity through the newspapers, and that you were nominated by three different parties. Since you have entered in good earnest the slippery ground of politics, may it be firm under you! Thus we say of the dead: May the earth be light upon them! But the earth will always be heavy, and political ground always a moving quicksand. At any rate, in everything you may undertake I heartily wish you success.”

¹ Mr. Pickering was a Senator from the County of Suffolk in 1829.

The following note, relating to membership in the Society of the Cincinnati, explains its subject : —

APRIL 23, 1829.

DEAR SIR, — The death of your honored father occasions a vacancy in the Cincinnati, which remains to be filled by you whenever you see fit to claim it. The Society does not invite successors, but receives them upon their making out their claim to membership. Your respectful servant,

C. P. SUMNER.

HON. JOHN PICKERING.

An interesting letter from the eminent lawyer, William Wirt, of Maryland, to my father, followed a professional visit made to Boston, where he was opposed to Daniel Webster in a case exciting a great deal of interest, from the distinguished reputation of the lawyers who were engaged in it. Although the subject of the case was a very dry question of accounts, the trial attracted great public attention, and the court-room was filled with eager listeners. At the house of Mr. Benjamin R. Nichols,¹ my father formed a most agreeable acquaintance with Mr. Wirt, who soon after his return home addressed the following letter to him :

BALTIMORE, July 9, 1829.

DEAR SIR, — I had not time before I left Boston to thank you for the English briefs and for the very agreeable addition which you made to that present in the elegant Review of Johnson's Dictionary. Permit me now to tender you my thanks, and to express the pleasure I derived from having made your acquaintance during my delightful excursion to your happy land. *O fortunatos, sua si bona nôrint*, which your people never will know till they shall travel to the South and compare their own condition with that of their Southern brethren. I have been so much engrossed by my own profession and its dry and toilsome details that I was not aware till I came

¹ Mr. Nichols was associated with Mr. Wirt as junior counsel.

among you of the critical attention which your people have been paying to orthoepy. I had supposed that a close and hard-thinking people like yourselves, attended so exclusively to things as to bestow but little attention, comparatively, on sounds. I have found my mistake, and shall take care to trim my pronunciation more carefully before I come among you again. In the meantime I have to beg that you will not consider my vicious pronunciation as a fair specimen of that of the scholars of Virginia. My whole scholastic education was that of a grammar-school in Maryland. I never was at any college. I learned Latin and Greek when a boy. The *res angustae domi* prohibited me from going farther. Beyond that, I am self-educated, and passed the earlier years of my life in the country, exposed to the vicious pronunciation of the uninstructed people around me. I passed into Virginia at the age of nineteen; but I was twenty-seven before I left the mountains and got into the land of scholars in the metropolis of the State. Since that I have had the benefit of the best examples of Virginian pronunciation, and have endeavored to correct my early errors by the best English standards. These, however, are so much at war among themselves as to leave the learner in doubt and uncertainty, instead of giving him a fixed and uniform standard to which he can appeal; and he finds himself forced to use the license of selecting according to his own ear and taste. We all know the difficulty of eradicating entirely an early habit; and when I am speaking in public, my mind is so intent on the matter that I frequently trip in the sound, and relapse into my early habits of vicious pronunciation. I make this statement to acquit Virginia of any participation in my blunders in orthoepy. I believe that the scholars of that State are among the best pronouncers on the continent. John Randolph is fastidiously pre-eminent in this respect. But you will surpass us far in a few years, for your national wealth enables you to cultivate these delicacies and luxuries of sound, while we are forced to labor for the necessities of life. Take care that we do not become the thinkers, and you the speakers of the continent. It will, I admit, be a strange reverse; but we live in a world in which strange things are continually happening. This, however, is badinage. I should myself be more surprised than any

one else at such an exchange and translation of characters. I beg my respects to Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, and to your brother, and remain very truly and respectfully yours,

WILLIAM WIRT.

To Chancellor Kent, of New York, my father wrote July 15 : —

SIR, — I take the liberty to ask your acceptance of a little pamphlet which constitutes an article in the "American Jurist" for the present month. I ought in justice to myself to say that it was written at the request of the editors of that journal, and was written under the pressure of daily professional business which has allowed me no opportunity of revising it with the care which ought to be bestowed on a discussion of that kind. I hope, however, that nothing will be found in it that shall mislead students, for whose use alone it is intended. In order to give the greater effect to the argument in favor of the Civil Law, I have introduced at the close of the article a few examples of professional distinction which have been owing in some degree, as I have thought, to that study. In your own case I hope I have not attributed more than I ought to its efficacy in promoting the most advantageous application of those eminent intellectual endowments which have shed such lustre upon our country. I have the honor, etc.,

J. P.

To this letter Chancellor Kent replied, April 14, 1830 : —

DEAR SIR, — I owe to you a thousand apologies for not noticing before your very obliging letter of the 15th of July last. I had then entered on the completion of the fourth volume of my Commentaries, and the reading and labor requisite to complete the volume have engrossed all my time. I had not leisure to read thoroughly even your Review on the Civil Law, and that work and the Foreign Review on the same subject, and Savigny on the History of the Roman Law during the Middle Ages, have lain undisturbed on my shelves until recently. I have now finished my work, Index and all, and it will be in the book-stores

in a week. The fourth volume will be at Boston in a few days, and I shall take the liberty to ask your acceptance of it; it will be at the book-store where they are to be sold. I have read very attentively your clear and learned article on the Civil Law, and that in the *Foreign Review* and *Continental Miscellany*. Savigny is reserved for future leisure. I take regularly most of the Reviews, foreign and domestic. My labor for the last eight months has been more incessant and arduous than that of any same period of time during my life. But my health and spirits have continued unimpaired to the end; and you will find that I had to make my way through the mazes of technical law, and New York Codification, and a chaos of American local systems, and I am entitled, you will say, to some credit for my industry, if for nothing else. You have been pleased to treat me most kindly and respectfully, and I am ambitious not to lose my standing in your estimation. Yours very respectfully,

JAMES KENT.

On the 5th of August Mr. Du Ponceau, writing to my father, says:—

“I find by the newspapers that you have accepted the office of Solicitor to your city,¹—which shows that you are plunging into law business deeper than ever.”

In the year 1829 many articles were written by my father for the “*Encyclopædia Americana*.”²

¹ Chosen City Solicitor by concurrent vote; the same office held continuously until resigned in 1846.

² List of articles in the “*Encyclopædia Americana* :” Accent (the latter part only); Advocate of the Crown (the part relating to the Attorney-General of the United States); Agrarian Laws; Americanisms (except the part praising his own Vocabulary,—that by the Editor); Diminutives (in languages,—the portion which relates to Spanish, Portuguese, English, and Indian); Indian Languages.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.—Mr. Newhall and the Authorship of Junius.—Article on Indian Languages.—The Case of the Cherokee Indians.—Rasle's Dictionary.

1829–1832.

AMONG the literary subjects brought to my father's notice at this time was a translation by Mr. George W. Erving, long resident in Spain, of a work by Erro on the Basque language. Mr. Erving presented the Spanish work to my father, and submitted to him his translation; and Mr. Sparks, the editor of the "North American Review," requesting a review of it from him, writes as follows:—

"Mr. Erving has just sent out a curious book respecting the Basque language. I know of no person in this part of the country acquainted with the subject but yourself; and if you have leisure, it seems to me you may make a most interesting article about it for the 'North American Review.' Erro's notions seem to me extravagant; but the book affords an opportunity of bringing before our community one of the most curious literary phenomenons of the present age."

In the summer of 1829 an association, under the name of the "Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," was formed by a number of gentlemen engaged in commercial pursuits, as well as in the various professions, to promote and direct popular education, by lectures and other means. In connection with the

objects of this Association, the following note was addressed to my father: —

SCHOOL STREET, July 26.

SIR, — I have the honor to inform you that at the first meeting of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge you were chosen a Vice-President, and the gentlemen whose names are enclosed were elected to the other offices. With the hope that you will contribute the aid of your influence and counsel to this institution, I am, sir, with great respect, your obedient servant,

J. GREELY STEVENSON.

To this note my father replied: —

AUGUST 8.

SIR, — I have received your notification of my being chosen one of the Vice-Presidents of the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; and though my avocations will not permit me to promise much aid, yet with the hope of being able in some degree to co-operate in the objects of the Society, I beg leave to signify my acceptance of the office, and to offer my respectful acknowledgments to them for this mark of their attention. I am, etc.,

J. P.

DR. J. G. STEVENSON.

NEWBURYPORT, Sept. 23, 1829.

SIR, — The Essex Agricultural Society, at their last annual meeting, on occasion of the resignation of their respected President, your venerated father, after passing a vote expressive of their thanks for his long, faithful, and arduous services as President of the Society, voted “that Messrs. Moseley, Adams, and Duncan be a Committee to procure and present to the Hon. Timothy Pickering a suitable medal, with appropriate emblems, expressive of the high estimation in which the Society hold his services as President.” The Committee were preparing to execute this charge (substituting a cup for a medal, from respect to an opinion expressed by Colonel Pickering in relation to the form of such compliments) when his long course of active use-

fulness was suddenly terminated. On his lamented decease the Committee deemed that they should best fulfil the intention of the Society by presenting to you, his eldest surviving son and executor, the compliment designed for your respected father. They therefore, in behalf of the Essex Agricultural Society, present to you this cup, and at the same time would express their respect for those talents and virtues which make you the worthy inheritor of your father's honors. We are, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

EBENEZER MOSELEY.

DANIEL ADAMS.

JAMES H. DUNCAN.

HON. JOHN PICKERING.

In the performance of his official duties as City Solicitor, my father occasionally received gratifying testimony of appreciation of his services from the community at large. In January, 1830, the Quincy Fire Company in Ward Four communicated a vote of thanks passed by them for his services rendered their foreman in a prosecution against him.

Among my father's papers of this period, as at other times, I find evidence of numerous and varied calls upon his time and services in behalf of persons seeking literary employment, official position, means of support, and relief from difficulties and perplexities: a letter in Portuguese for him to translate, to correct a misunderstanding in regard to remittances from South America; an urgent appeal for him to translate a modern Greek letter, written to an exiled Greek boy in Marblehead from his father at Seriphos in Greece, are among these applications. He was engaged frequently in revising and in making additions to articles for the "Encyclopædia Americana," especially on subjects where an intimate knowledge of various languages was required.

In 1830 two lectures were delivered by my father before the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The first was on "The Alleged Uncertainty of the Law," the second on Useful Knowledge; the latter was the concluding lecture of the course for the season. A Committee of the Society applied to him for copies of his lectures; but I think the request must have been declined by him. Of the lecture on "The Alleged Uncertainty of the Law," which eventually came before the public in a Law Journal, Mr. Charles Sumner says:

"Though originally written for the general mind, which it is calculated to interest and instruct in no common degree, it will be read with equal advantage by the profound lawyer. It would not be easy to mention any popular discussion of a juridical character in our language deserving of higher regard. It was first published in the 'American Jurist' at the solicitation of the writer of these lines, who has never been able to refer to it without fresh admiration of the happy illustrations and quiet reasoning by which it vindicates the science of the Law."¹

The remarkable letter from the Hon. Paine Wingate which follows, was received by my father in the week previous to the annual Commencement at Harvard College; and the substance of it was published in the "Boston Centennial" of Commencement Day, Aug. 27, 1830:—

STRATHAM, Aug. 15, 1830.

DEAR SIR,—Believing that you have the curiosity to notice incidents that are unusual, although they may appear to be trivial, I am induced to communicate to you the following note, which you will make use of as you see fit. Paine Wingate, of Stratham, N. H., was born in 1738, May 14, Julian style. He

¹ Memorial Article by Charles Sumner in the Law Reporter for June, 1846.

entered Cambridge College at Commencement, 1755, in the Freshman Class, when he stood last or lowest in the Class, placed alphabetically as the custom then was. Of course he was junior in grade to every member of the College, until the class was "placed" in the succeeding part of the year. In the year 1830, when the Catalogue of that University was published, he was the Senior, or first in the Catalogue then living, having in the course of seventy-five years passed through the various grades from the lowest to the highest of all the members of that University,—a circumstance which I conclude has not happened to any one other since the origin of the College, and probably will not occur again in many centuries. If Mr. Bowditch should think it an incident worth calculating, I think he may find data in the Catalogue and other sources to form a tolerably correct calculation when a similar event may happen again. The facts above stated may be relied upon as correct, from the hand of Paine Wingate, *et al* ninety-two. From your very affectionate uncle,

PAINÉ WINGATE.

This I expect is the last you will ever receive from me.¹

HON. JOHN PICKERING.

On the 20th of September Mr. Barker, in writing to my father, says:—

"In respect to the Schrevelius, very great progress has been made. I cannot get Dunbar or the publishers to consent to my sending over to you the sheets already struck off. They see danger to the English copyright, and our copyright law is a very awkward and inadequate protection to property; they insist on it that you should wait till we can send the printed and published volume to you."

The first Annual Report of the Managers of the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was drawn up by my father, and presented at the Annual

¹ Judge Wingate lived until March 7, 1838,—nearly seven years after the date of his letter.

Meeting, April 2, 1830. The Society had been established with a view to promote and direct popular education, by lectures and other means, for the benefit of young men especially; and the experiment had proved successful. As soon as the plan was announced, so great was the eagerness of the public to furnish the proposed additional means of instruction and intellectual employment for the younger part of the community that the names of more than seven hundred subscribers were placed upon the list, — a much greater number than could have admittance on the same evening at the Lecture Hall of the Athenæum, and each lecture was consequently delivered on two successive evenings. The amount of the subscriptions formed a fund sufficient to defray the expenses of this season.

Among the few family letters written by my father at this time is the following, addressed to me while I was on a visit to our relatives in Portland, — which happened to be at a time of great excitement in the political history of France, and of literary activity and interest in Mr. Longfellow's native city on his first return from his studies in Europe.

BOSTON, Sept. 26, 1830.

DEAR MARY, — I received your letter of the 17th by Mr. Fearing, and was gratified to learn that your time passed so pleasantly. Your account of Mr. Longfellow's Dissertation before the Forensic Club has interested us much; such a man cannot fail of ultimately producing a great effect in the community where he may happen to reside. I agree with him as to the importance of raising our literature to a higher elevation than it now holds. The practical arts and the sciences immediately connected with them will take care of themselves; but the literature of the country, unless carefully nursed, will be in

danger of suffering, and a corruption in taste accompany its decline. The "individual exertion" which you say he enforced, is, it is true, highly necessary; but the accomplishment of it demands a greater share of pure patriotism than is often found. However, I hope he will "preach it up" whenever he has an opportunity; for as Burke says (Burke forever!) of the King of Sweden, while attempting to bear up against the tempest of revolution that threatened the stability of his throne, "the top can only be kept up by continual agitation and lashing." So it is in literature, so it is in morals, and everything else that is valuable to us in society. From the account you give me of Mr. Longfellow's lecture, he must be a young man of pure literary taste and sound principles; and I hope the allurements of political distinction (which, unhappily, is the only kind valued among us) will not seduce him from the pursuit of literature. We have all been filled with amazement here, as you are in Portland, at the late Revolution in France. It seems to be fully accomplished at this moment; but we do not know enough here of the actual state of Europe to judge with much certainty of the consequences. I do not know whether I have ever told you that the present King of France (Orléans) and his two brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and the Duke of Beaujolais, once dined at your grandfather's when I was in Philadelphia, in 1797. The Duke of Orléans was then about twenty-three years old,—a plain but intelligent man, of a good person and deportment. Yesterday there was an article in the "Transcript" respecting the Junius question, announcing the intended publication of Mr. Newhall's Observations on the subject, which you have heard of. Mr. Newhall's name was not mentioned in the paragraph. I suppose he will have them published in the course of a few weeks, and I think they will make some sensation in this country, and in England too, unless the Stowe Papers have been published there already. From the attention I have given the subject with him, I think he makes out a better case than any of his predecessors in the controversy; and taking with his remarks the alleged discoveries at Stowe, I think there is little or no room for doubting that Junius was Earl Temple. It is certainly a very curious occurrence that Mr. Newhall should have come to this conclusion fifteen or

eighteen years ago, at such a distance from the scene of the transactions, and yet that it should not have been ascertained in England, or suspected there till recently. However, I have no doubt that the present Lord Grenville, and perhaps other members of the family, knew the author many years ago, though the various writers on the controversy did not. I have only room enough left to tell you how much pleasure it gives us to have you enjoying yourself abroad, though we should be glad to have you with us. You will be glad, too, to know that we are all well, and remember you, as you deserve, with the warmest affection. Your affectionate father,

JNO. PICKERING.

The first letter in 1830 from my father to Baron Humboldt is dated March 29, in which he says:—

It is a great while since I have had the pleasure to hear from you, your last letter being that of Nov. 15, 1828, which I received ten months ago. During this interval I have addressed two letters to you,—one dated March 17, and the other July 23, 1829. With the former of these letters I sent you some numbers of the “Missionary Herald,” containing remarks on the Cherokee language and on the Polynesian languages. To these I added a Review of mine upon our English lexicography. With my letter of the 23d July I forwarded a reprint of Roger Williams’s Key to the Language of the Narragansett Indians,—a tribe which inhabited the territory and neighborhood of the State which we call Rhode Island. This work was originally published in London in the year 1643, and extracts from it were published many years ago, and very badly too, by our Massachusetts Historical Society in their Collections. The copy which I sent was a present to you from the Historical Society of Rhode Island, of whom I had requested it. I forwarded to you by the same conveyance thirteen Cherokee newspapers and a little Review of mine upon the study of the Civil Law. I hope these articles have all reached you long before this time. I wrote to you that my time was much occupied with professional business in this place. I have, however, stolen from my hours of sleep and from society time enough to print the Manuscript Vocabulary of Cotton, which I have often

mentioned to you. I could not find leisure enough to prefix to it anything more than a very short introduction, the object of which was to render some aid in ascertaining the pronunciation, and thus obtaining at least an approximated value of the orthography used by Eliot and others of that day.¹ I send you with the present letter five copies of Cotton's Vocabulary, of which I will thank you to present one to the King's Library, if in your judgment that will be a proper disposition of it, one to the Berlin Academy of Sciences, and one to the Berlin University Library; reserving one copy for yourself, you will be pleased to dispose of the other as you may think proper. I also forward the remainder of your Cherokee newspapers. In the last numbers you will find many interesting remarks on the singularly varied forms for the Cherokee verbs, which present a truly wonderful specimen of the mechanism of language. It gives me much pain to add that the poor Cherokees are now in a posture of great difficulty in relation to the United States and the State of Georgia. That State (within whose territorial limits they reside) claims the right of governing them, and refuses to permit them to enjoy their own little government, which they have taken so much pains to establish. Georgia contends that as a sovereign State she has a right to govern all the people within her territory. On the other hand, the Cherokees maintain that their independence has been guaranteed to them by treaties made with the United States, which treaties are binding upon the State of Georgia, as the Government of the United States has the exclusive power to make treaties; and they contend also that although they dwell within certain limits, which have been agreed upon by the States composing the American Union to be the limits of Georgia, yet that they, the Cherokees, are not at all bound by such an arrangement among the States; that their nation now occupies the same territory (except parts which they have sold to the United States) which they did when the Europeans first came to America, and that their present limits have been recognized by the United States in several treaties. The Government of the United

¹ Cotton's Indian Vocabulary; published from the MS. in the Massachusetts Collection, with Preface, etc., by John Pickering.

States offered to them, if they will remove west of the Mississippi, a portion of the national lands in that quarter, where they may make a new settlement. But the Cherokees reply with much force, Why do not the white people remove to that distant country, and leave the Indians to enjoy the territory of which they have had the possession from time immemorial, etc.? Thus, you perceive, important questions of public law arise very unexpectedly out of the peculiar relations existing between this nation and the United States; and the case is rendered the more embarrassing, because we have ourselves for forty years past been encouraging them to abandon hunting, and to become agriculturalists and manufacturers, and thus adopt the condition of civilized people. They consider it peculiarly grievous and unjust in us, under all the circumstances, to oblige them to abandon their country; and I confess I think they have much reason on their side. What the result will be I dare not predict; but passions, interest, and physical force, when united, are too apt to overpower the weaker party, if his cause is ever so just. I hope the Government of my country will not stain its character by any act which shall be condemned by the more impartial judgment of the statesmen and jurists of your continent. I have lately procured from Germany the volumes of the Byzantine Historians, published by Mr. Niebuhr; and as I suppose you have some correspondence with him, it may be interesting to him to know that we have in our University Library a fine vellum Manuscript of the historian Glycas, which appears to be of as early a date as the thirteenth century. Perhaps he might like to have a collation of it made. I have looked at some parts of it, and find it furnishes some new readings of the text; but I have not yet examined it very particularly. It was bought in Constantinople, in the year 1819, by Mr. Everett, whom you may have seen in Europe. I hope soon to have the pleasure of hearing from you, and receiving some portion of your great American work. I have the honor, etc.

J. P.

On the 20th of July following, Mr. Du Ponceau writes:—

“I have received your favor of the 19th instant, with the article ‘Indian Languages,’ extracted from the ‘American Encyclopædia,’ as it is called, — though but partially, yet sufficiently, I think, entitled to the name; and would be more so if we had men of leisure as we have men of talent. I had read the article in the Encyclopædia itself, to which I am a subscriber, and was at no loss to discover the author, from his great propensity to the weakness of great minds, — excessive partiality to old friends. Other things made me at once detect the writer: the clearness and method with which this complicated subject is treated present a more luminous view of it than I have seen anywhere. It will have its effect not only in this country, but in Europe, and still more hereafter with posterity, when the subject shall have acquired an interest beyond that which it now possesses. I am not so wrapped up in silk as you may imagine, though I am writing the article, American Silk, for our American edition of the ‘Edinburgh Encyclopædia.’ I am very happy in this opportunity of renewing my old correspondence with you. I am growing old, and stick the more to my old attachments. I have reached my seventy-second year; that is, I have entered into it. How much longer I am for this world, I do not know; but while I am in it you may be sure that I shall always remember and reciprocate your long-trying friendship for me.”

Being free from editorial labor on his Lexicon, my father had recently employed his few leisure hours at home on various literary subjects. One of these, in which he was specially interested, was preparing for the press his article on the Indian Languages, to be published in the “Encyclopædia Americana.” This curious and elaborate production, which from its novelty and research was hailed with interest by the philologists of Europe, and translated into German, was written in a style sufficiently clear and simple to adapt it to a popular work like the Encyclopædia;

and from Dr. Lieber, the editor, my father now received the following note:—

JUNE, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your kind contribution; and if you want a whole volume for your article, you shall have it. Yours faithfully,

FRANCIS LIEBER.

This article, which covered twenty printed pages of the “*Encyclopædia*,” was published in an Appendix of that work, with the following footnote subjoined:—

“The subject of this article is so interesting, in regard to general and comparative philology, and so little is known respecting it, that it has been thought proper to allow it a space more than proportionate to the usual length of philological articles in this work.”

A discussion of the authorship of Junius, unexpectedly brought to my father’s attention, engrossed a portion of his leisure hours at this time, not only from his own interest in the question, but from his desire to aid the efforts of another, a resident of Salem, who had given much care and reflection to an enthusiastic investigation of the subject, and had many years previously come to the deliberate conclusion that the author of Junius was Earl Temple. Mr. Isaac Newhall, a merchant engaged in business in Salem, who was in the habit of reading in his leisure hours, had become interested in perusing the Letters of Junius in the common editions then published. In 1804 the American reprint of the London edition of Robert Heron’s Junius appeared, and a copy of the work was procured by Mr. Newhall and read with much attention and new interest. In 1830, the suspicion having

been thrown out in England that Lord Temple was the author of Junius, in consequence of a statement that certain papers, alleged to have been found at Stowe (his family residence), would establish the fact that Junius's Letters were written by some one of the Grenvilles, the subject was brought into notice in this country. In the "Boston Evening Transcript" of September 5, an article relating to the subject announced that "many years ago an American gentleman, residing in a neighboring town, had, after much investigation and reflection, come to the conclusion that Lord Temple was beyond any doubt the author of Junius." It was also added that the materials collected by the discoverer himself in support of this opinion would shortly be published.¹ It was not, however, until the summer of 1831 that the publication appeared, under the title of "Letters on Junius, addressed to John Pickering, Esq., showing that the Author of that Celebrated Work was Earl Temple. By Isaac Newhall." The Introductory Essay, of seventy-four pages in length, giving a careful discussion and history of the Junius controversy as to the reputed authors of Junius, was written by my father; and as Mr. Newhall's "Letters on Junius" was published in Boston, the care of editing the work devolved also on my father, whose estimate of the question involved may be seen by the following extracts from his general correspondence. To Sir James Mackintosh he writes, July 29, 1831:—

"The friendly feelings which you have ever shown towards America induce me to believe that you will take an interest

¹ This notice was signed "A Reader of Junius." (By John Pickering.)

in a little publication of one of my countrymen upon a long-contested question in English literature, and which, if we are correctly informed, you have yourself examined with some attention, — the authorship of Junius. The hypothesis of the present work is, that the ‘Letters of Junius’ were written by Earl Temple; and to readers in this country the hypothesis appears to be maintained by arguments which it is difficult to answer. It is true that for such an investigation we are under some disadvantages, on account of our great distance from the scene of Junius’s writings; but these disadvantages are counterbalanced by some advantages, as stated in the Introductory Essay of the work. The author, who is not a man of letters, but is in the habit of employing his few leisure hours in reading English works of merit, submitted his work to me before its publication; and I was so much impressed with the author’s sagacity and ingenuity in conducting his investigation that I encouraged him in the prosecution of his work, and at length yielded to his urgent request that he might be permitted to address the Letters to me. If the publication in question should be found by you to possess any merit, it would afford the highest satisfaction to the author, as well as to his friends; and your opinion, if publicly known, might lead to a republication of it in England.”

Among the fugitive articles at this time contributed to the Press by my father was a translation of Ruhnkeuss’ “Dialogue on the Study of History,” to be published in Bailey’s “Selections;” a newspaper article under the heading of “American Genius,” being a notice of Currier’s improved pianoforte; one on the pronunciation of Polish names, for the “Boston Daily Advertiser;” and some endorsing the candidacy of General Lyman for Mayor of Boston.

In the summer of this year my father sustained the loss of his highly valued and cherished friend Mr. Benjamin Peirce, formerly of Salem, and of late years

a resident of Cambridge and Librarian of Harvard College, who died after a short and severe illness. The close intimacy of many years was thus most painfully and suddenly severed. Mr. Peirce for some years previous to his death had been engaged in preparing a General History of the University, in which he was ardently interested, not only from attachment to the College, but from his love of letters and his habits of careful investigation. The materials which he had collected were left by Mr. Peirce in so advanced a state that it was deemed by his surviving friends to be of public utility, as well as an act of justice to his memory, that all the papers and memoranda relative to that work should be placed in the hands of some person who would perform such editorial duty as might be necessary to prepare the work for publication; and this delicate trust was committed to my father, whose regard for the memory of a much-valued friend and his bereaved family forbade his declining their request.

A letter from the Hon. William Wirt to my father is dated at White Sulphur Springs, Va., Aug. 5, 1831:

MY DEAR SIR, — I have received at this place your letter of the 15th ultimo, with the article on the Indian Languages, which I have read with great interest. The subject is indeed exceedingly curious, and to me entirely new. I had no conception of the copiousness and richness of the Indian languages, and am still more surprised by these complicated compounds, which Mr. Du Ponceau calls “polysynthetick.” *En passant*, I did not expect the admission, as a fact, of three original languages among the Indians, Mr. Jefferson to the contrary notwithstanding. I had supposed they would all be found to have a common root. I had, indeed, understood the object of Baron Humboldt’s investigations to be to establish a common origin of all the languages now spoken on the earth, — an opinion which

I have heard frequently expressed by learned men of late years. I shall be tempted by your paper to procure the publication of Mr. Du Ponceau to which it refers. I remain, my dear sir, very truly and respectfully yours,

WILLIAM WIRT.

In September, 1831, the Committee of the American Institute of Instruction transmitted a vote of their body, with an invitation to my father to deliver a lecture on the Philosophy of Language at the next annual meeting, to be held in Boston, Aug. 23, 1832. This invitation, as on a former occasion for the anniversary of 1831, my father could not accept; and in declining it, with his acknowledgments, expressed his regret that his necessary engagements obliged him to deny himself the pleasure of accepting it.

In the autumn of this year my father received an invitation from the Managers of the Salem Lyceum to repeat for their course some of his Lectures delivered in Boston during the previous year. The introductory lecture and another later in the season were given by him in Salem. He also delivered the introductory lecture of the Cambridge Lyceum Course. These lectures were on the "Uncertainty of the Law" and on "Useful Knowledge," the introduction in each case being made appropriate to the place and occasion.

An invitation from the Curators of the Marblehead Lyceum to deliver their introductory lecture for the season was received by my father, who was prevented from accepting it by his engagements in Court both in Salem and Boston.

For many years a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College, my father was frequently on the

various Committees of Examination appointed for the University.

January 12, 1831, Mr. George Ticknor writes : —

MY DEAR SIR, — Are you willing to do the College and myself the favor to serve on the Committee for the Modern Languages in the place of Mr. Lowell, deceased? The clumsy arrangement by which you were transferred from this Committee to another, without the knowledge of anybody interested in the matter, will thus be repaired to us. Indeed we have missed you at every Examination, and I do not see how we shall get along without you if, as is possible, we shall occasionally be required to examine in Portuguese, which nobody else understands. I pray you, therefore, most earnestly to do us the favor to serve. Yours very sincerely,

GEO. TICKNOR.

The cause of the Cherokee Nation, so long suffering from the claims and injustice of the State of Georgia, had reached a crisis early in the year 1832. The Circuit Court of Georgia having given a decision adverse to the territorial rights of the Cherokees, and requiring their expulsion from the State of Georgia, an appeal was made by the Cherokees to the Supreme Court of the United States. Justice and humanity were strongly enlisted in the cause of the oppressed Cherokees; for the right to their own territory — solemnly guaranteed to them by the United States Government in their various treaties — was recognized by every principle of justice and humanity; and the public sentiment of our community was aroused by the threatened flagrant wrong. Meetings were consequently held in Boston on this subject in March, and at one of these, in the Old South Church, Mr. Pickering presided. The house being thronged to overflowing at an early hour, the Chair-

man announced the intelligence, just received from Washington, of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Cherokee case, reversing that of the Circuit Court of Georgia. The Hon Leverett Saltonstall and Mr. Ridge, a delegate from the Cherokee Nation, addressed the meeting. A very eloquent and effective appeal was made to the humanity, honor, and justice of the great body of American free-men, in support of the decision of their highest Court, and in behalf of the oppressed and suffering Cherokees. The following resolution, submitted by the Hon. A. H. Everett, was unanimously passed: "Resolved, that it be recommended to the young men of this city and the neighboring towns to hold meetings and adopt such measures as they may deem expedient for promoting the objects of this assembly." The Hon. Leverett Saltonstall read a memorial drawn up by authority of the Committee of the week previous, and proposed to be forwarded to Congress, which was accepted by the meeting.

A subject of great philological interest, which had claimed my father's attention and efforts more than ten years previously, was now brought prominently forward by the following appeal from him in a letter to the President of the American Academy: —

BOSTON, May 19, 1832.

SIR, — In a communication which I made to the American Academy several years ago upon the subject of adopting a systematic orthography for the Indian languages of North America (published in the fourth volume of their Memoirs) I gave some account of a valuable ancient manuscript Dictionary of one of those languages, belonging to the Library of Harvard University and written by the celebrated Jesuit missionary Father Sebas-

tian^o Rasle, who resided more than thirty years with the Indian tribes, and principally with the Norridgewock Indians (a branch of the Abnakis), on the banks of the Kennebec, in the State of Maine.¹ On that occasion I strongly urged the publication of this Dictionary, as one of the most important documents now existing in relation to the history of the North American languages, and I expressed a wish that measures might be taken, without loss of time, either under the direction of the University or of the American Academy, to procure the publication of it. The great importance of this manuscript, in a philological point of view, was immediately felt by the scholars of Europe. One of the most distinguished of them, Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, in a letter to me of the 12th of March, 1822, after alluding to some highly valuable publications on the Indian language, expresses himself in the following strong terms on the subject of this manuscript: "The publication of the Dictionary of Father Rasle would be of still greater importance, and I cannot but urge you in the strongest manner possible to do everything which shall depend on yourself to effect it." That eminent philologist, the late Professor Vater, also formed the same estimate of the value of this manuscript in his review of some of the Academy's Memoirs in the "*Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung*" for the month of October, 1821. In consequence of the interest taken in this subject by two of the most competent judges then living, I made an effort at that time to procure the publication of the manuscript. But having failed in that attempt, and having been since obliged by various avocations to forego all further attention to pursuits of this kind, I had abandoned all hope of seeing it accomplished. The subject, however, has recently been again brought under the notice of some individuals who take an interest in whatever is connected with American literature, and a strong conviction seems now to prevail that it would be for the honor of our country, as well as for the advancement of philological knowledge, that the manuscript in question should be published; and although I have myself relinquished the expectation of again devoting any time to philological studies,

¹ Father Sebastian Rasle came to New England in the year 1689; he was killed in a battle between the Indians and English in 1724.

I have thought the present occasion a proper one, through you, sir, to ask the attention of the Academy to the subject, and to submit to their consideration whether the manuscript may not be published as a part of their Memoirs. The Philological Society at Philadelphia has published a highly important work on the Indian languages, and it seems in itself no less proper that societies for the promotion of knowledge should collect and preserve facts, — the basis of our knowledge, as well in philology as in other sciences. With this view, a specimen of Rasle's manuscript has been printed, in order to enable you to form some opinion of the proposed publication, and accompanies this letter, which is respectfully submitted to the consideration of the Academy. I have the honor to be, sir, etc.,

JOHN PICKERING.

NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, LL.D.,

President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

CHAPTER XIX.

Journey to Philadelphia and Washington. — Dr. Spurzheim. — Lectures on Language and the Telegraph. — Appointed on the Commission to revise the Massachusetts Statutes. — Declines to be a Candidate for Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. — Lectures and Correspondence.

1832-1834.

IN the summer of 1832 my father had the recreation of a journey for the first time in many years. As one of the executors and trustees of the estate of the late Hon. James Lloyd, it was necessary for him to go to New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, with the other gentlemen¹ connected with the management of the property. It is believed that he had not been in New York or Philadelphia since the year 1797, and never in Washington. On his way home he writes from Philadelphia as follows:—

I find many old reminiscences. I went first to find Mr. Tilghman's old office, which still remains, but is converted into the "National Hotel!" My old fellow-student, his eldest son, died some years ago. A younger brother survives, who is also a lawyer; I have not seen him yet, but shall call upon him. I have looked up the old places of our residence here when I was a boy and when I was studying law here; the recollections of some things are distinct and vivid, of others faint. The city, as a whole, presents an entirely new face. It is a fine place, and decidedly preferable to New York as a place of residence. The whole tone seems to me more gen-

¹ Judge Samuel Hubbard and John Borland, Esq., of Boston, set out with him; Mr. William P. Greene, of Norwich, Conn., afterwards joined them.

tlemanly, and less like that of a mere place of business. I have been driving about, day after day, to see the lions. I saw Mr. Du Ponceau first of all, and he carried me to see Mr. Vaughan, who the next day equipped me with letters addressed to the Navy-yard, Mint, Penitentiary, etc., all of which I have not yet found time to see,—indeed he would find employment for me for a month, if I could stay here. On Friday evening I attended a meeting of the *savants* of the Philosophical Society, at which Mr. Du Ponceau presided. There I was introduced to twenty gentlemen or more, several of whom have called on me. I have among others seen Mr. Walsh; he called on Sunday morning. In the afternoon I went to church with Mr. Du Ponceau. Yesterday I dined with a party at Mr. Du Ponceau's,—Judge Hopkinson, Dr. Chapman, Dr. Pickering, some foreigners, Mr. Vaughan, etc. We accordingly had a mixed French and English conversation, as well as French and English cookery,—a very pleasant time, and Mr. Du Ponceau very animated, and apparently enjoying himself highly. Yesterday morning Mr. Vaughan (who lives as a bachelor at the Philosophical Society's rooms) gave me a breakfast with Mr. Du Ponceau and various other *savants*. To-day I am to take dinner with him, and then go with a French gentleman to see the Penitentiary and some other places. He introduced me to a young Mexican, Mr. Cañade, who speaks but little English; and we spoke in shreds of Spanish, French, or English, as the case required. Mr. Vaughan has been a traveller in Spain, and speaks the language tolerably. Everybody brings letters to him, and he takes real pleasure in facilitating their progress through the city. I expect to leave Philadelphia on Monday; but I am embarrassed about going to Albany, since the news of the cholera being in Montreal.

NEW YORK, Sunday Evening, June 24.

I arrived here last night, as I expected when I wrote you last from Philadelphia. I should have liked to have stayed one day longer there for the sake of seeing Mr. Washington Irving, according to a plan of Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Walsh; but I considered it important to save a day, as I may find it necessary to return here after going up the North River to see your uncle Henry,

which I am desirous of doing.¹ This evening I have been to see Mr. Gallatin. The immediate object of my call was to get of him some Indian vocabularies which he borrowed of the Department of War. He talked about various subjects, and sensibly. I shall now leave this city on Tuesday morning, to proceed up the North River; and if I can go across the country from Kingston without returning here, and with convenience, I shall proceed to New Haven and Hartford, and thence home.

This journey and absence of five weeks from home, of which one week was devoted to his duties of executor, was the longest release of my father from his law-office within my recollection.

On the 19th of July Mr. Du Ponceau writes to my father, saying:—

“I am glad to hear that you are involved in a great mass of professional business. I hope you will find it profitable, so much so as to be able to return, by and by, to your favorite occupations, not excluding jurisprudence, which will always be a noble science when pursued for its own sake, and not as a road to other more earthly objects. I wish I could help you in the very troublesome labor of arranging Rasle’s Dictionary; if I were near you, you would not want at least a faithful amanuensis. We have had, it is said, two or three cases of the famous cholera in this city; for two days, however, there have been none reported. The Count Surveilliers² sails to-morrow for Liverpool. I think he would have done better to stay among us. The Great Powers will make use of him as long as suits them, and he will be happy if they allow him at last to return to his farm in New Jersey. We are all happy to learn that you contemplate coming here

¹ At different periods Mr. Henry Pickering lived at Rondout and Kingston, N. Y.

² Joseph Bonaparte, who lived for some years on his estate at Point Breeze, near Bordentown, N. J., bearing the name of “The Count Surveilliers.”

again next year with part of your family. Meanwhile give my best respects to all."

In August of this year my father was negotiating for hiring a house on the Mill Dam, as the lower part of Beacon Street was then familiarly designated. The house in Franklin Street, in which we had lived since removing from Salem, had proved an undesirable residence in the heat of summer, obliging us to pass several weeks in South Boston, at City Point, for a change of air. To obviate the inconvenience of this arrangement, it was decided to take a house in an airy situation, where the family could remain throughout the year and my father could also enjoy the benefit of air and exercise within the city's limits, to which he was confined by his professional business. A house was accordingly taken in the stone block of six houses beyond Charles Street (75 Beacon Street); and in this and the adjoining house (No. 74) we lived nine years. During this time the only buildings on the Mill Dam beyond were Braman's bath-house and the toll-house; while in front, the view (across the waste land, now forming a portion of the Public Garden) was wholly unobstructed as far as the Providence Railroad Station, and the arriving and departing trains of this early established road formed a prominent feature of the prospect.

In the literary circles of Boston much interest was excited at this time by the arrival from Europe of a distinguished German physiologist, Dr. Gaspard Spurzheim. As a medical man he had been associated with the late Dr. Gall, his friend and master, in the profound study and investigation of the anatomy of the brain;

and in conjunction with him had been distinguished as an author in publishing to the world the results of their investigation in laying the foundation of the new science of Phrenology, first promulgated by Dr. Gall. After a residence in Paris and other European cities, and after lecturing on this new science in England, Scotland, and Ireland, Dr. Spurzheim came to this country in a true spirit of philanthropy, and selected Boston as the first place in the United States in which he should exhibit the claims made on behalf of the new science of Phrenology, which he believed so important in its bearings on the character and welfare of the human race. On arriving in Boston, furnished with letters of the strongest recommendation to the leading men of science and literature in the country, he began a series of lectures, receiving various invitations, meantime, to deliver courses in the other principal cities of the United States. He had already won a tribute of respect and admiration from the distinguished anatomists and physicians in Boston, who had listened with intense interest to his original demonstration of the anatomy of the brain. In lecturing to them, at their request, he had nearly concluded his general course of lectures on Phrenology to cultivated and delighted audiences, and had attracted the regard and friendship of all persons with whom he came in contact, when he was stricken down by illness, brought on insidiously by over-exertion in a climate to which he was not habituated, and his powerful frame sank rapidly under the disease. The unremitting and affectionate care of his medical brethren was tenderly and skilfully rendered, and the anxiety of friends personally attached to this sufferer in a strange

land was aroused to a painful height. On the 10th of November Dr. Spurzheim died, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Commemorative funeral obsequies took place on the 17th in the Old South Church. An obituary notice of him, written by my father, who keenly felt his illness and loss, was published in the "Boston Daily Advertiser" of Nov. 12, 1832.

In the autumn of this year a prospectus for publishing the late Mr. Peirce's "History of Harvard University" was issued. This was written by my father, who had undertaken to edit the work from the manuscript papers left by his deceased friend. A Review of Theobald's "Law of Principal and Surety," written by my father, was this year contributed to the "American Jurist," comprising eleven printed pages of that law publication.¹ These articles, with his lectures on "The Use of Language," which he delivered during the winter before the Boston Mechanics' Institution and the Cambridgeport Lyceum, comprise his public literary labors of this nature, so far as is now known. In his few leisure hours at home he was engaged in the arduous undertaking of deciphering and copying Rasle's "Manuscript Dictionary of the Abnaki Language," which he was to edit for publication in the Memoirs of the American Academy, — an undertaking which required the greatest care and exactness, from the abbreviation of many French words in the definitions, and from the faded condition of the ink of the ancient manuscript.

¹ A Practical Treatise on the Law of Principal and Surety, particularly with Relation to Mercantile Guaranties, Bills of Exchange, and Bail Bonds. By William Theobald, Esq., of the Inner Temple, London, 1832.

On the 14th of February, 1833 Mr. Du Ponceau, in writing to my father, says:—

“I have received your very friendly letter of the 30th ultimo, with the three signatures of Rasle’s Dictionary. I have read these sheets with great attention. I see you have made it an exact fac-simile to the original. I am much pleased with your footnotes; I only regret there are not more. I find several words in this language apparently derived from the English, which historically shows those Indians had much intercourse with the New England settlers, notwithstanding the pains which I presume the Jesuits took to prevent it. I am glad to hear that you are going to subjoin a Memoir to the Dictionary. I have received and read with great pleasure your interesting lecture on the ‘Language of Signs.’ Your description of the telegraph is very clear, and every way satisfactory. I shall be very glad to receive the remainder of your lectures when they appear, both for my pleasure and improvement.”

The lecture on the telegraph, to which Mr. Du Ponceau alludes in the above letter, was one of a course on “The Use of Language;” telegraphic signals as a medium of communication being included by my father under the general head of “Language.” From its practical nature the lecture attracted great attention and interest. After being delivered before several literary societies in Boston and elsewhere, this lecture was delivered before the Boston Marine Society by the special request of its members; the lecture was printed at their instance, and in May following, my father was elected an honorary member of the Society. This practical bearing of the “Language of Signs” at once attracted public attention, and notices of the lecture, published in the Boston newspapers, were widely copied in other cities. The following extracts from newspapers of that day will not be without interest at the present

time, when viewed in the light of the marvellous inventions and discoveries which later years have produced, as well as in connection with grave events in our national history within the past fifty years.

Under the heading of "Telegraphic Science," the "Columbian Centinel" of Boston, Feb. 8, 1833, has the following notice:—

"We had the pleasure to attend a lecture on this subject delivered on Tuesday evening by John Pickering, Esq., before a quarterly meeting of the Boston Marine Society. In the introductory remarks the lecturer classed this science among the languages as a species of communication between individuals. He traced the use of telegraphic communications up to high antiquity, and noticed the progress and improvements in the science in modern times. This subject has been very little understood by the generality of the community; though the application of the science is of vast importance, not only to mariners and those concerned in navigation, but to the whole community, as the most rapid of all certain modes of communicating intelligence. The science is, moreover, susceptible of being made very interesting to the philosophic inquirer. When it is considered that accurate information may be communicated from one extremity of our country to the other in the short space of a few hours, it will attract general interest. The lecturer suggested that at no remote period extensive telegraphic communications might be established between our principal cities. This is certainly no unreasonable anticipation. Such establishments have for many years been in operation in Europe, and they are regularly made use of in France for the purpose of a rapid transmission of important information for the Government; and the whole people participate in their results. The subject is worthy the attention of our own Government."

The "Charleston Courier," February 28, thus introduced the subject of "telegraphic language" to its readers:—

“The Hon. John Pickering has recently delivered in Boston two lectures on the ‘Importance of the Study of the Languages,’ in the course of which he introduced and illustrated, under the class of written languages, the important and useful invention of telegraphic signals. The subject is a novel one, and we believe but little understood in our community ; a notice of it, condensed from Mr. Pickering’s remarks, may prove both interesting and useful.”

A long and clear statement of facts adduced by the lecturer in the history of telegraphic communication, with his suggestion of its prospective usefulness and value as a means of national intercourse to us, is then given ; and the editor adds : —

“The following are the concluding remarks of Mr. Pickering’s second lecture : ‘The most probable speculations on future events may be defeated by circumstances beyond the ken of human sagacity. What I have already ventured to indulge in depend, under Providence, in no small degree upon our continuing to be one nation, — a united people. Unhappily, while we are here enjoying our delightful anticipations of the future, events are going on in another part of our country deeply affecting our national tranquillity. But let us not despond ; let us still hope that the great questions which agitate the country will yet be decided by the tribunal of reason, and not of passion or force, and that the same kind Providence which made us one nation, by connecting us in a common bond of amity and concord, will again tranquillize all the discordant elements, and bring the members of our beloved country to feel that we shall owe the continuance of our unexampled prosperity, as we did its beginning, to the preservation of the Union.’ ”

Many years subsequent to the date of these speculations on the important means of communication by telegraphic signals, and when the magnetic telegraph and submarine cable had become vehicles of communi-

cation in constant use, my father's lecture on the telegraph was alluded to at a meeting of the American Academy (long after his decease) as a prophetic foreshadowing of the possibilities of future communication and intercourse.

At the request of the Boston Mechanics' Institution, which had for several years past established public lectures annually, my father this year delivered before their association a course of four lectures. Under the comprehensive head of language he included not only the language of signs as expressed by telegraphic signals, but in two successive lectures he introduced and illustrated to a popular audience the novel subject of Egyptian hieroglyphics, which, under the recent interpretation of Champollion, had claimed his own enthusiastic study and interest as the oldest-known language extant of the human race. These lectures were delivered to large audiences at the Masonic Temple; and in the list of other lecturers to the same association this year are the names of the Hon. Edward Everett, the Hon. Francis C. Gray, Professor John Farrar, the Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Josiah Quincy, Esq.

On the death of Professor George H. Ashmun, of the Harvard Law School, one of the original Commissioners for the Revision of the Laws of Massachusetts under the directions of its Legislature, my father was appointed in his place; and he entered upon the work of revising the statutes of the State, in conjunction with Judge Charles Jackson and Professor Asahel Stearns. His note to the Governor on accepting this appointment is dated April 15, 1833.

In a letter of Mr. Du Ponceau to my father, June 23, he says : —

“Dr. Delancey has resigned the Provostship of our University; a new election will not take place before August. You have many friends here who are anxious to have you in his place. You know how happy I should be if it could take place. Tell me something on the subject when you write, that I may satisfy those who would like to come out with your respected name. Oh, how I wish we could offer you such a temptation as you could not resist! I hope, at any rate, you will not give up the project of coming to see us at least once in every year. I am expecting with impatience the last sheets of the Rev. Father Rasle's. I should like to have two or three copies written out to send to my friends in Europe.”

The following letter from Horace Binney, Esq., was called forth at this time by his interest respecting the Provostship of the University of Pennsylvania : —

PHILADELPHIA, June 18, 1833.

DEAR SIR, — There is no case which shows better than our own that currents which are separated but a little near their fountains may finally diverge until the rarest thing in the world is the intermingling of their waters. If I admitted the word “fate” or “destiny” into the language which I speak, I should think it the best to account for this strange divergency between us, or rather to signify that it is unaccountable. I have heard of you many times, thought of you oftener, in connection with our college life and intimacy, tried to see you when I learned that you were in my neighborhood; and yet to the purpose of reunion, altogether without effect. You may have been informed that Dr. Delancey, the Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, has accepted a call by one of our city churches, and has thus left his collegiate office vacant. During his presidency the College has risen in reputation, at least in its immediate neighborhood, and the Professors who constitute the Faculty of Arts are deemed to be entirely capable of sustaining its character,

with the assistance of a competent chief. It is not surprising that several of the Trustees, looking to the interests of the institution, and considering what would be most agreeable to themselves, have turned their eyes to you as a successor. I hope, but almost against hope, that they have not fallen into the common error of regarding only their own wishes. The salary of twenty-five hundred dollars, which the office at present enjoys, is certainly but an imperfect compensation for such services as it would obtain from you. The station at the same time has much distinction among us, the opportunity which it affords of doing good is large, and the general tone of the society with which it connects the individual who holds it is of the most liberal cast. The literary and scientific resources of the city may perhaps enter with these circumstances into any estimate of the subject which you may make. It may further deserve consideration that with an increase of the number of pupils, the means of larger salaries will be obtained. A Committee of the Trustees who have in charge the duty of naming candidates to the Board at their next meeting in July have instructed me, as their Chairman, to submit this matter to you, and to ask your permission to place you in nomination. It is hardly necessary to say that if nominated, there will be a reasonable certainty of your election. That you will incline to come among us in this character is what I desire more than expect. If I should be disappointed, it would be the most agreeable disappointment of my life; and if my fears shall be realized, the occasion will, I hope, give me an indemnity in the renewal of the intercourse which was so gratifying to me in our youth, and in the recollection of which I remain your friend and servant,

HORACE BINNEY.

JOHN PICKERING, Esq.

My father's answer to this letter of Mr. Binney is dated the 24th of June:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I duly received your friendly letter of the 18th of this month, and am happy that any circumstance should have been the occasion of my hearing from you again, and of

calling up the delightful recollections of past days. We have been peculiarly unfortunate in our endeavors to see each other. Last year while I was at Philadelphia I called at your house, but you were out of town; and this year, being there only on business, I had not time to visit any of my friends. I hope to be more fortunate when I shall again visit your city. You may perhaps have expected an answer to your letter before this time; but yet I can feel no doubt you will have concluded that the subject of it, involving the most important consequences to myself and family, demanded great consideration. I may add, however, that my reply to you has been delayed by necessary engagements in relation to the President's visit.¹ I am under great obligations to all the gentlemen (you I know must be of the number) whose partiality has led them to wish me to be a candidate for the office of Provost in your University, and the very friendly sentiments they entertain towards me personally only serve to heighten the pain I feel in not being able to comply with their flattering request. The inducements to holding the office, which I doubt not you have stated justly, are strong, particularly the high character and tone of the society naturally connected with it. But strong as these are, they are outweighed by other considerations, many of which, as I am persuaded you will agree, can be estimated by no other person than myself. With you I need not go into details, but shall merely request you to state in general terms to the Trustees who instructed you to make the application to me that, with the highest sense of their friendly views, I feel compelled under the circumstances of the case, and after the most careful consideration of the subject, to decline being a candidate for the office in question. It will give me great pleasure to hear from you whenever your leisure shall permit. I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,

JOHN PICKERING.

The official engagements alluded to as delaying the above reply were connected with my father's duties as one of the Overseers of Harvard College. On President Jackson's visit to Boston, the Corporation of the Col-

¹ President Andrew Jackson.

lege voted to confer on him the degree of LL.D. The Overseers were summoned to act on this vote June 22, and on the 26th they were to be at Cambridge to meet the President on his visit to the College.

In a letter to my father from Mr. John C. Hamilton, New York, June 21, he says : —

“I regretted my departure from New York before you left us. On my return through Philadelphia I found your supposed disinclination to accept the Presidency of the College a source of much disappointment.”

In a letter of the 23d of July to my father, Mr. Du Ponceau says : —

“Your refusal of the place of Provost of our University, when formally offered to you by the Committee of Nominations, has given great pain to the friends of the institution and to the Trustees generally. You are, I know it, the object of the general choice; the opinion is general that no person is better calculated than yourself to do credit to the institution. Being known to be your friend, I have been spoken to by several of the members of the Board and of the Committee; but from what passed between us when you were last here, I could give them no encouragement, — and I gave them none, well knowing how much you are attached to the land of your forefathers, and how difficult it would be to tear you from it. I need not say, for my part, how gratified I would be to see you near me, and in a situation to devote yourself to your favorite sciences, no longer subjected to the drudgery of our cabalistic profession. But these wishes, warm as they are, are subordinate to my desire for your happiness; for were you to come here, and your removal to be attended with regrets, I never could forgive myself for having been instrumental in it.”

A singular trial of the Mayor and Aldermen of Boston, indicted by the Grand Jury for a false return of votes cast at the April election, took place in May

of this year, in which my father, as City Solicitor, acted as counsel for the Mayor and Aldermen, and Andrew Dunlap, Esq., as special counsel for Samuel Fales, one of the Board of Aldermen. This trial excited much interest, from the peculiar nature and bearings of the indictment, the grounds of which rested on the alleged failure of the city officials to make a true return of the votes cast.¹ In recognition of my father's services on this occasion, a silver pitcher was presented to him, with the following inscription : —

“Presented by the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Boston to Hon. John Pickering, City Solicitor, for his eloquent and successful exertions in the defence of Charles Wells, Mayor, and of Aldermen Henry Farnam, John Binney, Jabez Ellis, Thomas Wetmore, Samuel Fales, Benjamin Fiske, when on trial before the Municipal Court of the City of Boston on an indictment found by the Grand Jury, May term, 1833.”

A similar testimonial was presented to Andrew Dunlap, Esq., an able lawyer, and son-in-law of Alderman Samuel Fales.

From Mr. Edward Livingston, of New York, Secretary of State under President Jackson (and appointed by him Minister to France), my father received the following letter, in return for a copy of his lecture on the telegraph : —

NEW YORK, Aug. 2, 1833.

DEAR SIR, — I must trust to the kindness which induced you to send me a copy of your interesting pamphlet, to excuse my delay in acknowledging it. I hope it may draw the attention of our Government to the importance of establishing telegraphic communications from the seat of Government to the

¹ The defendants were acquitted.

several points of our coast that are most exposed to invasion. Such establishment would, during the late war, have saved the trouble and expense of many useless marches and counter-marches, which harassed the militia, for the want of speedy and certain information of the enemy's movements. This specimen of your lectures creates a regret that you have not given the whole course to the public. The subject is a very interesting one, and I have no doubt that your manner of treating it would draw to it the attention it deserves. Should you determine on the publication, and would do me the favor to transmit a copy to me through the Department of State, I will put it into such hands at Paris as I think will cause it to be appreciated. I am, sir, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

EDWARD LIVINGSTON.

JOHN PICKERING, ESQ.

In June of this year my father was chosen by the Committee of the Phi Beta Kappa Society as their Orator for the approaching anniversary at Harvard College. This appointment he declined. At this time, in addition to his professional labors and the duties devolving on him as City Solicitor, he was engaged in the arduous revision of that portion of the Statutes of Massachusetts relating to the internal administration of the Government. His literary occupation, in his few leisure hours at home, consisted in the editorial labor of preparing for the press Peirce's "History of Harvard University," with Appendix and Preface added by himself (a work of more than four hundred pages octavo, which was published in July), and in transcribing and arranging Rasle's "Dictionary of the Abnaki Language," to which he added an introductory Memoir and Notes,—a quarto volume of five hundred and seventy-four pages, published in August in the Memoirs of the American Academy. He also contributed

to the "American Jurist" a Review of "Williams on the Law of Executors."

Among the letters of introduction to my father brought by strangers was one from Mr. Edmund H. Barker, of England (Sept. 28, 1833), introducing Mr. Henry Westmacott, a sculptor, and brother of Professor Westmacott, Professor of Sculpture at the London Royal Academy. The only reminiscence of this visitor now left me is his remark that the head of my father was, in its proportions, the longest that he had ever seen, except that of Sir Walter Scott.

After a long and unavoidable interruption in his letters to Baron Humboldt, my father wrote to him, under date of Oct. 15, 1833 : —

SIR, — On recurring to your last letter (dated the 27th of October, 1831, which, however, did not reach me till some time after that date), I should feel quite ashamed of myself for not having made an immediate reply to it, if I were not persuaded that your kindness would ascribe this delay to necessary causes, and not any want of inclination on my part. The truth unfortunately is, sir, as I have before observed to you, that my engagements of business in this city leave no leisure for study, and I feel unwilling to send you a letter unless it can be accompanied with something of value. I am now happy to have it in my power to transmit to you an important work on our American Languages, — the Abnaki Dictionary of Father Rasle, of which I have frequently spoken to you. After several attempts, we have at length succeeded in getting it printed. This has been done by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (in Boston), at whose request I undertook to discharge the editorial duties that should be requisite. This laborious task has occupied all my leisure hours for many months ; the manuscript, though written in a fair hand, is in many places difficult to read, and has numerous abbreviations, besides which there are other difficulties. I have added to the Dictionary an Introduc-

tory Memoir and a few notes, in order to inform general readers of its value and of some of the results to be obtained from works of this kind. You will find nothing in my part of the publication which will be new or useful to yourself, unless possibly some of the etymologies at the bottom of the pages, and the remarks in the supplementary notes on the characteristic differences of certain dialects of the Lenape family shall be found worthy of your notice. Without an exact and minute attention to the dialectical distinctions, I need not inform you, sir, that we shall lose half the value of our materials for comparative philology. With the Dictionary of Rasle, I send you a copy of Cotton's "Vocabulary of the Massachusetts Dialect" (of about the same epoch), the five copies which I sent some years ago having, as you inform me, been lost. It gives me great pleasure to learn that my little article on the Indian Languages (published in our "Encyclopædia Americana") has been read by you with any interest, and that you say I have understood your views; this favorable opinion I must not ascribe so much to intrinsic merit as to your benevolence and candor. I need not assure you, sir, that the article was intended not for such readers as yourself, but only for those who are unacquainted with the subject. I am glad to see that it has attracted the notice of the German reviewers. I send you on this occasion two other books, — the Gospel of St. Luke in the Seneca tongue (of the Iroquois stock), and the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and John, in the language of Hawaii (Owhyhee). You will be pleased to see that our missionaries have adopted my views as to their orthography, instead of following our irregular and barbarous English method. They assure me that the children of the islanders learn to read more rapidly, beyond all comparison, than our children here learn to read English, — which facility they ascribe almost entirely to the simplicity of their orthography. But there is, after all, an extreme difficulty, they say, in deciding upon some of the sounds in those languages, in consequence of the careless and irregular habits of speaking among the people in general. I have lately had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Harrison, whom I formerly took the liberty of introducing to you. He speaks of your kind attentions to him, with many

other particulars which much interested me and demand my thanks.

In the autumn and winter of 1833 my father delivered lectures at Cambridge and Plymouth. He also delivered a lecture before the Massachusetts Historical Society on "The Origin of the Population of America," and in a course of five lectures, given at the request of the Boston Mercantile Association, he enforced and illustrated the uses and importance of "Enlarged Education" as necessary in business life.

During this year an article on "Public Lands as to Agrarian Laws" was contributed by him to the "Encyclopædia Americana."

The first intimation received by my father that his article on the Indian Languages had been translated into German is contained in a note from his friend Dr. Lieber. In a letter of later date Dr. Lieber says:

"The name of the translator of your article seems to me to be of Hungarian origin; but you know that there are several German families in the South of Germany with Hungarian names."

The fact became afterwards known that the translator was a lady distinguished for her learning in the Slavic and other languages, the daughter of Professor von Jacob, of Germany, and wife of the Rev. Professor Edward Robinson.

In March, 1834, my father was elected an honorary member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. For the April number of the "North American Review" he wrote an elaborate article, reviewing Peirce's "History of Harvard University."

A letter dated the 8th of December, 1834 (which did not reach my father until the 12th of March, 1835), was the last which he was destined to receive from Baron Humboldt, who had opened the correspondence with him in 1821. Since the year 1828 Baron Humboldt had been compelled to employ an amanuensis, from the weakness of his hand, signing his name only, or occasionally adding the date at the close of his letters. This last letter had only his usual signature, "Humboldt," evidently written with labored and feeble strokes of the pen.

In a letter to Professor Schmidt, of St. Petersburg, accompanying a copy of Rasle's Dictionary sent to this eminent philologist, my father says: —

"The extensive researches which you have made into the Oriental languages will enable you to decide whether there is any clear and unequivocal affinity, either etymological or grammatical, between the languages of the Old and the New Continents. At present our American philologists do not discover such affinity; and although among the American stocks some appear to be etymologically as different almost as Mongol and German, for example, yet they all have a strong resemblance among themselves grammatically and in some of those particulars in which they differ from the languages of the eastern continent; as, for example, in the classification of substantives, which are divided, not into the usual classes of masculine and feminine, but of animate and inanimate objects, — and so in other particulars."

In October of this year the lecture on "The Alleged Uncertainty of the Law," delivered by my father in 1830 before the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, was published in the "American Jurist," at the solicitation of Mr. Charles Sumner.¹

¹ American Jurist, vol. ii.

A lecture on "The Origin of the Population of North America," first delivered before the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1833, was this year delivered by my father before the Boston Mechanics' Association. Invitations to deliver lectures before the Lowell Moral Lyceum and the Salem Charitable Mechanics' Association were declined by him, as well as an invitation from the subscribers to a course of lectures to be delivered at Plymouth, requesting him to deliver the introductory lecture.

The acquaintance with an interesting young Armenian gentleman, which was made by my father at this time, was due to a note received by him from Dr. Howe, October 1 : —

19 PEARL STREET.

DEAR SIR, — There will be several foreigners at my room this evening, among others an Armenian. Will you do me the favor to call in, *sans cérémonie*? Yours truly,

SAMUEL G. HOWE.

MR. PICKERING.

It is my impression that Mr. Perdicaris (the Armenian above referred to) obtained the appointment of United States Consul for Greece. My father had an occasional correspondence with him, not only from personal regard, but from his warm interest in the history and fortunes of Greece, where Mr. Perdicaris was established.

From Athens, August 12, Mr. Perdicaris wrote, some months after his arrival in Greece : —

MY DEAR SIR, — The Archæological Society of Greece has appointed you an honorary member, and honors me with the commission of communicating to you the fact, and forwarding your diploma. In doing this, you will allow me to express the hope that you will accept the mark of respect conveyed by the appointment with something of the same pleasure with which it

is given, and that it will be the means of keeping alive that interest which you have ever felt in behalf of Greece and her fortunes. The Report which accompanies your Diploma will acquaint you with the objects of the Society, and may enable you to aid it in its incipient efforts. I shall, of course, be happy to be the medium of communication between you and the Society, and expect to be honored with your commands. Since my last letters, which I sent by Captain G. N. Alessandri, and which I hope have reached you before this, nothing of importance has occurred, and consequently I can give you no news except that we enjoy tranquillity, and that individual as well as national existence moves on like a lazy stream which receives no new accession and which suffers no material diminution. The Government has been obliged to occupy itself with economical schemes; but instead of increasing its income, it only endeavors to economize by decreasing its expenses and increasing the taxes, — the last of which is an evil, and not a remedy. However, every day's tranquillity increases the chances of prosperity, and accordingly the people are progressing in commerce and agriculture. The cause of letters and education is making greater progress than the means of the nation can warrant us to expect, and while the Press is more or less at work, schools and schoolmasters are rising in every part of the country. The love of learning seems to be implanted in the breast of the people, and they look upon education as one of the indispensable wants of life. We may therefore be permitted to indulge in the hope that Greece will succeed in securing for her people the blessings of civilization, and in showing herself worthy of that splendid inheritance to which she is entitled by her descent. Your clients on this side of the Atlantic are waiting with impatience answers to their letters, and I am in hope that we shall hear from you in the course of a few weeks. Mrs. Perdicaris recurs with pleasure to the few moments she spent in your and your daughter's society, and she begs of you to accept her best respects and offer her compliments to Miss Pickering. Pray remember me kindly to the members of your family, and allow me the honor of being your friend and obedient servant,

G. A. PERDICARIS.

JOHN PICKERING, ESQ., BOSTON.

In the summer of 1834 Mr. Benjamin Rand, of Boston, an eminent member of the Suffolk Bar, went to England, taking with him letters of introduction from my father, especially to Professor Amos, the distinguished jurist living in London. Professor Amos writes to my father, December 3, saying : —

Accept my best thanks for your interesting lecture, and for the pleasure of the introduction of your friend Mr. Rand. I shall on every occasion be delighted to promote the reciprocity of kind feeling between the American and English Bar. Will you allow me to mention a subject upon which you could confer a great benefit on the profession of the law in England, and indeed upon the country at large, — it is by furnishing me with American statistics upon the subject of capital punishments. The Commission, of which I am a member, for the Revision and Consolidation of the Criminal Law have recently received directions from Government to report upon the subject of capital punishments, and also upon the allowance of speeches of counsel upon the trial of felonies. We are very desirous of receiving light from America upon these subjects. I am afraid that as early as February we shall be much pressed to make our Report ; and if it were practicable to receive some statement from yourself upon the subjects above mentioned, we should think our Report greatly enriched by printing it, and I have no doubt our opinions would be materially influenced by what we should hear from you. Begging you to accept the assurances of my esteem, I remain, my dear sir, yours very faithfully,

A. AMOS.

Mr. Rand, in forwarding the above note, writes to my father, December 4, as follows : —

“Professor Amos, on behalf of the Committee for digesting the Criminal Law, has called upon me for some information as to the law and the progress of it in America. Upon this subject he has Mr. Livingston’s Code, and was not aware until I told him that it was not law in each of the States. I have to regret that, having called at every American bookstore in London, I

have not been able to find the Digests of the Laws or Revised Statutes of New York, Pennsylvania, or any of the States, from which I could get the requisite information."

On the 13th of December Mr. Rand again writes :

Mr. Amos has just sent to me some questions, saying that he should feel much obliged if I would furnish him with answers to them myself, and procure answers from America before the Committee on the Criminal Law should be called upon to make a second Report, which he expected might be soon, and intimating that probably the Committee would be much influenced by what they should hear upon this subject from America. I have therefore copied the questions hastily, having only about two hours to prepare this and another letter to send by the next ship, so that there will be no delay. I have been introduced to Mr. Starkie, the Chairman, and to Mr. Ker, of the Committee, and I met, at Lord Chief-Justice Denman's, the last evening, Mr. Justice Vaughan and Baron Parke; and in conversing with these and many other persons, I am satisfied that the people here are beginning to look to America with quite different views and feelings from those which were formerly entertained. Mr. Justice Vaughan spoke in the highest terms of praise of Mr. Justice Story's works and of Mr. Chancellor Kent's works. I regret that very few of our best Reports can be found here. Mason's Reports and Johnson's Chancery Reports are wholly unknown. I believe I informed you that I had presented a copy of your lecture and of Mr. Justice Story's work to the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn and the Inner Temple, and have received their respective votes of thanks and a present of their catalogue. Please to inform Mr. Justice Story, if you happen to see him, that he is well known here, by reputation, to almost every respectable member of the profession, and particularly to all the judges, and that I have a prospect of procuring for him a copy of Lord Hale's manuscript, which he has expressed so great a desire to see. Mr. Bell, the distinguished Chancery barrister, called on me a day or two ago, and left with me a valuable manuscript of his, prepared with a view to a treatise on Chancery, telling me I might keep it while I should stay here; and I shall procure a

copy to be made, as Mr. Justice Story may find it of use while writing his treatise on Chancery. As to the questions subjoined, I do not expect that, with your extensive practice, you will be able to give much attention to them, or that any gentlemen in full practice can devote much time to the subject. Such answer as you and Mr. Stearns and Mr. Justice Jackson and the Attorney-General may find it convenient to give, I am quite sure will be very acceptable and gratifying to the Committee. I have not room, or I would give you a word or two upon politics. I can only say, in general terms, that Parliament will probably be dissolved; and whether the ministry, when formed, will get a Parliament more favorable to their wishes, is quite doubtful. The people will have reform in the Church; the Duke of Westminster is the mover of it. Sir Robert Peel is First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Scarlett will be Chief-Baron of the Exchequer, and Pollock Attorney-General, probably. Respectfully and truly yours,

BENJ. RAND.

In a letter of November 10, Mr. Du Ponceau says to my father: —

“I am hard at work on my Memoir for the premium medal of the French Institute, though I fear I shall not have time to finish it by the 1st of January, when it must sail for Havre. It is a heavy and difficult work, as it is restricted to one family of languages, of which there are more than thirty (that is, of which we have some knowledge, and perhaps thirty more we know nothing of), all differing very little from each other; and yet the Institute wishes us to point out their differences. It would have been easier to have compared all the Indian languages. I wish the medal had been offered by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, or by our Philosophical Society. It goes against the grain to write for a country other than our own. But I have received so many letters with indirect invitations that I have not been able to resist the temptation of appearing on the European stage, though I expect Baron W. Humboldt will enter the lists and be the successful candidate. Be that as it may, I shall always remain your sincere friend.”

From Dr. Lieber, with whom my father had been on terms of intimacy during his residence in Boston, he received the following letter from Philadelphia, December 31:—

MY DEAR SIR,—Accompanying, I send you a copy of my “Letters,” which I beg you to receive with kindness and indulgence. You will find that I have spoken of my friends in New England; and in writing those passages I have thought of none more than of yourself. The letter on names will not be quite uninteresting to you, and several anecdotes will, I hope, please you. You would do me a very great favor if you would get it noticed in some of your periodicals, provided you find it worthy, which I beg you not to deny me. I have received your kind lines respecting a dictionary, and am much obliged. Ever yours faithfully,

FRANCIS LIEBER.

The work mentioned above by Dr. Lieber was published in Philadelphia under the title of “Letters to a Gentleman in Germany on a Trip to Niagara,” and was also published in London under the title of “The Stranger in America.” The dictionary alluded to by Dr. Lieber refers to his plan of writing and publishing a “Latin School Dictionary,” on the basis of “Tauchnitz’s Latin Dictionary.”

CHAPTER XX.

Correspondence with Professor Amos. — Death of Humboldt. — Dr. Julius. — Holden's Narrative. — Correspondence with Dr. Prichard. — United States Exploring Expedition.

1835–1837.

IN reply to the earnest request of Professor Amos, of London, for information as to the criminal laws of the United States, my father wrote to him, Jan. 7, 1835:

MY DEAR SIR, — I received the day before yesterday your obliging letter of the 3d December, forwarded by my friend B. Rand, Esq.; but being then engaged in a trial which was not finished till last evening, it has been wholly out of my power to reply to it at an earlier moment. I am obliged to add, too, that the necessity of being in attendance while our Court is sitting, and the early period at which you will be expected to make your Report on the Criminal Law, will, I fear, prevent my answering your various and important inquiries in so full a manner as to be useful to you. It happens, however, that the Commission (of which I am a member) appointed to revise and consolidate the laws of this State, have just finished and printed three parts of their work, one of which comprises the criminal code of the State; and I beg leave to present you with two copies of the whole work as far as printed, and to refer you to it for a part of the information which I should have communicated in a different form, had time permitted it to be done in season for your purpose. . . . I cordially join you in the desire you express to promote a reciprocity of kind feeling between the English and American Bar. A residence of two years in London strongly impressed me with the advantages which I thought would result from the people of the two countries being made more thoroughly acquainted with each other; and the liberality

which ought ever to belong to the Bar cannot but make a more intimate connection between the members of our profession in both nations mutually agreeable, and I hope not without mutual advantage. If Mr. Rand should still be in London, be so good as to thank him for obligingly forwarding your letter, and believe me, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

J. PICKERING.

From Dr. Lieber my father received the following letter : —

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 23, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am much obliged to you for the copy of the “History of Harvard University” which you kindly sent me. It is a truly valuable work, — *eine Geschichtsquelle* of the history of New England and our country in general. As soon as I heard of Mr. Peirce’s death I thought of you, well remembering how dear he and his whole family was and is to you. You have done his memory the service of real friendship, and given the public a work of substantial value. Accept my best thanks for the publication of the work and the copy you forwarded to me. Have you received a copy of my Letter to Bishop White ? I sent one to you, and hope it came safely to hand. I am, my dear sir, your faithful friend and servant,

FRANCIS LIEBER.

On the 24th of February my brother Henry was married to Miss Frances Dana Goddard, daughter of Nathaniel Goddard, Esq., of Boston.

From Professor Amos my father received the following letter : —

TEMPLE, LONDON, May 15, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR, — I was not apprised of the arrival of the books you were so kind as to send me till a considerable time after their reaching London, in consequence of my absence on the circuit. Allow me now to return you my best thanks for your obliging letter and most acceptable present of books. The

Digest of the Statutes cannot but be read with great interest in this country by all who have paid attention to the subject; it will be a valuable guide and assistant to the Commission for Consolidating the Statute Law, of which I am a member. Your observations on several points of criminal procedure, as furnishing the results of American experience upon matters which at present rest only upon speculative opinion in this country, are very important. In America, jurisprudence has, I conceive, reached a much higher state of perfection than in the Old World, — perhaps because circumstances have rendered you less subservient to the thralldom of antiquated principles and hereditary prejudices; perhaps also because a republican government is more congenial to improvements dependent on the free exercise of human thought. England, however, has recently done, and is now doing, much towards its emancipation from the inconveniences imposed by its infantile jurisprudence; she may hope to march more quickly and more safely in this career if assisted by the liberal spirit of your American jurists. Pray give my best respects to Mr. Rand, and express to him my regret at being absent on the circuit when he revisited London. I am, my dear sir, yours very truly,

A. AMOS.

In May, as Mr. George Ticknor was about leaving home for a European tour, he addressed the following note to my father: —

MY DEAR SIR, — Will you do me the favor to give a letter for Mrs. Ticknor and myself to Baron Wilhelm Humboldt, certifying that I am to be believed when I tell him that I had the honor of receiving many kindnesses from Madame de Humboldt, his late wife, at Rome in 1817, 1818, and from his brother Alexander in Paris? You see that I ask frankly; and I do it that you may refuse me just as frankly if you have, for any reason whatever, the least hesitation. We are now at the Tremont House, and leave there on Monday next for New York. Shall we not see you before we go? Yours very faithfully,

GEORGE TICKNOR.

May 22. — P. S. I pray you to take note that if I can be useful to you during my absence, a letter left with Mr. Savage at the Savings Bank will always command my best exertions.

G. T.

Having given Mr. Ticknor a letter of introduction, my father improved the opportunity of writing a personal letter: —

MAY 25, 1835.

SIR, — I send you by my friend George Ticknor, Esq. (to whom I have given a letter of introduction to you), two little Indian publications, — first, a short sermon and hymns in the Muskokee or Creek language; second, a Cherokee alphabet, published in a large size for the use of the Indian children. I have been obliged to intermit my Indian studies for nearly three years past, in consequence of being employed by the Government of this State, with two others of my profession, in the reduction of the laws of our State, in order to reduce them to a code. We have now almost completed this laborious task, after which I hope to find a little leisure for other studies. I am much flattered by your friendly request to prepare a memoir upon the subject of the Indian languages; but I feel conscious that you estimate too highly my ability to do justice to the subject. I shall not, however, lose sight of this object; and I may add that our stock of materials is daily increasing. When I received your last letter, I was sorry to learn that your health was not yet re-established. I hope this is no longer the case, and that your physical strength will enable you still to employ your eminent intellectual powers in the advancement of knowledge, to which you have so largely contributed. I am, etc.,

JOHN PICKERING.

TO BARON WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT.

At this period all communication between the Old World and the New was comparatively slow. The transmission of intelligence was chiefly dependent on the voyages of monthly and semi-monthly packet-ships

between Europe and this country; and while this letter of my father's was in the hands of Mr. Ticknor, with the letter of introduction, and before he left New York, the news arrived that Humboldt was dead. On the 5th of February he had written to Nicolovius:

"I am no sufferer, but live a quietly happy life with my children, and alone with my labors and my dreams, in memories of the past and happy thoughts of the future."

Alexander wrote immediately after his brother's death to Arago in Paris:—

"I had the misfortune to lose my brother the day before yesterday, and am in the most profound grief. He died of an inflammation of the lungs, watching with painful sagacity the progress of the disease. His was a high intellect, and his soul was full of elevation and nobility."

From Mr. Ticknor a letter introducing Dr. Julius is dated at New York, May 29:—

MY DEAR SIR, — I leave you and two or three other friends in Boston the legacy of Dr. Julius, — a possession I would willingly have retained if I could be in Boston when he makes his second visit there. How full he is of literary knowledge and of interest for all that is good, I need not tell you; you know it already. He will tell you, too, about your friend the late Baron Humboldt, to whose daughter he gives us a letter to take the place of that which death has already sealed up forever. Receive him kindly, I pray you, for my sake; you will value him afterwards for his own. Farewell. We embark in two days. Yours always faithfully,

GEORGE TICKNOR.

JOHN PICKERING, Esq.

A letter from Dr. Lieber, dated at Philadelphia, Sept. 26, was delivered on Dr. Julius's visit to Boston:

MY DEAR SIR,—The bearer of these lines, Dr. Julius, whom you well know by reputation as the best writer on punishment, pauperism, etc., in Europe, is anxious to make your acquaintance. He has come to this country to study our penitentiaries, criminal jurisprudence, and our institutions in general. Allow me, therefore, to introduce him to you; he will derive much benefit from your acquaintance, while I am persuaded you will thank me for having introduced him to you. He knows all the German scientific lions, so you may question him about every one and every thing. Do you promise me to write me a letter if I first write you one? If you will, I will write, because I am most anxious to hear substantially from you; but I have become of late a miser in writing, and I must have the hope of interest. To be serious, not to hear from you is a serious loss to me, and to see you again one of the reasons why I am so anxious of seeing old Boston again. Ever yours,

FRANCIS LIEBER.

To JOHN PICKERING, Esq.

In the summer of 1835 my father became deeply interested in the history and misfortunes of two young American seamen who had sailed from New Bedford in 1831 in a whale-ship that was wrecked at the Pelew Islands in 1832. After two years of captivity and unheard-of suffering among the barbarous inhabitants of Lord North's Island (a miserable, insignificant island not far from the Pelew Islands, and almost unknown except by name) these young men had been taken to China by a British bark passing the island, and had been brought from Canton by an American ship arriving at New York in May of this year. My father's personal intercourse with one of these sufferers enlisted his warmest sympathies, while the discovery of an aboriginal language unknown to the civilized world awakened his enthusiastic interest. Horace Holden, often at this time with my father, was a respectable

and intelligent young man, now but twenty-six years old, who had lost his father when a boy, and had left his home in New Hampshire and shipped as a seaman at the age of twenty-one, to earn a living at sea and aid in the support of his mother and the family. After the shipwreck of the "Mentor" at the Pelew Islands, and more than a year's stay there, Holden and Nute, with two others of the crew and a Pelew chief, eventually found their way to Lord North's Island, being captured from a canoe at sea by the savages of that diminutive island, which was unknown even to the Pelew Islanders, and had long been regarded by navigators as uninhabited. At Lord North's Island, however, these American captives found, as they judged, a population of between three and four hundred natives, brutal and degraded in character and habits, subsisting scantily, and chiefly on the product of the cocoanut palm-tree, which the sterile soil of the small island but poorly nourished. From these savages they learned that no white man had ever before set foot on their island. During two years of captivity and suffering, Holden and Nute lost their two companions by ill-treatment, starvation, and death; and the brutal savages were at length glad to set free their last feeble victims, no longer able to labor, and who promised a liberal reward for their release, when a passing ship took them from a canoe of the natives and conveyed them safely to China, on their way home. The familiarity with the language of Lord North's Island which had been acquired by Horace Holden gave my father a valuable opportunity of investigating its character; and he found that it possessed a near affinity to the dialects

of the neighboring Caroline Islands, judging from the numerals and a few other words hitherto collected in that region by travellers. My father voluntarily undertook to put into shape the materials for Holden's narrative furnished by him; to which my father added a Preface and a Vocabulary of this new and unknown language. The little book, of one hundred and thirty-three pages, with two descriptive woodcuts, was printed in Boston for Horace Holden's benefit; it reached its fourth edition in 1836, and contributed to his support, aided by his friends, until his restored health and their efforts enabled him to obtain a place in the United States South Sea Exploring Expedition under Commodore Wilkes.

My father was elected an honorary member of the New Hampshire Historical Society in July of this year. Invitations to deliver lectures, before the Gloucester Lyceum, the Salem Lyceum, and the Massachusetts Historical Society were necessarily declined by him.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was this year conferred on my father by the authorities of Harvard College, and the following letter was received by him from President Quincy:—

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 17, 1835.

DEAR SIR,—I have the honor of transmitting to you the accompanying diploma, indicative of the high respect and interest with which your literary attainments and exertions are appreciated by the Corporation and Overseers of Harvard University. Respectfully, I am your humble servant,

JOSIAH QUINCY.

HON. JOHN PICKERING.

On the 30th of September Mr. Du Ponceau writes to my father:—

"I have been employed all this morning in arranging your valuable letters from 1818 to 1835, — a period of seventeen years, — and have sent them to my book-binder to be neatly bound, in order to preserve them *in perpetuam rei memoriam*. I find but two of the present year; but I know the cause, which is your constant professional engagement, — and the Law is a jealous mistress, which will not bear any rival, not even Philology, though it has often furnished the clew to some of her entangled knots; therefore I content myself as well as I can, well knowing that your friendship for me continues undiminished, as mine will for you as long as I have breath. I do not despair, however, of getting a few more of your letters before I leave this wicked world; but they will not go in the book. I have, however, another *in petto*, which will be entitled 'Letters from Eminent Men,' where yours will figure most properly, — I mean the *post natæ*; as the others would likewise if they had not got a separate niche, which will make them supereminent. You have heard, I presume, that the French Institute have awarded me a medal of twelve hundred francs for a Memoir on the Algonkin family of languages. It was written in great haste; I had only five months for it, therefore I had no idea of publishing it; I did not even keep a complete copy of it. I have written a Preface for my French Memoir, in which I recommend the study of languages, with a view to discovering the original formation of human language, and the various modes which different nations have adopted to attain that object. That is the sense in which I have written the Memoir in question; it is, in fact, an inquiry, through the Algonkin idioms, into the origin of language."

To Mr. Du Ponceau, in reply to this letter, my father wrote October 5: —

MY DEAR SIR, — I have received your most affectionate letter of the 30th September, in which you inform me of your being engaged in arranging my old letters, to be bound up in a volume, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*. I feel most tenderly this mark of your friendship, — a friendship which has never

abated, but gone on increasing with increase of years, and which has been, as I trust you believe without any asseverations on my part, as warmly and sincerely reciprocated. I only regret that it was not my good fortune to have known the pleasure of such an intimacy many years sooner than I did; I have lost so much of my life, for I shall ever look upon it as a real and irreparable loss. But without repining at what is irremediable, I try to console myself with the reflection that seventeen years is no inconsiderable period of my life, and that I ought rather to feel grateful that so much has been allowed me than to complain that I have had no more; and if the sentiment of friendship were a partible stock, to be apportioned by a statute of distributions, I should feel that I had already had more than my deserts. With the warmest regard, most truly yours.

John C. Hamilton, Esq., the son and biographer of Alexander Hamilton, in a letter to my father from New York, November 14, says:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I trust that you will not infer from my delay in writing to you an insensibility to the kindness you showed me in my recent visit. You know my mania is my father's fame. It is an idolatry, and it is my happiness. I kiss the censer which I burn before his altar. With such feelings, you cannot conceive the effect upon me when I glance over your father's papers. How I traced from page to page his deep devotion to his friend! How sedulous, how tender, how true! And all this from Colonel Pickering, a man of whom I have said in my second volume, "Every throb of his strong heart beat for his country"! The world has dwelt with delight on the scene of Agrippina with the ashes of Germanicus: *More feralis reliquias sinu ferret, incerta ultimis anxia sui*; but what were my feelings when I saw in the privacy of your father's papers, without motive and without self, that he seemed to have carried my father's ashes inurned in his heart! For the enjoyment I have received from this circumstance I humbly thank you. Yours truly,

J. C. HAMILTON.

In the autumn of this year Dr. Julius, the learned and distinguished German commended to my father by Dr. Lieber and by Mr. Ticknor, spent some time in Boston, where my father had much interesting intercourse with him. On the eve of his leaving for New York, October 8, Dr. Julius writes: —

DEAR SIR, — Your agreeable visit of last night, long as it was, was by far too short for my wishes and the number of things I should have desired to hear from you. Permit me, therefore, to address you immediately, in looking upon these lines as upon a kind of *post dictum*. You will find it very probable that the family of the late Baron Humboldt intends to publish his works, and among these part of his letters. At my return I expect, therefore, to be questioned relating to Humboldt's correspondence with you. It would in this respect be very interesting to hear at once from you whether those letters contain objects of general importance for the public or not. You have, I hope, Humboldt's work on the Basque language. Your most humble and obedient servant,

JULIUS.

The next communication from Dr. Julius is from New York, 23d December: —

61 JOHN STREET.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Permit me to call you so, Mr. Pickering, for we never want more of a friend than in the time of need. And in such a time I am living. All my collections made during the two last years, laboriously and industriously, and with the kind assistance of my friends in Washington, in the Western States, and during two visits in New England (those of Connecticut excepted), all have been lost by the last conflagration. I cannot sail from here, partly by this unexpected event, before the 15th of January, and it will be a great relief to me to hear from you very soon. Don't work too hard, my dear sir, and conservate your precious health for the benefit of the sciences, of your country, of your family, and of your friends. Very truly yours,

JULIUS.

The autumn of the year 1835 was marked by a memorable event in the history of Boston, — since known by the name of the “Garrison mob,” — which occurred at a time when the inflammable elements connected with the subject of slavery were heated to an intense degree by the visit to this country of George Thompson from Scotland, and his public addresses here for the abolition of negro slavery. It was rumored that he was to appear in Boston for this purpose on the 21st of October, which then, however, failed to be the case. But on that day a meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society being held in the building of the Anti-Slavery Rooms in Washington Street, an excited mob was attracted to that spot; and the editor of the “Liberator,” Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, in attempting his escape, was furiously seized, and his life threatened as he was dragged through the streets, until he was rescued from the mob by the exertions of Mr. Lyman, the Mayor, with a handful of the police and a few friendly individuals, who succeeded in taking him to the City Hall, — then in the Old State House, — from which place he was driven in a carriage through the infuriated mob to the Leverett Street Jail, as the only secure safeguard for his life. The circumstances of this exciting occasion are vividly impressed on my memory; for I happened to be alone on that evening and long expecting my father’s return to Beacon Street, which was delayed far beyond his usual hour for tea. He had been at the City Hall at the side of the Mayor as his legal adviser during the wild tumult there, and was impressed with the energy and firmness shown by Mr. Lyman, — by his courageous attitude as he stood

on the insecure footing of a ledge over the State House door to address the excited citizens in the street below, and his determination to remain at the City Hall through the night, to be ready for any emergency which might arise. The outbreak passed over, happily, without further serious disturbance at this time.

From Macao, China, Jan. 1, 1836, J. R. Morrison, Esq., writes to my father:—

SIR,—I have the honor to forward to you copies of Proceedings relative to the formation of a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in China, and of the First Annual Report of said Society. And, in accordance with a Resolution passed at a meeting thereof, I am instructed to invite your co-operation as an honorary member of the same. I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

J. R. MORRISON,

Secretary of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in China.

To the HON. J. PICKERING, Salem.

In reply to a communication from my father, the following letter from the Hon. Samuel Hoar, then a Member of Congress, was received by him:—

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 1, 1836.

DEAR SIR,—Were I to say to you that I am so pressed with business as to be unable to write to such good friends as honor me with a line respecting our public affairs of interest, I should much fear that you would suspect me of affectation. It is, however, perfectly true that besides the business which you would suppose must necessarily demand attention here, there is a succession of trifles thrusting themselves in the way of every one here which deprives those who have not more facility in despatching business than I have of the ability to respond to letters like yours in the manner they deserve. I cannot deny myself the pleasure, however, of gratefully acknowledging your favor, and giving you just a hint of what is passing here. Mr.

Hammond, of South Carolina, deprecating excitement, protesting against all discussions in the House on the nature or the subject of slavery, and alleging his strong attachment to the union of the States, has just now concluded a speech of considerable length of as high a temperature as would be well borne by any one not accustomed to living in the fire, in which he has gone fully into a description and an attempt at a vindication of slavery, full of malice towards the people of the North, and especially and by name selecting your neighbor Dr. Channing, and pouring on him such a torrent of abuse as has not often been heard in a legislative body. It is difficult to say what ought to be done by Northern members on such an emergency. You have noticed that there is a firm phalanx formed by the Southern members generally, if not universally, denying the constitutional power of Congress to abolish slavery in this District. I thank you for the expression of your opinion on this question. I had formed an opinion on the subject, and it is very gratifying to find that respected friends at home do not disapprove of the course adopted at a distance, which may be followed by important consequences. Whatever these consequences may be, I do not see how it is possible for any one who has examined this subject, and has formed an opinion that Congress does possess this power, to refrain from a free expression of his opinion, if he is required to act or vote on the subject here. It would be base and cowardly to conceal one's opinion on this or on any other subject. Slave indeed must a man be himself if he would act thus. Very gratefully and respectfully your obedient servant,

SAMUEL HOAR.

P. S. — It is supposed that the mediation of the British Government in the French case is accepted. I ought to add, after what I have said of Mr. Hammond, that he seems to me to be a man of fine mind and fine attainments, of good feelings and generally good principles. On the subject on which he has been engaged, his zeal seems to have devoured him.

In February of this year my father delivered before the Massachusetts Historical Society a Lecture on the

Islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans as connected with the original population of America.

Critical editions of some of the more celebrated Greek plays were at this time published through the active scholarship of Professor Woolsey, of Yale College; and my father, having expressed his gratification on the occasion, received this letter from him:—

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 18, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,—Circumstances have prevented me from acknowledging your kind letter before, and from expressing my satisfaction that one so competent to judge upon these matters should have found anything to commend in my edition of the “Alcestis.” But in truth, sir, I cannot avoid the conviction that if your avocations had permitted you to examine this edition with critical accuracy and the use of the best commentaries, you would have qualified your judgment very much, and that your indulgence has made light of many faults which have passed under your notice. My prevailing feeling towards my notes on the “Alcestis” is one of dissatisfaction; and if I were my own reviewer, I could write so severe a notice of them as to cause their condemnation in the judgment of my countrymen. The “Antigone,” considering the much greater difficulty of the style, is more satisfactory to me, although in the case of that also I find much to condemn. I am, my dear sir, very respectfully yours,

T. D. WOOLSEY.

In the year 1836 Miss Harriet Martineau was on a visit to this country, and during her stay in Boston attracted much interest in society. My father became well acquainted with her. Among his papers are two notes, referring undoubtedly to his “Vocabulary of Americanisms,” and probably called forth by their previous kindred subjects of conversation.

Mr. Pickering begs to ask Miss Martineau’s acceptance of the volume she will receive with this note. It was published

several years ago, and may possibly be thought worthy of a place among her American curiosities, if it shall possess no other value in her estimation

BEACON STREET, February 22.

To this note Miss Martineau replied:—

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your volume, which will be both useful and entertaining to me. I shall have no bad tales to tell in England about the peculiarities of American speech; for the truth is, it is quite a holiday treat to an unready ear like mine¹ to meet with intelligible English all over this great country, after being perplexed with the provincialisms with which one is assailed as often as one takes a journey in England. I have hoped for the pleasure of meeting you much oftener than I have done; but my indisposition has prevented my seeing any of my friends of late. Believe me, with much respect, truly your obliged,

H. MARTINEAU.

In the spring of this year an interesting acquaintance and correspondence with Dr. Prichard, the distinguished English ethnologist, was opened to my father by a letter of introduction from Mr. George Ticknor, then in Europe with his family. He wrote from Dublin, Aug. 10, 1835:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I have had the good fortune to meet here, at the great assembly of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Prichard, of Bristol, in all respects one of its most distinguished men, and now acting as the President of its Medical Division. But he is not merely a man of science, much as that term comprehends. He is a philologist, and curious about our Indian languages. On this account I am very desirous he should have the pleasure of your correspondence, and therefore have begged him to write to you.

¹ Miss Martineau's hearing required the use of a speaking-tube in conversing with her.

You will, I am sure, be gratified with the opportunity of being thus far acquainted with the author of the very remarkable "Researches into the Physical History of Mankind," which has already reached its third edition; while he on his part will learn from you about our Aborigines what nobody else can tell him. We are all well, and hope we may hear from you before a great while. Commend us to all our friends, and believe me always yours, very sincerely,

GEORGE TICKNOR.

MR. PICKERING.

Dr. Prichard writes from Bristol, March 29, 1836 :

SIR,—I have been prevented from availing myself of the kind introduction to you, with which Mr. Ticknor has favored me, by the want of a suitable opportunity earlier than the present of transmitting to you his letter. This, however, I am now enabled to do. I shall be very much obliged to you if you will, when fully at leisure, have the goodness to point out to me some of the best sources of information which have been opened of late years relative to the history of the aboriginal American races. The most recent works which have come into my hands have been published some years ago. I have read nothing of later date than the correspondence of Mr. Du Pontecau with Heckewelder, and the notices to be found in journeys into the interior of the American continent. I should be glad particularly to know whether any late information has been obtained tending to connect the Western and the Eastern nations of America. I have within a few days seen the skull of a Chepewyan, which bore the strongest resemblance to the cranium of the Chippeway. From Mackenzie's account we might be led to believe these races quite distinct. I should be very glad to know whether any new light has been thrown upon this or other analogous questions relating to the history of the ancient races of America. I beg that you will do me the favor to accept the enclosed little work, intended to determine a doubtful point in philology, or, more properly, in ethnography. I remain, with great respect, your obedient servant,

J. C. PRICHARD.

To this letter, received in June, 1836, my father found no opportunity of replying until the following year, when he wrote to Dr. Prichard : —

BOSTON, UNITED STATES, May 26, 1837.

SIR, — I owe you an apology for having so long allowed your obliging letter (enclosing Mr. Ticknor's) to remain unanswered. You will, I trust, do me the justice to believe this has proceeded from no other cause than circumstances entirely beyond my control, and, for the last few months, from the extraordinary derangement in every man's business among us, in consequence of the unexampled commercial embarrassments of the country.¹ This state of things has for some time absorbed our whole attention; and the members of my own profession, in particular, have had less leisure than ever to devote to subjects of science and literature. I much fear that my friend Mr. Ticknor may, from his great kindness towards me, have led you to expect more information than it is in my power to give you on the subjects of your inquiries. I ought to apprise you that, in respect to the remarkable Aboriginal races of America, my own researches, such as they are, have been limited to the singularly curious and interesting subject of their languages, with which I perceive you have already some acquaintance by means of the correspondence of my friend Mr. Du Ponceau with Mr. Heckewelder, — the latter of whom, I regret to say, died some time ago. Since the publications of Mr. Du Ponceau, to which you refer in your letter and in your "Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations," some works have been published containing miscellaneous information relative to the Indian tribes, such as travellers, government agents, and missionaries would be able to obtain; but I do not recollect any particular work in which you would find much exact physiological research respecting them. I am not aware of any information having been lately obtained tending to connect the Western and Eastern nations of America; the affinity between the people of the two coasts in the region of the Eskimaux, as deduced from their languages, is already well known to you. We have

¹ The financial crisis and panic of the year 1837.

in this country devoted our attention principally to the languages of the different tribes, as being the most satisfactory source of evidence (under certain limitations) in these researches; but care must be taken in this respect when we read the accounts of travellers and others who undertake to pronounce upon affinity or diversity of the various tribes on a superficial acquaintance with them and their dialects. I am much obliged to you for your admirable work on the Celtic Nations. I had, however, owned and read it some years previously; but I am glad to have one from the author. Your other great work on the Races of Men has long been known to us in this country, and I am glad to see that a new edition is announced. It will give me great pleasure to render you any aid in the subjects of your investigations that may be in my power, but I fear it will be very unimportant. I am, etc.

In the year 1836 the subject of an Exploring Expedition from the United States was brought prominently before the public by the action taken upon it in Congress. In the House of Representatives, April 2, Mr. Pearce, of Rhode Island, from the Committee on Commerce, reported the following resolution:—

“Resolved: That the use of this Hall be granted to J. N. Reynolds, Esq., on Saturday evening next, for the purpose of delivering an address on the subject of an Expedition or Voyage of Discovery to the South Sea and Pacific Ocean.”

The resolution was agreed to. The address of Mr. Reynolds (of Ohio), who had been for many years interested in the object, was in the following October published in a pamphlet of a hundred pages, with documents and correspondence in relation to the subject covering two hundred pages more. My father was at once deeply interested in the cause. From Washington, July 13, Mr. Reynolds wrote to him:—

DEAR SIR,—The papers will give you some idea how we come on with our Expedition. The object of this letter is to get your opinion on the appointment of some suitable person to take sole charge of your favorite Philological Department. I am determined to have that Department filled, and you must help me. I do not mean, as I believe I have above expressed it, to ask you at present who shall fill the place, but in the first instance to assist me in getting a place to be filled. I therefore formally ask you whether such an appointment should be made to accompany the Expedition, and if so, your reasons for it. It is only by being thus backed by men whose opinions will have great weight that I can hope for success. I think your letter will settle this point. I wish to be frank with you, and therefore state that your letter will be shown in the proper place, and may become a matter of record. I leave for New York in a day or two, and hope to hear from you, directed to that place. And in conclusion allow me to express the hope that, for the sake of an object of so much importance, you will at once afford me the letter I desire, and which will, I am very sure, be of great service to me, and — what is of much more importance — the common object we have in view. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. N. REYNOLDS.

HON. JOHN PICKERING, Boston.

The interest and active efforts of Mr. Reynolds in the cause of an Exploring Expedition were enlisted as early as the year 1828, when, by the request of the Secretary of the Navy, he visited all the New England ports whose citizens were engaged in the whale fishery, to learn from them all the facts which their voyages could furnish respecting the Pacific Ocean and the South Seas. At that time the Report of Mr. Reynolds was accompanied by Memorials from several of the States, urging the necessity and importance of a Government Exploring Expedition. No definite action, however, was taken by the Government until 1835,

when the subject came up for consideration by the Congressional Committee on Naval Affairs, and the efforts of Mr. Reynolds were again called into requisition in 1836. My father's letter to him was published in Mr. Reynolds's pamphlet containing his address, with correspondence and documents relating to the proposed Exploring Expedition. The following extracts are here given : —

BOSTON, July 30, 1836.

SIR, — I have seen with much satisfaction that the Government of the United States has decided to fit out an Exploring Expedition, with a particular view to the Pacific and Indian Oceans, on which you had already collected so much valuable information. The Expedition, as the newspapers inform us, is to be placed on the most liberal footing in respect to all subjects of scientific inquiry; and I trust, with the aid of an intelligent commander and officers, we shall have rich additions to the stock of knowledge already in possession of the learned world. Feeling an extreme solicitude that the Expedition should, for the honor of our country, accomplish as much as possible, and that no disappointment should be experienced in any department of knowledge by the learned of Europe, as well as of our own country (for this is the common cause of all nations, and not of America alone), I hope it will not be deemed obtrusive if I should again ask your attention, and, through you, that of the Government, to one important subject of inquiry about which I formerly conversed with you, — I mean the various native languages of the different tribes of people that may be visited by the Expedition. I take the liberty thus particularly to invite attention to this department of knowledge because it has not hitherto been so much the subject of investigation with the intelligent and enterprising navigators and travellers of our own country as it has with those of some other nations, among whom the Germans stand pre-eminent. But yet, as a portion of that knowledge which all are desirous to obtain respecting the human race, and as a source of indispensable materials for science, the investigation of these aboriginal languages has the

strongest claim to our attention ; and if the value attached to this as well as other branches of science may be in any degree estimated by the high rank of the men who have been engaged in its pursuit, it is certainly the fact that at the present day the general study of languages, or comparative philology, has enlisted talents of the first order throughout Europe. At the present enlightened period of the world the basis of all scientific inquiry is the collection and arrangement of facts, or the process of induction ; and unless this method is applied to the languages as well as to the physical structure of the human race, the faculty of speech, which is the peculiar and most remarkable characteristic of man, will be the only part of his nature which will not have been investigated with the same enlarged and scientific views as his other powers, physical and intellectual. We must, therefore, begin our researches by collecting all the facts relating to human language ; or, in other words, by collecting authentic specimens of words and of the grammatical structure of every dialect within our reach. The more complete we can make our collection, the more correct and satisfactory will be the results deduced from them. Our progress in philological science will then be as successful as in other departments of knowledge. It is, I am aware, a very common question, What will be the utility of collecting facts in relation to language ? a question which may be shortly answered by asking in return, Of what utility is it to investigate any other faculty or peculiarity of the human race ? Why have so much time and labor been bestowed for ages on the study of the body and mind of man ? If it is of any importance to study the human mind, the repository of our ideas upon all subjects, is it not indispensable to investigate human speech, which is the medium of communicating those ideas ? If knowledge is of any value, is not language, which is the instrument and preserver of knowledge, entitled to our profoundest study ? By means of languages, too, we ascertain the affinities of nations, however remote from each other : in short, the affinities of the different people of the globe, and their migrations in ages prior to authentic history, can be traced only by means of language ; and among the problems which are ultimately to be solved by these investigations, is one of the highest interest to Americans, — that of the affinity between the original

nations of this continent and those of the Old World; in other words, the source of the aboriginal population of America. One of the fruits of your present Expedition may be to furnish the materials which may enable some American to confer on our country the honor of solving that great problem. But I need not follow out in detail the utility of investigations in this branch of science. The object of the Expedition, if I understand it rightly, is not merely to explore sources of profitable commerce, but that the United States may also make an honorable and liberal contribution to the cause of Science, which is the common cause of all civilized nations. We have already derived no little reputation from what we have accomplished by expeditions of this character on the continent of America, however, inconsiderable the results may appear in the general mass of science.

To J. N. REYNOLDS, Esq., New York.

To this letter Mr. Reynolds replied as follows:—

NEW YORK, Aug. 5, 1836.

DEAR SIR, — I have just received your invaluable letter of the 30th ult., and feel that I cannot sufficiently thank you for it. It will decide the question, and insure the appointment of a person to fill the place of philologist. I shall send a copy immediately to the “Old Chief” at the Hermitage,¹ and shall, as you have kindly permitted, make such other use of the letter as will best tend to promote the great objects we have in view. I have the honor to be, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

J. N. REYNOLDS.

In a letter to Professor Mittermaier, September 16, my father says:—

“I had some time ago the pleasure to receive your friendly letter of the 16th of February last (*via* New York), and waited with impatience for the arrival of the packet containing the books, and *Actes de Procédure* which you ordered to be sent to me, but which did not reach me till long after the arrival of

¹ President Andrew Jackson.

your letter. I know not how to express my thanks for your letter and the books; they will be particularly useful to me. I shall be very much obliged to you for the continuation of your journal (*Kritische Zeitschrift*), which will be instructive and valuable to me. I should like to have it complete from the beginning. I shall be much honored by your placing me among your *collaborateurs*, and will endeavor to contribute to your journal; but at the same time I dare not promise you anything that will be of value to you."

During this year the literary correspondence of my father was more limited than heretofore. Letters from Mr. Du Ponceau were seldom received, in consequence of the increasing failure of his eyesight and the weight of advancing years. The letters written by my father were, with few exceptions, in reply to his correspondents in foreign countries or on matters requiring immediate attention at home, as his professional business was at this time becoming more and more engrossing. Invitations to deliver lectures before the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Boston Diffusion Society, and the Charlestown Lyceum were declined, as well as a request that he would accept an appointment as one of the Vice-Presidents for the Bi-Centennial Festival of Harvard College. An urgent request from the editor of the "North American Review" for an article on the forthcoming work of Mr. Gallatin on the Indian Languages was also declined by him. He however wrote a Review on the subject of the South Sea Islands and the Exploring Expedition, which was published in "Walsh's American Quarterly Review" for September, 1836. The strong interest which he had taken from the outset in the enterprise of the Expedition involved him in a correspondence with the officials directly con-

nected with it, as well as with other individuals anxious to embark in it who solicited his personal influence in their favor. Among the latter was Horace Holden, the seaman shipwrecked at the Pelew Islands, whose narrative of captivity my father had compiled and edited, who was now dependent on a limited sale of the "Narrative" for a support, and was consequently anxious to embark in the Expedition.

In a letter from the Navy Department, October 4, Mr. Dickerson, Secretary of the Navy, writes to my father as follows:—

SIR, — Before receiving your letter of the 23d ult., I had read with great interest and great pleasure the article upon the South Sea Islands which you were so good as to send me, and I am much gratified to know the author. It is my intention that on the return of the Expedition the Vocabularies collected shall be submitted to yourself and others to discover what light they may throw upon the abstruse subject of the origin, migration, and remote history of nations. I am, with great respect and esteem, your obedient servant,

M. DICKERSON.

This letter to my father was followed by another, November 21:—

DEAR SIR, — I have considered that your situation in life is such as to leave you no inducement to embark in the South Sea Exploring Expedition; and yet your zeal and ardor in your favorite pursuit of the Comparative Science of Languages might possibly induce you to leave your home for two or three years. And as I attach great importance to the discoveries that may be made upon this abstruse and intricate subject, I am unwilling to select a philologist for the Expedition until I know your wishes. I should have made this communication to you sooner, but have been prevented by

indisposition. I am, with great respect and esteem, your obedient, humble servant,

M. DICKERSON.

TO JOHN PICKERING, ESQ.

My father's answer to Mr. Dickerson is dated Boston, November 29 : —

DEAR SIR, — Your letter of the 21st inst. arrived while I was under professional engagements during the sitting of our Courts, which prevented my immediate attention to it. You have justly supposed that I am so circumstanced as not to have it in my power. to engage in the Exploring Expedition ; if it were practicable, nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to take a part in it, as I do, like yourself, attach great importance to the discoveries that may be made in the comparative science of languages by a well-directed effort of our country on this occasion. I cannot but make my most respectful acknowledgments to you, sir, for the honor you have done me in desiring to know my wishes before you selected a philologist for the Expedition, and much regret that circumstances prevent my taking such a share in it as your partiality would have thought proper to assign to me. I am, etc.

My father again wrote to Mr. Dickerson, December 5 : —

DEAR SIR, — I had the pleasure some days ago to receive your letter on the subject of the Exploring Expedition, to which I sent you my reply. Since I wrote to you I have been requested to recommend to the notice of the Government for a situation, as one of the Philological Department, a young gentleman of this city whose studies have been directed to his favorite pursuit of Philology, and with more particular reference to the languages of the South Sea Islands, whose people and history have been a leading object of his studies. His name is Horatio Hale, now of the University of Cambridge ; and from the acquaintance I have had with him, I have formed high expectations of the results of his studies as they shall be

extended and matured by experience, under the guidance of talents which have given him a high rank at the University. I beg leave, therefore, to recommend him to your notice on this occasion accordingly. I have the honor, etc.

In 1835 my father's friend Dr. Lieber received the appointment to the Professorship of History and Political Economy in Columbia College, South Carolina. Since leaving Boston his home had been in Philadelphia, where he had been for two years engaged in literary work; and in the autumn of 1835 he went with his family to South Carolina, where it was their fortune to remain for many years. While temporarily in Philadelphia superintending the publication of his German Grammar, he wrote to my father, Nov. 21, 1836 : —

MY DEAR SIR, — You have probably heard ere this of our adventures at sea; still, I cannot proceed farther to the South without writing a few lines to you. It does one's heart good to write to a friend, and to such a friend as you are, after a shipwreck; and I only regret that I am unable to take you by the hand, and hear from your own lips what I am vain enough to believe you would say. Is there no chance of our being ever together again? I have a great many materials for our subject on languages, especially for a treatise which I am going to write some time or other: *De corruptione Linguarum*. It is very interesting to observe how the corruption of languages by individuals, classes, nations, ages, follow certain rules, which are founded, of course, in the structure of our mind brought into contact with certain external circumstances. I have received from Germany a quarto volume containing all the Essays of Wilhelm von Humboldt on Languages, — there's something for my friend! Remember me kindly to your ladies and to all my Boston friends. Ever yours most faithfully,

FRANCIS LIEBER.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella. — Foreign Correspondence. — Eulogy on Dr. Bowditch. — Elected President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. — Oriental Studies at Harvard College. — Literary Correspondence and Reviews.

1837-1839.

AMONG my father's manuscript correspondence in 1837 I find a note from Mrs. Sigourney, in whose productions he had always taken a great interest. She writes to him from Hartford, January 1: —

Permit me, my dear sir, to touch some slight chord of recollection by the little volume which accompanies this note. Your call at our house the last spring, though brief, is remembered with much pleasure; and hoping for a similar favor when you again travel in Connecticut, I remain yours, sir, with high respect and esteem,

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

My brother Henry having this year undertaken a literary enterprise in Boston as editor of the "Scientific Journal," — a periodical supplementary to one known under the title of "Scientific Tracts," — my father contributed to the January number a Review of Professor Peirce's Treatise on Sound, as well as an abridged form of his own article on the South Sea Islands.

In 1836, when the little work by Mrs. George G. Lee, entitled "Three Experiments of Living," was to be given to the public, my father, regarding its moral tone and

influence of the greatest value and importance, edited the volume and wrote the preface to it. The Advertisement prefacing the tale of "Elinor Fulton," by the same author, was also written by him.

In February, 1837, a Resolve being passed in Congress "that the Secretary of the Treasury be requested to report to the House of Representatives, at its next session, upon the propriety of establishing a system of telegraphs for the United States," a printed circular was issued from the Treasury Department, addressed to certain Collectors of the Customs, Commanders of Revenue-cutters, and other persons, to obtain information as to the manner in which the system might be introduced and rendered most useful to the Government of the United States, and the public generally. One of the circulars, signed by Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury, was addressed to my father, — suggested, doubtless, by his lecture on Telegraphic Language, published in Boston in 1833, in which, after advocating the importance of telegraphic signals in commerce, he had said : —

"Is it too much to suppose that the demands of business may, before a long time, lead to the establishment of telegraphic communications between our principal cities? And why may we not look forward to the time when there shall be such a communication between this city and New York, Philadelphia, and Washington? We can in imagination suppose it to be extended on our coast from one end of the Continent to the other; and if any people shall ever carry it from our Atlantic shores across the Continent to the Pacific Ocean, I feel the strongest conviction that it will be accomplished by our countrymen, — when we may obtain intelligence from China in as short a time as it now reaches us from Europe!"

In 1836 a printed circular from the "Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries" was received by my father from Copenhagen, announcing his election as a member of the Society and requesting his aid in promoting the object of it.

In the spring of the year 1837 Mr. Prescott had completed his *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*; but before committing it to the press, he had a copy of his manuscript printed, to be submitted to a few of his intimate friends for their advice and revision. In a note to my father he says: "I send you my bulky tomes, which in the usual form will not exceed three volumes octavo. You will find some irregularity in the numbering of the pages, owing to a transposition of some of the characters; but they are all bound in the right order."

In a subsequent communication to my father Mr. Prescott says:—

"The chapter I was blind enough to overlook in Ruy de Piña's *Chronicle* contains matter, it seems to me, of very great interest, considering the source; and as it has escaped the notice of English and American writers, I shall translate the portion relating to Columbus's visit to Lisbon and throw it into a note. I am much obliged by your offer to assist me in the translation; but my smattering of Portuguese, with the aid of a good dictionary, will enable me to make it out. If I find difficulty, I shall certainly take the liberty to apply to you."

April 14 he again writes:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you the *Chronica*, with my version of the portion to be thrown into a note. Will you have the goodness to correct any misapprehension of the author's meaning, and to supply a hiatus in the translation where I felt doubtful of the meaning. I am sorry to give you such trouble, but your friendly offers of assistance must be my apology.

Yours with much respect,

W. H. PRESCOTT.

On Christmas Day Mr. Prescott sent the following note to my father, with copies of some of the engravings which were to embellish his forthcoming book : —

BEDFORD STREET, Dec. 25, 1837.

I have great pleasure, my dear sir, in sending you a copy of their Catholic Highnesses, and I hope they will find as much favor in your eyes in their court dress as in their more humble one. With the good orthodox wish that you may have a merry, and many a merry, Christmas, believe me, dear sir, very respectfully and truly your friend,

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

From the deep interest which my father had taken in the subject and progress of Mr. Prescott's labors, he was highly gratified by their result, and he anxiously desired that the superior merits and claims of the work should be acknowledged widely. With this purpose he wrote the Review of the History of Ferdinand and Isabella which appeared as the second article in the "New York Review" for April, 1838, — an elaborate and comprehensive review, covering, exclusive of extracts from the work itself, twenty pages of that periodical.

On the 26th of August my father wrote to Baron Alexander von Humboldt : —

BOSTON, UNITED STATES, Sept. 1, 1837.

SIR, — I have this day had the honor to receive from you, by His Prussian Majesty's Minister in the United States, the first volume of your illustrious brother's great work on the Kawi language, etc., which will be an imperishable monument to his fame, and which I shall read and study with the deepest interest. Having myself had the high satisfaction and the benefit of his instructive correspondence for several years, I deeply feel the loss which the world has sustained in his death. It is,

however, a consolation to find that although he was not permitted to survive long enough to publish this great work, yet his manuscripts have come into the hands of yourself, whose eminent attainments in literature and science, united to fraternal regard, give ample assurance that everything will be accomplished which he himself could have desired. Be pleased, sir, to accept my most respectful acknowledgments for the honorable mention made of me in your Preface among his correspondents. The little services which I was able to render him had not permitted me to expect that distinction. With the offer of any services which I can render you in this country, accept the assurance of the high consideration with which I am, sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

J. PICKERING.

The following extract of a letter from Dr. Prichard, dated at Bristol, Sept. 25, 1837, is in answer to one written by my father May 26 of that year:—

MY DEAR SIR, — I gladly embrace the first opportunity that has occurred to me of returning you my sincere thanks for your kindness in sending me your several works on subjects connected with the languages of the American Aborigines, as well as for your kind letter, which I received through the hands of Mr. Pratt. To you I am indebted, likewise, for the first volume of the Transactions of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, containing several valuable Memoirs, of which the most interesting to me is the Dictionary of the Abnaki Language, inserted by yourself. For this I am indebted to you, and I beg to express my best acknowledgments. Your Memoir on the Languages of North America, reprinted from the *Encyclopædia Americana*, will be very valuable to me, as containing the latest results of inquiries into the subject so important to ethnography and to the history of the human species. Mrs. Pickering¹ having kindly offered to convey a parcel to you, I avail myself of this opportunity of sending the two first volumes of a third edi-

¹ Mrs. Octavius Pickering was at this time on a visit to England, her native country.

tion of my work on the Physical History of Mankind, of which I beg your acceptance. If my life is spared a few years longer I intend to go through the ethnography of the different countries in Europe and Asia, in the Southern Ocean, and in the great Continents of America. I saw a few days since, at the Liverpool meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, a countryman of yours, Dr. Warren, who gave an interesting account of shells found in the mounds in the Ohio country. With sincere respect, your obliged and faithful servant,

J. PRICHARD.

JOHN PICKERING, ESQ.

From the Royal Northern Antiquarian Society of Denmark my father received the following letter:

COPENHAGEN, Nov. 19, 1837.

SIR, — As a Secretary to the “Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries,” I have the honor to announce by this letter that you have, at the last general meeting, held the 30th of October, been unanimously elected a Fellow of our Society. I am at the same time directed to transmit the Society’s Laws, Reports, and Regulations, with the Diploma. I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

CHARLES C. RAFFN.

JOHN PICKERING, LL.D., Boston, Mass.

A letter written in German by Professor Bökh, of Berlin, has the following passage in it: —

BERLIN, Nov. 20, 1837.

Receive my most grateful thanks, most respected sir, for the agreeable remittance of your “Remarks on the Indian Languages of North America,” which I received on the 24th October last. I cannot better show my mindfulness of your excellent Treatise than when I say to you that I have already incorporated into my literary collections its important results, it having many years since — probably through Mr. Lieber — come under my view; but it causes me double pleasure to possess it as a gift from you. *Ihr ergebenster Diener,*

BÖKH.

The year 1837, which was a memorable one from the deranged condition of financial and public business affairs, found my father too much occupied to keep up his literary correspondence. After an interval of many months he wrote to Mr. Du Ponceau, Dec. 30, 1837 :

MY DEAR SIR, — It is so long since you heard from me that I begin to fear you may think I have almost forgotten you ; but you may be assured this will never be the case, — as indeed I know you will believe without any assurance on my part. The truth is that engagements upon engagements, like Pelion upon Ossa, press upon me so fast that I am unable to write or discharge any act of duty or friendship to those even who stand in the nearest relation to me. Amidst all the turmoil of business concerns literature goes by the board. I read nothing, and write less (if this is not a bull !), but am continually looking forward to a leisure day that, I fear, will never come ! A happy new year to you all. I am, dear sir, most truly yours,

JOHN PICKERING.

P. S. DU PONCEAU, Esq., Philadelphia.

From William Ward, Esq., in the Indian Department of the War Office at Washington, my father received the following letter of Jan. 19, 1838 :—

SIR, — I take great pleasure in offering for your acceptance the accompanying copy of the last Report from the Office of Indian Affairs, for it embraces more information than any similar document for a long series of years. On my return I mentioned in the proper quarter your willingness to aid the Department in procuring vocabularies of the various Indian languages, and you will perceive that the subject has been adverted to in the Report. More explicit communications will be made orally to members, and I am not without hope successfully. With great respect, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM WARD.

HON. JOHN PICKERING, Boston.

In October, 1837, Mr. Du Ponceau had written to my father, saying :—

"I begin to despair of seeing you here this season. I hear from all quarters that you are well and prospering,—which gives me great joy; but the bitter drop in the cup is that it is that very prosperity which keeps you nailed to your Boston. Shall I ever see you again? I am losing my sight apace; I can hardly see what I am writing, the ink appears so pale. But, thank God! I have treasured up recollections in my mind that will employ the remainder of my time. I can bear physical evils as long as the heart is free from wounds. The 1st of December will complete my sixtieth American year. The days which preceded that begin to crowd upon my recollection; it is, I believe, the order of nature. But these recollections are not mixed with regret. I am well satisfied with the lot which Providence has assigned to me, and would not change it for any other. But the days of infancy will, in any situation, recur to the mind; the older we grow, the more they present themselves to the imagination. Goethe has admirably described this in his short poetical Introduction to 'Faust.' But my paper warns me to conclude. My granddaughter desires to be remembered to Mrs. and Miss Pickering, to whom present my best respects; and if fate will have it that you cannot come to us, think sometimes of your absent friend."

March 13, 1838, Mr. Du Ponceau writes a longer letter, in which he says:—

"I have had the pleasure this morning to see two of your friends, which has refreshed me very much. They are Mr. Josiah Quincy and the Rev. Mr. Frothingham. I love to see Bostonians, they always awaken in me the most pleasing remembrances. I owe much to them, and shall never forget it. My satisfaction was damped, however, by the news of the illness of Mr. Bowditch. It will be an immense loss, not only to you, but to us and to all the scientific world."

After suffering for some months from an insidious disease, Dr. Bowditch died on the 16th of March, 1838, at his house in Otis Place, which had been his residence

since his removal from Salem to Boston in the year 1823. An obituary notice of Dr. Bowditch, written by my father, was published in the Boston "Daily Advertiser" of March 17, on the day following his decease.

On the 22d of March my father addressed the following letter to the Hon. Josiah Quincy : —

SIR, — I have received through you the flattering invitation of the American Academy to prepare a Eulogy on their late lamented President, Dr. Bowditch. I could have wished that some member had been selected whose leisure and particular course of study would have better enabled him to estimate, with more exactness than would be in my power, the extent and value of Dr. Bowditch's great attainments and labors in mathematical science, and to do justice to the whole subject of his life and character. But although this would have been more agreeable to me personally, I do not feel at liberty to decline the invitation of the Academy unless it should be considered that the Eulogy should at all events be prepared for the next annual meeting. In that case, considering my necessary professional engagements at this season of the year, and the various unforeseen contingencies which might defeat that object, I should be under the necessity of asking the Academy to excuse me, and to deliver over the trust to some other member.

On the 10th of April Mr. Du Ponceau says, in a letter to my father : —

"While I regret that our old correspondence is interrupted, I rejoice in the cause of it, which is the accumulation of business, which the well-deserved confidence of your fellow-citizens overburdens you with. I hear, moreover, that they do not spare the willing horse in other respects, and that you are to pronounce, and of course to prepare, the funeral Eulogy of the great Dr. Bowditch. I have not given up the hope of seeing

you this summer. I hope also to see you President of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, to which you will give a new life."

To C. C. Trowbridge, Esq., Secretary of the Michigan Historical Society, from whom my father had received an official letter informing him of his election as an honorary member of that Society, he replied April 16, 1838, saying:—

"I have to request you to communicate to the Society the high sense I entertain of the honor conferred upon me, and to inform them of my acceptance of the appointment. At the same time I ought in justice to apprise them that my constant and indispensable engagements will not probably allow me any leisure to devote to the laudable objects of their valuable institution."

The painful intelligence of the sudden and fatal illness of my father's brother Henry Pickering, residing in New York, was received by him in a letter from a gentleman of that city dated May 7, 1838. The illness of my uncle proved to be of an apoplectic or paralytic nature, and death ensued on the 8th of May, the day following the date of the letter, and before his brother Octavius could reach New York from Boston. The funeral services took place in Boston, and the interment was at Salem, in the Broad Street Cemetery, near the monument which he had caused to be erected to the memory of his parents on the decease of his father in the year 1829.

On the 29th of May my father delivered his Eulogy on Dr. Bowditch before the American Academy. It was originally intended to be addressed to the Academy only; but the strong interest felt by the whole community in

the life and character of Dr. Bowditch obliged the Academy to yield to the general wish that it should be delivered in some place open to the public. It was accordingly delivered at King's Chapel.

As soon as it was practicable afterwards, he set off with me for Philadelphia, to fulfil his engagement to be with his friend Mr. Du Ponceau on the 3d of June, the anniversary of his birth. We received a most cordial welcome on our arrival in Philadelphia, and were at once domesticated in the home of Mr. Du Ponceau on Chestnut Street.

In August of this year the Exploring Expedition in which my father had taken so strong an interest was about to sail on its undertaking; and from his young friend Mr. Hale he received the following letter:—

UNITED STATES SHIP "PEACOCK," HAMPTON ROADS.

MY DEAR SIR, — You are probably aware, before this time that it has been determined to retain me in the Expedition. I do not hesitate to ascribe this change of counsels to the effect of your letter to Dr. Pickering. I learn that I cannot be allowed to send home to you, as I had intended, full copies of my collections; but I will write frequently, giving abstracts of all researches. Any letters with which you will favor me in return, if sent to my mother, would be sure to reach me, and would afford me the highest gratification. Farewell, my dear sir, for three years, in which time I trust I shall have forgotten none of the many kindnesses I owe you, and hope that I myself shall be cordially remembered and welcomed when I return laden with the results of my long cruise. With the warmest regard and esteem, your obliged friend and humble servant,

HORATIO HALE.

HON. JOHN PICKERING, Boston.

A memorable event which occurred this summer was the completion and opening of the railroad connecting

Boston with Salem, thus forming the first advance in the enterprise of the Eastern Railroad.

A note from Mr. Edward Everett is dated at Boston, October 15 : —

MY DEAR SIR, — I beg leave to tender you my sincere thanks for the copy of your Eulogy on Dr. Bowditch which you were so kind as to send me. The perusal of it more than once has revived the very high satisfaction with which I heard it. It appears to me such a notice of his scientific life as Dr. Bowditch himself would have approved had his modesty permitted him to express an opinion on the subject. If the Academy places a number of copies at your disposition, I should be glad of one or two, to send to Europe. With entire respect, your obliged friend,

EDWARD EVERETT.

HON. JOHN PICKERING.

The Review of Mr. Du Ponceau's Chinese work was completed by my father in season for the January number of the "North American Review" for 1839.

In a letter of February 5, Mr. Du Ponceau says :

"I have just received your favor of the 1st instant, and avail myself of the opportunity of Mr. Devereux to answer it. I am glad to hear that you have not suffered by the fire. I don't know how it happens that my writing is so clear. I hardly see what I write. But patience! Homer and Milton bore it, and why should I not? I am not quite blind yet, and perhaps will not be in my lifetime. No news from France or England since my last. I have not received your five copies, but will in time. I wonder how in two months you could so master a subject that cost me ten years' study, — as you did astronomy in Bowditch's Review. You are truly an *omnis homo*, like the famous Michel Morin, whom I am sure you never heard of. He is the hero of a little French tale for children, stitched in blue paper, part of what they call *La Bibliothèque bleue*. He was *omnis homo, l'homme à tout faire*. Nothing was impossible to him. With

this well-merited compliment, my dear Mr. Michel Morin, I leave you, with the repeated assurance of my constant friendship."

The Rev. Dr. Edward Robinson, at this time resident in Germany, wrote to my father: —

BERLIN, PRUSSIA, Feb. 13, 1839.

It may interest you to know that the publication of the great work of W. von Humboldt is going on, — slowly, of course. The editor is Dr. Buschmann, a young man of uncommon philological talent, one of the instances of surprising facility in the acquisition of languages which are not uncommon here. A catalogue of the papers left by Humboldt to the Library has been published, and exhibits a most astonishing extent of research and labor. Your letters to him form a part of the collection. Alexander von Humboldt has just returned from Paris, and I am sure to see him. It would of course give me great pleasure to hear from you. I shall certainly not leave this city before July. Has anything yet been done relative to the duties on foreign books? With high and affectionate respect, I am yours truly,

E. ROBINSON.

Dr. Julius writes from Hamburg, April 2, to my father as follows: —

DEAR SIR, — With this I have at last the pleasure to forward to you a copy of my book on the Moral State of America,¹ published last winter. I wish you may not be dissatisfied with it. At least I may say I have spared no time nor trouble to give only true statements of what I saw or heard in your enterprising country. Most fortunate I should have been had I met everywhere such trustworthy authorities as I found in Boston, by your and some other friends' advice. I have still to thank you for your kindness to let me get, through Mr. Ticknor, your own copy of Phillips's valuable work. There are only two or three copies of it here, and it is quoted very frequently in our

¹ Nordamerikas Sittliche Zustände.

Tribunal of Commerce, as well as in the Supreme Hanseatic Court, as one of the greatest authorities. Do you not expect the author will give us soon a new and enlarged edition from his vast experience? Since Baron Wm. von Humboldt's posthumous work on the Kawi language, nothing has been published from his papers; and I fear no other publication is to be expected from his brother Alexander. I wish these lines may find you in health. Professor Robinson and his lady, according to my last news, will return to America in the month of June. Believe me to be, with the best wishes for your health, and with great respect, your affectionate friend and servant,

JULIUS.

From Horatio Hale, the young philologist of the Exploring Expedition, my father received the following letter:—

UNITED STATES SHIP "RELIEF," VALPARAISO, April 15, 1839.

DEAR SIR,—The ship "Relief," in which most of the corps are temporarily embarked, anchored this morning in the harbor of Valparaiso; and learning that there is a vessel to sail to-morrow for Boston, I seize the opportunity to write a hasty line to inform you of our safe arrival. The restrictions against transmitting to the United States any account of the proceedings of the squadron prevents my going into detail; but I may say in general that we have been thus far less fortunate than was anticipated. However, from the activity and energy displayed by those in command, the best results are to be hoped. In my own particular line I have had few opportunities of accomplishing anything. At the Cape de Verdes and at Rio Janeiro I obtained from native Africans several vocabularies of the languages of that continent. We were about six months off the Cape, in which period we experienced some very rough weather. You will probably see in the papers an account of our narrow escape from shipwreck, with the loss of all our anchors. From present appearances it is not likely that the squadron will be among the islands before the coming autumn; nor does it seem probable that we shall spend by any means so much time among them as was once expected. You will not be surprised to learn that I

am somewhat discouraged by these prospects, particularly as I find that the confinement and want of exercise on board ship are exerting an unfavorable influence on my health. As there is a possibility, in my present state of health, that I may not be able to continue in the Expedition through the cruise, I have endeavored, agreeably to your recommendation, to induce some of the gentlemen, particularly the surgeons, to take an interest in philosophical researches, and I have been fortunate enough to find them very well disposed towards the subject. With every wish for your continued happiness, I remain, my dear sir, your obliged friend and humble servant,

HORATIO HALE.

HON. JOHN PICKERING, Boston, Massachusetts.

The following letter from Mr. Charles Sumner was received by my father in May : —

PARIS, April 19, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR, — I first saw your beautiful Discourse on Dr. Bowditch in Paris. Circumstances made me acquainted with many of the distinguished men of science in England, but I did not see or hear of your Discourse as being in their hands. I take the liberty of suggesting to you to send some copies to London. Send one particularly to Lord Brougham. He once asked me to tell him something about Dr. Bowditch. I told him of his high position among us, and then sent him Young's Discourse, a couple of copies of which I had received through the kindness of a friend. Brougham is writing an analysis of the "Mécanique Céleste," and I should be pleased to have our countryman's name presented to him as favorably as possible, that he may speak of his labors. In this regard I have done my *devoir*. If you write to Lord Brougham you are welcome to use my name. Since I left home I have enjoyed myself more than in my most sanguine moments I ever anticipated, and have seen more than I ever dreamt or read of before. With most cordial good wishes, believe me ever very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

In March and April of this year my father had written to Sir J. F. W. Herschel, as well as to Mrs.

Somerville, in sending them copies of the Eulogy on Dr. Bowditch; and afterwards to Signor Niccolo Cacciatore and the Duke di Serradifalco, members of the distinguished astronomical and scientific associations in Palermo, Sicily. A copy of the Eulogy was also sent by him to the Duke of Sussex, late President of the Royal Society (London), "As a small testimonial of respect for the illustrious head of that distinguished body whose successful labors in the common cause of science presented the most powerful incentive to the genius of the eminent American astronomer whose life and studies were the subject of his Royal Highness's particular notice on a late public occasion."

To "The American Jurist" for April, 1839, my father contributed a Review of Curtis's "Admiralty Digest," as I find from his list of his own publications.

From Baron von Hammer-Purgstall, of Vienna, the following letter of April 14, 1839, was received by my father: —

SIR, — I beg your pardon to have been so backward in giving you my best thanks for your letter dated July 10, 1837, and the remarks of the Indian languages of North America, which I perused with great interest, and which I am going to study again alongside of M. Du Ponceau's most excellent memoir which got Volney's prize, and of which I am going to give a notice in the Vienna Review. I will thank you for any other publication of yours which may have appeared in the last two years, and am with the truest esteem, sir, your most obedient servant,

HAMMER-PURGSTALL.

Early in the spring of this year my father's old friend Mr. Joel R. Poinsett, in writing to him, had desired him to be one of the Board of Examiners at the

West Point Academy. An official invitation from him as Secretary of War followed this request.

My father's appointment as one of the Board of Visitors to attend the examination of the cadets this summer was made the occasion of an interesting journey to other members of the household.

In the spring of this year my father was elected a member of "The French Society of Universal Statistics," and the following letter respecting it was received by him from Professor Elton, of Brown University: —

PROVIDENCE, May 25, 1839.

DEAR SIR,—A few days ago I received a letter from M. César Moreau, *Le Directeur de la Société Française de Statistique Universelle*, dated March 2, informing me that at the last meeting of the Society you were admitted a member, and also that President Lindley, of Nashville University, Tennessee, and Professor Kingsley, of Yale College, were admitted members at the same time. M. Moreau stated, however, that the admission was never considered definitive until an answer of acceptance had been received. He requested me also to forward to you the *Lettre Circulaire*, inserting your address, etc., together with a duplicate. The Society, I believe, is cautious in the admission of members. I know of but few persons in the United States who have been requested to become members. A friend of mine, Dr. Cross, leaves this city for Havre and Paris on the 3d of June, and if you have not a more convenient opportunity, it will give me pleasure to forward your letter of acceptance to M. Moreau by him. I am, dear sir, your obedient and humble servant,

ROMEO ELTON.

HON. JOHN PICKERING, LL.D.

My father was this year elected to the Presidency of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, made vacant by the death of Dr. Bowditch.

The following letter to my father from Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney is dated at Hartford, July 20, 1839:

MY DEAR SIR, — Though we cannot affirm that all things in the present age are exactly what we should desire, yet it is surely one of its redeeming virtues that we may offer to our most profound philologists, philosophers, classics, and statesmen, the very simplest book for children, and not be ashamed. I was even thinking of not making the slightest apology for laying on the table of the author of a Greek Lexicon two such volumes as the rudest country school dame might use in her vocation and not be puzzled. Happy temerity! methinks I hear you say. And now I do feel a little afraid, so I shelter myself under your clemency. If in your opinion these works should be worthy of circulation among the young, I need not say how grateful I should be for your counsel or influence in gaining for them an introduction among any of the common schools of your vicinity and State. With a particular remembrance to your family, believe me, my dear sir, yours, with high respect and esteem,

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

To this letter my father replied as follows : —

BOSTON, Aug. 14, 1839.

MY DEAR MADAM, — I have but just received your obliging letter of the 20th of July, with the two volumes accompanying it; and I lose no time in acknowledging the receipt of the parcel and returning you thanks for this friendly mark of your remembrance. I am glad to observe that the first intellects of our country, both of your sex and ours, do not think it beneath them to attempt improving our modes of education from the highest to the most humble departments. Dr. Johnson, I recollect, in speaking of Watts, says: "Every man will look with veneration on the writer who is at one time combating Locke, and at another making a catechism for children in their fourth year." In the honorable efforts made in our own country you have borne a conspicuous part; and it will afford me pleasure to aid the circulation of your works, of the high value of which, however, the public have already pronounced a decisive opinion by the repeated calls for new editions of them. Mrs. Pickering and

my family desire their kind remembrance to you, and believe me to be, with great regard, very truly yours.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

During the summer and autumn of 1839 my father was very much interested in the prospect of an opening for the cultivation of Oriental studies at Harvard College. Among his papers I find a draft of a newspaper article communicated by him to the Boston "Daily Advertiser," Aug. 9, 1839, and headed "Professorship of Oriental Literature in Harvard University," in which he says : —

"It will give great pleasure to the friends of learning in our country to know that, 'by the liberality of some of the East India merchants in Boston, the University in Cambridge has recently been enabled to offer new advantages for the pursuit of Oriental studies, by securing the services of an able scholar, Mr. William Adam, who has just been appointed Professor of Oriental Literature. Mr. Adam has resided upwards of twenty years in the East Indies, where he secured to himself the warmest regard of the American and other residents. He speaks familiarly the Hindostanee, Persian, and some other dialects in common use there; he is also acquainted with that extraordinary language of ancient India, the Sanscrit, which is now well known to be so intimately connected with the Greek, Latin, and Northern languages of Europe, that a knowledge of it is indispensable to a philologist at the present day. In addition to the languages of this stock, Mr. Adam has a knowledge of Hebrew, Arabic, and kindred dialects of the class or stock commonly called the Semitic languages. A new impulse will now be given to Oriental studies generally, which, with a few honorable exceptions, have been too long in a feeble and languishing state in our country, though cultivated in Europe with more zeal and ardor than at any former period; and we are glad to hear that some of the residents at the University have already availed themselves of the advantages now offered in this department of

learning. Our national reputation demands that, with our abundant pecuniary means, adequate provision should be made in our great seminaries of learning for instruction in this and others of the higher departments of knowledge. There are frequent instances of individuals among us who would rejoice at an opportunity of pursuing these studies profoundly, and thus conferring the highest honor upon their country in all those departments of solid learning which alone will enable us to take rank with the eminent scholars of the Old World."

A review of Dr. Lieber's "Translation of Ramshorn's Latin Synonyms" was written by my father for the October number of the "North American Review." In a letter to him from Columbia, South Carolina, Nov. 11, 1839, Dr. Lieber says:—

"I have not yet expressed, I believe, my obligation to you for the Article on the Synonyms. Do you know that Dr. Julius, in the second volume of his 'Moral Condition of the United States,' calls John Pickering (speaking of his part in editing the 'Revised Laws of Massachusetts') 'the most philosophical head of America?'"

The following letter to my father is dated at Cambridge, Dec. 23, 1839:—

DEAR SIR, — At a meeting of the Committee of the Phi Beta Kappa Society for selecting an orator and poet for the next anniversary (the Hon. F. C. Gray in the chair), it was voted "That the Hon. John Pickering be invited to deliver the oration on the next anniversary, and that the Corresponding Secretary inform him of this vote and make known to him the earnest desire of the Committee that he will honor them with an acceptance." Very truly your friend and servant,

JOSEPH LOVERING,

Corresponding Secretary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

This invitation was declined by my father.

CHAPTER XXII.

Correspondence with Dr. Prichard and Mr. Du Ponceau. — Articles on the Cochinchinese Language. — The McLeod Case ; Review and Correspondence.

1839–1842.

AMONG the few literary recreations which my father allowed himself at this period of his busy life should be mentioned his translation of a small French work which had attracted him and excited his enthusiastic interest. The subject was the “Trial of Jesus before Caiaphas and Pilate,” by M. Dupin, Advocate and Doctor of Laws, etc. The translation, in a duodecimo volume of between eighty and ninety pages, was published in Boston, with a Preface by my father, in September, 1839, and at once was received with great interest from its bearings on the legal, historical, and religious character of the subject.

The Rev. Dr. Robinson, at this time residing in Germany, writes to my father from Berlin, Prussia, Feb. 26, 1840 : —

DEAR SIR, — I take great pleasure in transmitting to you herewith, by desire of Professor Wilken, the diploma which certifies to your election as a Corresponding Member of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. Permit me, as your friend and countryman, to congratulate you and our Fatherland on this new proof that your merits as a scholar and civilian are not only known and appreciated abroad, but also do not remain without honorable testimonials of acknowledgment.

The following letter from my father to Dr. J. C. Prichard, of Bristol, England, is dated at Boston, March 16, 1840 : —

MY DEAR SIR, — It is a long time since any communication has passed between us, and I should hardly find any apology on my part if the delay had not been principally occasioned by my wish to send you something of more value than one of my letters. I am happy to say now that it is in my power to ask your acceptance of a work just published here, which will be of the highest interest to you. It is a folio volume entitled “*Crania Americana*,” by Dr. S. G. Morton, containing lithographic impressions of skulls from various parts of this continent. The collection is the most extensive ever made in this country, and the drawings appear to have been made with care. You will now be put in possession of the most valuable body of authentic material that we can furnish to aid you in completing your interesting and profound ethnographical researches — which, I may add, are read here by those few persons who in our busy country can find any leisure at all, with as much interest as they are in your own country and in other parts of the Old World. I am under great obligations to you for the first two volumes of your *Researches*. May I beg the favor of you to enable me to make the corrections, and also to inform me if your third volume is published, — or rather your intended additional work on the ethnography of the Southern Ocean and America? Our present materials for obtaining safe results in regard to the African languages are hardly sufficient. For a few new specimens, I beg to refer you to “*Silliman’s American Journal of Science*” for January, 1840. I do not recollect whether I have sent you a copy of the work of Mr. Gallatin on the Indian Languages, which I mentioned in my letter to you of May 26, 1837. I have just received, from Professor Bott, of Berlin, a copy of his new work on the Celtic Languages and their Affinities with the Sanskrit, etc., but I have not had leisure to read it. Allow me to repeat the offer of my services, and to hope that I may occasionally have an opportunity of hearing from you, though my daily professional engagements will not permit

me to promise you in exchange anything that will be of much value to you. I am, etc.

On the 9th of May, 1840, my father wrote the following letter to M. le Chevalier Nordin, Chargé d'affaires, etc., of Sweden: —

SIR, — I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 24th of April, communicating through the intervention of Baron Berzelius, Secretary of the Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, the acknowledgments of that Academy for the Eulogy on the late Dr. Bowditch which I had the honor to transmit through you to that learned body. I have also taken much pleasure in communicating to the family of Dr. Bowditch the acknowledgments of the Academy of Stockholm, made through Baron Berzelius, for the third volume of their father's great work. On all occasions I beg you to command my services, whether on official or private affairs. In respect to official communications for our Academy of Sciences in this city, however, permit me to observe that since I had the pleasure of seeing you, the Academy has done me the honor to elect me to the presidency of that body, and has appointed for Corresponding Secretary Charles Folsom, Esq., of Cambridge. Accept, sir, the assurances of the high consideration with which I have the honor to be your humble servant.

In May of this year my father was one of the Committee for visiting Harvard College, examining the Reports of the President and Professors, and attending a regular Exhibition of the students. Two grandsons of Rufus King, at this time students at Cambridge, were intimate in our family; and my father took great interest in attending the Exhibition, for which occasion parts had been assigned them.¹

¹ Archibald Gracie King, son of James G. King, of New York, and Thomas Worthington King, son of the late Edward King, of Ohio.

On the 23d of May my father wrote the following letter to Mr. Du Ponceau : —

MY DEAR SIR, — I have delayed writing to you for several days, in order that I might watch the course of business in our Supreme Court, which is about finishing an extra sitting. In consequence of this pressure and of some business that requires my attention in the interior of New York, I shall only be able to pass three days in Philadelphia, one of which shall be your birthday. But you and I may be able to plot a good deal of treason in three days, as was done in France in the last Revolution! and we will try to make our three days as interesting to ourselves, if not as useful to the world, as was done by the authors of the three days in France.

The business requiring attention in the interior of New York, mentioned by my father in his letter to Mr. Du Ponceau, related to an official invitation given to the Rev. Dr. Alonzo Potter to become the rector of Trinity Church, Boston.

On my father's return from New York and Philadelphia, he wrote to Mr. Du Ponceau, June 8, 1840 :

MY DEAR SIR, — I arrived home on Saturday in safety, notwithstanding the perils of steam navigation by sea and by land. Our friends of the Missionary Board have given me three more of their Indian publications for you ; namely, "The Epistles of John in the Ojibwa Language," "Peter Parley's Geography" in the same, "Acts of the Apostles" in Choctaw ; all of which I shall send you through our booksellers to the care of Messrs. Carey and Lea, as soon as an opportunity offers. You will see by these works (as well as the past) how much our good friends are thus doing for the cause of philology. We should be thankful to them. I have just seen M. le Chevalier Friedrichstahl, an *attaché* of the Austrian Legation who has been in Central America. He told me he had seen you in Philadelphia, and said of you what we all think. He may be useful to us in the philology of that region, and promises me his aid. He has many

drawings of antiquities, etc., and scientific observations; he speaks of being well acquainted with Jomard, Humboldt, and others, and says that Von Hammer is a particular friend of his.

In reply to my father's letter of March 16, Dr. Prichard writes from Bristol, June 3, 1840:—

MY DEAR SIR,— I beg you to accept my best thanks for the very valuable present you have been so kind as to make me of Dr. Morton's magnificent work. It does great credit to your country, being by far the most splendid work on ethnography yet published, if I am not mistaken, in any land. I hope the author will be rewarded for his labor and zeal better than I fear he would be in this country, where researches which have not an immediate bearing upon utility or upon some topic of popular interest are but indifferently recompensed. I am much obliged by your kindly pointing out to me some sources of information respecting the African languages, and shall gladly avail myself of them and of every work that you may hereafter suggest. . . . Whenever you have a few moments not better employed, and will write to me, it will afford me a high gratification to hear from you. Believe me, dear sir, with much respect, your faithful and obliged servant,

J. C. PRICHARD.

In the Official Report of the Royal Geographical Society for 1837–38 my father's labors in the field of Indian philology had been noticed by the Secretary of that institution.

In the year 1839 my father sat to the sculptor Henry Dexter, of Boston, for his bust, of which several plaster casts were made for the family, who regarded the likeness excellent in all respects, so far as a bust could give it. The following letter, dated at Harvard University June 2, 1840, is from Judge Story and Professor Greenleaf, of the Law School:—

DEAR SIR, — Being desirous of embellishing the Law Library of this Institution with likenesses of the distinguished jurists of our country, of which we have commenced a collection, and having seen a striking likeness of yourself by Dexter, we respectfully request you to place a copy of it at our disposal for that purpose. The infancy of the Law Department having required the outlay of all our funds for necessary books, we are obliged to ask as a gift, in plaster, where otherwise we should request a sitting to the sculptor. We have the honor to be, with great respect,

JOSEPH STORY,
SIMON GREENLEAF.

HON. JOHN PICKERING.

To this request my father replied : —

BOSTON, July 10, 1840.

GENTLEMEN, — Your letter of the 2d of June, requesting a copy of my bust by Dexter to be placed in the Law Institution at Cambridge, was received yesterday while I was absent from town. Though I dare not make any pretensions to the rank which you have been pleased to allow me among our jurists, I cannot refuse to comply with this flattering request in behalf of an Institution which is so much indebted to you for its celebrity; and I have accordingly made an arrangement with the artist to deliver one of the busts to your order whenever it shall be convenient to you to send for it. I have the honor, etc.

HON. JOSEPH STORY and SIMON GREENLEAF, ESQ.

In acknowledging a diploma from the Royal Academy of Berlin, my father addressed his letter to M. Wilken and M. Bökh, Secretaries of the Philosophical and Historical Class of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Prussia.

BOSTON, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, July 4, 1840.

GENTLEMEN, — I had the honor to receive from you a diploma certifying to me my election as a Corresponding Member of the Philosophical and Historical Class of the Royal

Academy of Sciences of Prussia. I beg you to make my most respectful acknowledgments to the Academy on this occasion, to assure that learned body that I am deeply sensible of the distinguished honor thus conferred upon me, and that I shall by all the means in my power assiduously and zealously co-operate in the great and praiseworthy objects of their Institution. Accept the assurances of the high consideration with which I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your most obedient and humble servant.

An article on the Language of Cochin-China, which was written by my father, was published in the "Boston Courier" of July 21, 1840. It was introduced by an extract from an interesting article in the Philadelphia "National Gazette," announcing the publication of Bishop Taberd's Cochin-Chinese and Latin Dictionary as a valuable work, important and useful in the cause of literature, missions, and commercial enterprise.

From Horatio Hale, the young philologist of the Exploring Expedition, my father received the following letter:—

HONOLULU, Nov. 28, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—On our arrival here, two months ago, I wrote you a long letter, giving an account of our doings up to that date. It was sent by way of Mexico, and I hope has come safe to hand. We are now on the point of starting (in the "Peacock") for a cruise of four months, previous to going on the northwest coast. Our destination is not yet published; but there is little doubt that we are to visit the Caroline Islands, particularly the Kingsmill group and Ascension. As this is quite a new field of exploration, our anticipations are very high,—my own especially, as you will readily suppose. When in New South Wales I gave Mr. Threlkeld, missionary to the aborigines, one of your pamphlets on the Indian languages. I have just received, by a Sydney vessel, a letter from him, in which he tells me that he is making it the basis of a comparison between the

American and Australian languages, which will be published in his next annual report. I shall write you again from the northwest coast; till when I remain as ever, very sincerely and respectfully, your obliged humble servant,

H. HALE.

Mr. Amos, formerly of London, and now holding judicial office in the East India Civil Service, wrote to my father from Calcutta, Oct. 27, 1840: —

MY DEAR SIR, — Pray accept my best thanks for the two books you were so kind as to send me. The Eulogy on Bowditch cannot be too generally circulated for the honor of America. Though the country of Priestley and of Franklin, circumstances seemed to conspire against your Nation upholding a high scientific character. How emphatically important, therefore, is the example of Bowditch to your countrymen! What a national benefit it must be to have rendered the circumstances of his life, and the particulars of what he accomplished, generally known throughout the States. I was also pleased with "The Trial of Jesus." The point that Jesus was put to death by Roman authority for an alleged political offence against the authority of the Roman State is, I think, clearly made out. It also appears, I think, that both Pilate and Herod regarded the charge as the mere result of a religious squabble among a very superstitious people. Herod, like a lively Italian, treated the matter as a joke; but Pilate seems to have been very sensitive about the tenure of his own office, if not also of his own head. He appears to have been thinking what the Emperor would say to Jesus's claim to a kingdom. Apart from the accusations of the Jews, the examination of Jesus amounts to the assertion of a right to a kingdom. Neither are Jesus's answers given in a way to produce a favorable effect on a carnal judge, viewing the case merely as that of an ordinary prisoner. Some allowance must be made for the circumstance that the facts which are commonly put forward as some of the strongest proofs of Christianity had not transpired. The Jewish nation was very prone to insurrections, and was reckoned at Rome remarkably credulous. Their books asserted a particularly vindictory

Providence, which all other nations with whom they had been connected had felt, but which the Romans had never felt.

On the 8th of January, 1841, Mr. Du Ponceau wrote to my father, saying: —

“I have received your very kind letter of the 1st–6th. Dates are of no consequence as to good wishes. I thank you for yours, and reciprocate them with a full heart, vain as I fear yours are. Your letters are very cheering and comforting to me; yet I know they cost time, and your time is valuable. You are too good to want to write more about the Cochin-Chinese. Don’t lose your time about it. If, however, you will write, let it be short. I thank you for the good hope of seeing you in June; it will be a great relief to me. I must finish here. God bless you!”

In January, 1841, my father made a Report as Chairman of the Visiting Committee of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University respecting the introduction of the voluntary system in the studies of mathematics, Latin, and Greek, embracing the Report and Resolutions of the President and Fellows of the University on the subject of the changes which had been on trial, and giving his own views of the true purpose of a university education. The pamphlet, of sixteen pages, was printed by order of the Board of Overseers.

An article on the Cochin-Chinese Language, reviewing Bishop Taberd’s *Anamitic Dictionary*, and referring to Mr. Du Ponceau’s work on the “Nature and Character of Chinese Writing,” was contributed by my father to the “North American Review” for April, 1841.

During this year, the health of my mother requiring an entire change for the summer from our home-life in the city, Salem was at once thought of and approved by

all of us as a desirable resort, in preference to seeking any boarding-place in the country around Boston; and in the first week of July we took possession of the mansion so interesting to all of us, so dear to my father as the only home of his youth, and to my mother from its many cherished scenes and associations. In the month of June we had moved from the house in Beacon Street (occupied by us between eight and nine years) to Franklin Place, as a more central and desirable winter residence in Boston.

On the 15th of July my father wrote to Mr. Du Ponceau:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I wrote to you some days ago on the different subjects we have had before us. Since then we have received the Opinion of the New York Court on McLeod's case,—a long and labored array of learning upon everything but the principal points in the case. The court, as you will have seen, claim jurisdiction and intend to try the prisoner! What should you think now of a review of the Opinion upon the grounds taken in the article intended for the "Intelligencer," with some few additions in relation to the string of authorities, etc.? Perhaps this would be a good mode of bringing out a correct view of the case; and I could get it published in one of our Law Journals.

The McLeod case, the subject of this correspondence, as well as of great public concern at the time, though now almost forgotten in the lapse of years, was briefly this: In 1837, on the defeat of the party in Upper Canada who had taken up arms against the Colonial Government, its principal leaders made their escape to the State of New York; and proceeding to Buffalo, where a strong popular feeling had been manifested in favor of the colonial insurrection, they held meetings

there, highly exciting the feelings of the people against the British authorities. A party was shortly organized, consisting partly of refugee Canadians, but chiefly of Americans, for the invasion of the Province; and they took possession of Navy Island, an uninhabited island in Niagara River, a few miles above the Falls and half a mile only from the Canadian shore. A provisional Government was established, with the refugee leader Mackenzie at its head, and General Van Rensselaer, an American from Albany, as military commander. Paper money was issued, redeemable in grants of conquered land, munitions of war and provisions were bought, batteries were erected, and cannon were mounted to defend the island and bombard Chippewa, on the Canadian shore. The force on Navy Island increasing with hostile aspect and threats, the Colonial Governor assembled a body of volunteer militia at Chippewa under Colonel McNab for the defence of the colony, with threats of making a hostile descent on the island. Meanwhile a constant intercourse was kept up between Navy Island and the American shore, and the steamboat "Caroline," belonging to a citizen of Buffalo, was employed as a passage-boat between Navy Island and the American port of Schlosser. On the morning of December 28 the "Caroline," in violation of her license, went from Buffalo to Navy Island, landing arms and munitions of war there; and returning to Schlosser, was moored to the wharf at night, with the crew of ten men and several other persons on board. At midnight an alarm was given that boats were approaching from the Canadian shore; the steamer was boarded by a party of armed men; the crew and lodgers

were driven on shore ; the boat was towed out from the harbor, set on fire, and suffered to drift down the river, over the cataract of Niagara. One man named Durfee, belonging to Buffalo, was found dead on the wharf at Schlosser, shot through the head by a musket-ball, and three men had been wounded by blows. Colonel McNab, of Chippewa, reported the exploit to Lieutenant-Governor Head as performed in the most gallant manner by Captain Drew, of the Royal Navy, and a party of volunteers. A great sensation and alarm being excited in the United States, the President issued a proclamation stating this violation of the public peace, and that a military force congregated at Navy Island was still in arms, under the command of a citizen of the United States. General Scott and Governor Marcy, of New York, proceeded, therefore, to Buffalo, where Mackenzie and Van Rensselaer were arrested, Navy Island was finally evacuated, and the British flag hoisted on it. In 1840 Alexander McLeod, a Canadian of the party who had boarded the "Caroline," having come to Buffalo, was arrested under process of the State authorities of New York on a charge of having attacked the "Caroline" and of having killed Durfee. An indictment for murder was accordingly found by the Grand Jury against McLeod, and he was imprisoned in the county jail for an offence under the municipal laws considered not bailable. Not being able to obtain enlargement on bail, he applied to the Court for his discharge on a *habeas corpus*. The question submitted to the State Court then was whether he was entitled to his discharge on that process, under the circumstances of the case.

On the 15th of July Mr. Du Ponceau wrote to my father in reply to his letter of the 7th instant : —

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have received your letter by Mr. King, but can hardly see to write an answer. I have read Judge Cowen's special pleading in the case of McLeod, — a long rigmarole dissertation upon war, lawful war, and every kind of war, with huge quotations from Vattel, Rutherford, Bynkershoek, etc. He tries to prove that the burning of the "Caroline" was not war, because not solemn, not declared. We shall be laughed at in England for this piece of special pleading, as they will plead it. It is sophistical throughout. State right — State pride, I mean — is at the bottom of it, and it betrays too much ignorance for the honor of the nation. This case was not made for lawyers ; but our statesmen were afraid of the Empire State, the forty votes, and did not dare to speak out. They should have boldly claimed the exclusive jurisdiction, as of a case arising under the Constitution, which gives the power of war, peace, and treaties exclusively to the Federal Government. They may yet be obliged to take that ground. It is to be regretted that the election of President was not given to the States, instead of the people ; the Lower House of Congress was enough for popular election. Elected by the States, the President would have been more independent of the great States, and could have kept the balance between all. This claim of State rights, in a case of hostile aggression by a foreign power, will, I fear, lead in the end to a dissolution of the Union. It proves the excessive ambition of the great States. Where will it lead ? Adieu.

The Review of the McLeod case which my father wrote in addition to his brief article in the "Law Reporter" for July, was contributed to the August number of the same journal.

On the 2d of September my father wrote to Mr. Du Ponceau as follows : —

MY DEAR SIR, — I sent you two days ago the Review of the McLeod case, which I hope you will find to be sound in doc-

trine, though it may not be popular. You perhaps may think it bears hard upon the New York court; but I hope it never deviates from that respect which we ought always to manifest towards the tribunals of our country. In all cases where I could, I have rested upon New York authorities; and if these and other authorities show the court to be in the wrong, how could I help it? I have no news in literature since I wrote last. The British steamer has just arrived here (the "Britannia"), but I have received nothing by her. You will have seen before this reaches you that they have their troubles in the Old World as well as ourselves; the elements of society seem to be in a state of commotion everywhere. What are our politicians about in Washington? Anything but the good of the country, I fear. "God save the Commonwealth!" Ever faithfully and affectionately yours.

In a letter of September 12 to my father from Mr. Du Ponceau, written by an amanuensis, he says:

"I have the pleasure of informing you that Mr. Everett, of Vermont, made, on the 3d instant in Congress, a long speech on the McLeod case, which appeared in the 'Intelligencer' of the 6th instant, in which he agrees with the doctrines of your excellent article in every point. Your opinion on this case is going the rounds everywhere; I have no doubt it will be at last the only orthodox doctrine, — otherwise I fear much for the continuance of the Union."

On the 20th of September my father writes to Mr. Du Ponceau: —

"I have this day received your letters of the 17th and 18th. You do more than you ought for me, considering the state of your eyesight, and I feel doubly grateful for your letters; but you must not shorten the duration of your sight, or hazard it in any degree, for the sake of enlightening me. May a kind Providence long permit us to have the benefit of that intellect which has so long enjoyed the use of those eyes as its instruments of diffusing its own light through our country and

the world! I like your idea much of a book on State Rights, it is much wanted; and most sincerely do I lament that your impaired eyesight prevents you from undertaking it. It is too great a work for me; I do not feel competent to the task."

On the 27th of September Mr. Du Ponceau wrote to my father:—

"M. de Bacourt, the French Minister, was with me yesterday, and regretted very much that he had not seen you at Washington. I presented him a copy of your Review. Can you send me two or three for distribution? Everybody is asking me for it. By all means send some to Paris. M. Roux de Rochelle, member of the Geographical Society, Ex-Minister of France to the United States, would, I know, be very grateful to you for a copy, and would make to you a valuable correspondent. A copy to Lord Brougham would, I think, be not amiss; Mittermaier, by all means; and at Paris M. Taillandier, avocat, the friend and translator of Edward Livingstone."

From the Hon. Hugh S. Legaré, Member of Congress from South Carolina, and afterwards Attorney-General of the United States, my father received the following letter:—

WASHINGTON, Oct. 2, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been so busy since I arrived here as not to have found a moment to make you my acknowledgments for your kindness in sending me your pamphlet on McLeod's case. With our usual good fortune, we have got out of that, as out of so many other difficulties,—though I must confess I am not satisfied at the aspect it will wear in history. I need not say that I entirely concur in all the views you so ably present, and I will add that it is by such services that the leading minds of a country like this make themselves most felt and best entitle themselves to the gratitude of the people. I should be very glad to have an occasion to testify to you, in a more substantial form, the sense I entertain of your merit in endeavoring to enlighten public opinion upon a subject of such deep and

general importance. Accept the assurance of the high consideration with which I have the honor to be, my dear sir, your obliged and obedient servant,

H. S. LEGARÉ.

In the year 1840 Mr. Poinsett, then Secretary of War, having instituted a Society for collecting and preserving specimens of natural history belonging to the Government, wrote to my father for his aid in furthering the cause of a National Institution, then unorganized. The next year, when a constitution was finally adopted, a correspondence ensued between Mr. Markoe, Secretary of this "Institution for the Promotion of Natural Science," and my father. On receiving from him a renewed appeal for aid, my father wrote a letter to him, giving his views at length as to the important character of such an institution. To this letter Mr. Markoe replied, Sept. 15, 1841, as follows:—

MY DEAR SIR,— Enclosed you will find a copy of the "National Intelligencer" of the 13th, which contains your admirable letter of the 1st instant respecting our Institution, which I wished to appear before Congress adjourned. I submitted it also at the stated monthly meeting of the same day. The valuable suggestion it contained became a topic of discussion, which resulted in establishing, as you advised, another branch of the National Institution, to be called the "Department of Moral and Political Sciences." The proper organization of this important department must be the next step, in which your counsel will be most welcome. One great impediment to the progress and efficiency of the different departments of the Institution springs from the difficulty of finding persons who will devote their time to the respective objects they have in contemplation. The only effectual remedy is to offer a suitable compensation for services needed, and the appointment of professors to lecture on branches of science; and this can only be effected by a posi-

tive, methodical, and regular intervention of Government and Congress, and the conversion of the Smithsonian fund to such purposes. I take the liberty of adding that it is highly desirable that your letter should be published in the best journals of Boston. I will take measures to cause it to appear in those of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. I am, dear sir, with very great regard, your friend and obedient servant,

FRANCIS MARKOE, JR.,

Corresponding Secretary of the National Institution.

TO JOHN PICKERING, Esq., Boston.

On the 4th of November my father wrote to Mr. Du Ponceau : —

“I was glad to hear from you a few days ago by Mr. King, who made a flying visit here previous to his departure for South America and Canton. I have sent by him some copies of the McLeod case, to enlighten the Chinese a year or two hence ! Well, the case has been tried, and McLeod acquitted, and the national question remains just where it was, in principle ; but as these matters of State are not always settled on principle, I suppose we may consider ourselves practically out of danger. I sent several copies to Paris by a young gentleman of Boston who has just gone out by one of the packets. The same gentleman took some copies of the ‘Chinese Review’ to Mr. Eyriès, to whom I wrote a short letter. You will have received before this a newspaper containing my letter to Mr. Markoe on the subject of the National Institution and the class of Moral and Political Sciences. Perhaps you have already seen it in the ‘Intelligencer ;’ I hope it will meet with your approbation. I trust your granddaughter is now doing well ; give my affectionate regards to her. Mrs. Pickering continues to improve, and in the course of the next summer I trust she will be entirely well. I am, my dear friend, ever faithfully yours.”

To this letter Mr. Du Ponceau replied, on the 9th of November, as follows (his granddaughter, Miss Garesché, acting as his amanuensis) : —

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have received with great pleasure your favor of the 3d instant. I received also a few days ago in a Boston newspaper your excellent letter to Mr. Markoe; I had not seen it before. It gave me great satisfaction to see you come before the public in this unexpected manner, as you could not suppose that your letter would be published; but it richly deserved it, and the proof of it is in its success. By such acts a man's well-deserved reputation is solidly established. I am glad to find that you place jurisprudence almost at the head of the moral sciences. It is as a lawyer that I like to see you appear before the public. Philology, after all, is but an amusement and an object of curiosity; but law is a useful science, beneficial to mankind. The affair of McLeod, as you well observe, is at an end, and I believe that a similar case will never occur in the same shape. It is with young nations as with young men; even their follies sometimes turn to their advantage. In this case we have obtained a great victory over the British Government, for they are more mortified by the trial and acquittal of McLeod than they would have been by his conviction and execution; for the latter they might have resented, but the former they cannot. Their great objection was to McLeod's trial; but it has taken place in spite of their threatening opposition, and they must now swallow and digest it if they can. I am glad to find that you have disseminated your excellent argument on the international question. It will do you honor at home and abroad.

P. S. DU PONCEAU.

The amanuensis joins her grandfather in affectionate regards to you and your family. We are happy to hear that Mrs. Pickering's health continues to improve. God grant you all health, happiness, and prosperity!

A. L. G.

In the year 1842 the literary correspondence of my father was much more limited than usual, the claims of his profession allowing him but little leisure. The following letter respecting his Review of the McLeod case

was received by him from the eminent jurist, the Hon. William Prescott : —

BEDFORD STREET, January 17.

MY DEAR SIR, — I pray you to accept my thanks for the Review you had the goodness to send me. I had read it with much satisfaction in the "Law Journal" when at Pepperell, but did not know the author till I received the pamphlet last week. I have since read it again with increased pleasure from knowing the author; and now, as I did then, fully concur in the views there taken. The argument I think very able, clear, entirely sustained by legal authorities, a just exposition of the Constitution and the usages of nations, and altogether unanswerable. The Court are quite tenderly dealt with. Although the opinion itself furnishes plenty of evidence of a want of sound and comprehensive views on the subject, yet so unexpected and extraordinary was the decision that one can hardly help suspecting that the spirit of faction, perhaps unconsciously, had some influence on its formation. What will it not pervade? Yours ever respectfully and very faithfully,

WILLIAM PRESCOTT.

HON. MR. PICKERING.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Duties on Imported Books. — Formation of the American Oriental Society ;
Inaugural Address. — Correspondence. — Death of Mr. Du Ponceau.

1842-1844.

ON the 23d of January, 1842, my father wrote to Mr. Du Ponceau : —

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Though several days have elapsed since the new year began, I cannot omit to return you my congratulations on the happy new year which I most certainly wish to you and yours. At the same time I am reminded of one painful circumstance, — the death of our excellent friend Mr. Vaughan;¹ a real loss to myself, but doubly so to you, who were in habits of daily intercourse with him, and who have so few remaining that you can call contemporaries. I am glad to see the Proceedings of your Society on this occasion ; he was so much of a public man that he was entitled to such a public notice as you have given him. How happy should I be if the perverse fates had permitted me to take his place by your side in Philadelphia ! But this cannot be. I shall feel impatient to see your argument on the Florida question ; but I suppose these great political questions are destined to be settled upon party grounds, and not sound constitutional grounds. Your argument will be valuable reading on the subject, — as good as any of Lord Bacon's, I am sure. *A propos* of Chinese, I have not yet had anything from Dr. Parker. Cannot you find him out, and

¹ John Vaughan, for more than fifty years the Treasurer and Librarian of the American Philosophical Society, died in Philadelphia, Dec. 30, 1841, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. He was a brother of Benjamin Vaughan of Hallowell, Me., and of William Vaughan of London.

stir him up to write to me, as he promised, on the subject of Professor Kidd's book? I hope you have found the book of Mr. Tradescant Lay which I mentioned to you. I am, my dear friend, with my regards to your granddaughter, ever yours.

On the 2d of February Mr. Du Ponceau replied to my father as follows: —

“I have received, my dear friend, your welcome letter of the 23d ultimo. It is indeed a new year's letter, for it contained not only good wishes, but a promise of substantial good. At every beginning of the year my first reflection is, ‘I hope I shall see the roses this year;’ and the wish now comes on me with double force. I shall have roses indeed, if you come with your amiable lady and daughter, as you once gave me to understand. I have accommodations for you all, and so mind your promise. I have suffered a great loss indeed in the loss of our friend Vaughan. He is regretted by all, and by none more than me. But I must drop this melancholy subject, and let it remain *in petto*, where it will long continue. For these two months past and more, my ideas have been entirely turned from the Chinese and philology in general, to the law of nations, — the civil, the common, and the American law. My famous opinion on the Levy election case has been finished for some time, and sent to my client, who appears to be very well satisfied with it, and it is now in press. I remain your sincere friend.”

April 21, Mr. Du Ponceau again writes: —

“I received last night a letter from Mr. Levy, the delegate from Florida, in which he informed me that he had sent you several copies of my Opinion in the case of his contested election. I shall be very much obliged to you if you can contrive to have it noticed in the ‘American Jurist’ and the ‘Law Reporter,’ which I presume can be done by sending each of them a copy. I hope you will find its reasoning correct. I live in the expectation of seeing you once more in June next, with Mrs. and Miss Pickering, to whom present my respects. I have no

news to communicate; the newspapers have told you everything. My sight is far from improving; it rather becomes worse. But I hope I shall have sight enough to enjoy the pleasure of seeing you next June."

During my father's visit to Mr. Du Ponceau, in May of this year, the subject of duties on imported books was discussed and considered by them. As early as the year 1819 my father's efforts were actively exerted in this cause in writing a Memorial to Congress (signed by the leading scientific and literary residents of Salem) praying for a repeal of the duties on foreign books. This Memorial, presented to Congress at the session of 1819-20, and again in December, 1820, was not acted upon. In 1822 ex-President Jefferson presented his Memorial on the same subject; and now, in 1842, Mr. Du Ponceau and my father joined their efforts in the cause by a letter to the Hon. John Quincy Adams, then in Congress, of which the following is a partial copy:

PHILADELPHIA, May 14, 1842.

SIR, — Knowing the interest you take in the cause of American literature, and that in addressing you upon the subject which we are about to submit to your consideration we are addressing a most competent judge in the case, we beg leave to make some remarks upon that part of the revenue in the Bill lately reported to Congress which relates to imported books. We trust the time is past when it is necessary to address an argument to an enlightened people to show the importance of granting encouragement to the diffusion of science and literature in our country; we take it to be the settled policy of the Government that such encouragement is to be given, and that a tax upon knowledge, or, as it has been called, "a bounty upon ignorance," is one of the last fiscal resources to which a wise Government will resort in order to supply its wants. If the United States were in so destitute a condition as to be unable

to contribute in any degree to the common stock of science and literature, there would seem to be no solid reason why the science and literature of all foreign countries should not be admitted among us wholly free of duties; in a large view of the subject, the resources of the country would be indirectly augmented in far greater degree by affording our scholars, who are for the most part in indigent circumstances, all possible facilities for the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge among their countrymen. But the extreme case here supposed does not exist; on the contrary, our country has been already able to make contributions, with other nations, to the common stock of knowledge; and as it is assumed to be a necessary policy that a portion of the national revenue must be raised from the importation of books, and that the progress of American literature and science, in their connection with the interests of our booksellers and artisans employed in the manufacture of books, like our other domestic productions, will be materially promoted by imposing duties upon the like productions imported from foreign countries, it becomes a practical question of importance to decide to what extent and in what mode such duties can be best imposed. As a practical question, it cannot have escaped your observation that, considered as one of the fiscal resources of the government, the duty on books has always been very inconsiderable; and from the whole course of legislation on this subject, it is to be presumed that the Government has always had in view the encouragement of American genius more than the augmentation of the revenue from this source. Under this view of what we assume to be the policy of the Government, we would respectfully submit to your consideration the expediency of admitting certain classes of foreign publications wholly free of duty when imported by individuals, as all now are when imported for public libraries and literary societies. And lest any misapprehension should arise as to the effect of such admission, we beg leave here to observe generally that our object is to include under this exemption such foreign publications only as will not be reprinted in this country. If it were practicable to define with exactness these classes of publications, it is obvious that some general description might be sufficient in the law; but this cannot be done. We therefore beg leave to

state some classes of them as examples. In the Bill reported to Congress we observe that all reports of legislative committees appointed under foreign governments are subject to a duty, — a small one, it is true; but we submit to your judgment whether it is not expedient that such publications should be entirely exempted from duties. We beg leave to remark also whether the description of government publications made in the Act is not unnecessarily restricted. There are various publications made by foreign governments, besides reports of legislative committees, and we would suggest for your consideration whether the exemption might not extend to all publications by foreign governments. To these we would propose to add the publications made by foreign academies of science and literature. In connection with this part of the subject, we would remark that in the proposed Bill a reference is made to the law of September 11, 1841, which exempts from duty books imported by order and for the use of any literary or philosophical society. Now, it constantly happens that books are sent from abroad by foreign societies and by individuals as presents to our literary institutions, without any order; yet under the existing provisions of law they would be subject to duties, and we have been informed that in some instances the law officers of the United States have required strict proof of the order.

HON. J. Q. ADAMS.

The copy of this letter ends as above in the rough draft, but on the margin are memoranda; namely:

“Societies, booksellers’ commissions, persons who are too poor to buy, and can only exchange or receive presents,” —

items probably embodied in the finished letter.

In the summer of 1842 the first steps were taken towards the formation of the “American Oriental Society.” The following extract from the Report of the Committee of the Society will give its history: —

“Some time in August (1842) an informal meeting of a few gentlemen interested in Oriental literature was held at the

office of John Pickering, Esq., in Boston, to consider the practicability and expediency of forming an 'American Oriental Society.' After some conversation, it was decided to make the experiment, and a committee was appointed to report a Constitution, and the meeting was adjourned to the 7th of September."

On the 23d of August the "Harvard Alumni Association," formed in accordance with a circular issued the previous year by representatives of the classes from 1783 to 1830, had their first celebration at Cambridge, and dined together on that day within the college walls, on which occasion my father was present.¹

On the 7th of September the adjourned meeting of the "American Oriental Society" was held, at which the Constitution was reported, and recommitted for the purpose of introducing some amendments suggested in the course of conversation. The Society was organized by the choice of officers, and proceeded to the election of members. On the 13th of October a meeting was held at the office of John Pickering, Esq., the President, and the amendments, with a code of by-laws, were reported and accepted. At this meeting additional members were elected, and the President of the Society was requested to deliver a discourse at the first annual meeting, to be held in May.

In December of this year Mr. George R. Glidden delivered a course of lectures in Boston on Early Egyptian History, Archæology, and other subjects connected with Hieroglyphical Literature. The introductory lec-

¹ The officers of the Association at this time were John Quincy Adams, President; Joseph Story and Edward Everett, Vice-Presidents; John Pickering, Horace Binney, Lemuel Shaw, Leverett Saltonstall, James G. King, Nathaniel L. Frothingham, Peleg Sprague, Directors; B. R. Curtis, Secretary.

ture, delivered on the 19th of December, was received with much interest by a cultivated audience, as the lecturer, born and educated in Egypt, could throw his personal experience and enthusiasm into his illustration of the subject, so new to most of his hearers. Lectures on two evenings of each week were successively delivered, until the course was completed by the 1st of February. My father had great enjoyment in listening to these lectures, so closely connected with his own chosen studies, and in the acquaintance and society of Mr. Glidden, of whom he saw much in private, and in whose pursuits and success he became warmly interested.

In January of the year 1843 the last survivor of the large family of Colonel Pickering's brothers and sisters, Mrs. Eunice (Pickering) Wingate, died at Stratham, New Hampshire, at the age of one hundred years, eight months, and fourteen days.

On the 23d of March Dr. Prichard wrote to my father from Bristol, England, as follows:—

MY DEAR SIR,— I have been waiting some time for an opportunity of sending and begging your acceptance of a work which I have been induced by the solicitation of a bookseller to publish, on the subject of my former researches, in a more condensed form, as a kind of popular abridgment. It is a very imperfect work, and contains but a brief outline of general ethnography. Some parts, especially the earlier portion, are brought up more nearly to the present state of knowledge than the early and corresponding parts of my researches, and the plates are new. These things have given my new book some interest, and the sale of it has been considerable. You will observe that I have treated very superficially the ethnography of the New World. I hope to survey this part of my subject with greater accuracy when I come to the fifth and last volume of my researches. I have now in the press the fourth volume of

that book, and shall forward a copy to your hands as soon as possible. The volume contains an outline of the history of all the Asiatic nations. It has cost me immense labor, much more than any former undertaking, and I shall be very glad when it is brought to a close. I feel the greatest interest in the learned researches which you and Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Du Ponceau have carried on with regard to the philology of the native people of America, and shall pay the most careful attention to everything which you have written with relation to the American tribes, when I come to that portion of my work which refers to them. I have had the pleasure of seeing your brother, Mr. Pickering,¹ who is now staying at Bath. He did me the favor to dine with me last week. I remain, dear sir, with high esteem and respect, your faithful and obliged servant,

J. C. PRICHARD.

In consequence of my father's numerous and pressing occupations at this time, his correspondence became extremely limited, being on his part chiefly confined to acknowledging and replying to letters urgently requiring attention.

On the 13th of April Mr. Du Ponceau, by his granddaughter for his amanuensis, wrote to my father: —

“I see that your fellow-citizens will not let you alone, and that they keep you perpetually employed, now as an astronomer, and now as an Orientalist; and whatever you may say, you never appear to be out of your element. You are a sylph, a gnome, an Undine, and a salamander,—a rare talent this, which I wished I possessed as you do. I have read your famous Astronomical Report; it will do you great honor.”

This year, on the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, great preparations were made for signaling the event by a celebration of the anniversary of the battle on the 17th of June on a scale of unusual

¹ Octavius Pickering.

importance. To this end, the officers of the National Government at Washington were invited to be present ; and President Tyler, with the members of his Cabinet, came to Boston for the occasion. While here, the Attorney-General, Hon. Hugh S. Legaré, was prostrated by an attack of illness which prevented his participating in the public celebration, and terminated fatally at the house of his friend Mr. George Ticknor on the 20th of June. Among my father's papers I find his rough draft of the Official Resolutions upon the death of Mr. Legaré, drawn up by him at the request of the Mayor, and presented and adopted at a meeting of the Board of Aldermen of the city of Boston, June 20, 1843.

At the age of eighty-two the venerable Mr. Gallatin wrote the following letter to my father : —

NEW YORK, June 21, 1843.

DEAR SIR, — I thank you for your kindness in sending me by Mr. Bartlett the five Mexican Grammars. It may not be in my power to derive much benefit from them. I have experienced, during the last twelvemonth, a great and rapid decay of physical strength and mental faculties, which at times prostrated me altogether, and in my best intervals makes every exertion a laborious and painful task, instead of an enjoyment. I must leave to others the work which I had undertaken, — a comparative view of the grammatical system of the Mexican and South American languages with those of our Indians. There are, however, some detached features and observations so far matured that I may perhaps dictate the substance, and in reference to which I will make extracts from your grammars, and then return them through Mr. Bartlett. I am happy to hear that you have enlarged the sphere of your philological researches, and have no doubt that their result will add to your fame and be creditable to our country. I remain, with great respect and affectionate regard, dear sir, your obedient and faithful servant,

ALBERT GALLATIN.

Mr. Glidden, at this time in Philadelphia, writes on the 18th of August to my father as follows : —

MY DEAR SIR, — I have this morning received, and with great satisfaction perused, the No. 1 of the American Oriental Society, wherein, with a comprehensive grasp, you have set forth the present position of philological, ethnographical, and historical inquiries throughout the world; and at the same time that I derive infinite instruction from its classical pages, I cannot but express my admiration at the wonderful skill that has condensed so much research into so small a compass! It is alike honorable to yourself, to our Society, and to Boston, to have taken such a lead in these inestimable studies. I shall henceforward consider your Address as the harbinger of a new era in America. Its effect in England will be great, for as a body they are wonderfully astern of the Continental age in such pursuits. . . . The Oriental Society having now the start, your energetic supervision will keep it moving, so that Boston may take the lead; for Philadelphia will be her competitor in Hierology. Believe me, dear sir, very respectfully your truly obliged

GEORGE R. GLIDDEN.

The following letter to my father from Chancellor Kent is dated at New York, August 21 : —

DEAR SIR, — I cannot deny myself the pleasure of acknowledging the favor of your “Address before the American Oriental Society.” I have read it twice with admiration and with American pride. It is a most interesting display of the rich and varied fields of Oriental and Philological investigation, and with just notices of the profound scholars and antiquarians who have led the way in discoveries. I am exceedingly and humilatingly limited in my knowledge; yet I hope I am able to perceive and justly to appreciate the learning, judgment, skill, and taste that are impressed on your discourse. Such researches, such clear and beautiful exhibitions of their results, are entirely suited to my taste and curiosity; for I am a great admirer at least of Greek and Roman literature, and of the geography, history, and antiquities of the world and of our race. With my grateful

and best respects, I am, dear sir, your obliged and obedient servant,

JAMES KENT.

From London, 1st of September, Mr. Edward Everett, then United States Minister at the Court of St James, wrote as follows to my father: —

MY DEAR SIR, — I duly received by the last steamer your favor of August 15, transmitting three copies of the first number of the Journal proposed to be published by the “American Oriental Society.” I beg you to accept my grateful acknowledgments for the copy intended for me. Of the two other copies, I shall present one to Professor Wilson, the director of the “Royal Asiatic Society,” and the other to my venerable friend Count Gräberg da Hemso, for fourteen years Swedish consul at Tripoli and in Morocco, now librarian of the Grand Duke at Florence. He is a learned Orientalist; and you would make him very happy if you would elect him an honorary member of your Society. I pray you at all times to command my services, and believe me with sincerest respect, faithfully yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

Renewing the friendly correspondence of the years 1837 and 1839, my father now wrote, October 10, 1843, to Baron von Hammer-Purgstall, of Vienna:

“Though it is a long time since I have had the pleasure of hearing from you, yet as I hope I may still be in your recollection, I beg leave to ask your acceptance of a little publication recently made by a new Society in this city under the name of the American Oriental Society. This little publication will contain nothing that will be new or interesting to you, and it is offered to you only as a small testimonial of respect and as evidence of our zeal in the cause of Oriental learning, in which you have attained such pre-eminent celebrity. We hope, too, that it may contribute to the opening of a literary connection with our brethren of the Old World, which will be valuable to us. I have the honor, etc.”

From the Oriental Society of Paris, under date of December 2, my father received notice of his election as a Corresponding Member of their body.

The following letter from Mr. Du Ponceau, dated at Philadelphia, December 12, is labelled by my father, "The last he ever wrote me!"

MY DEAR FRIEND, — It is a great while since I have communed with you; yet you are always in my thoughts. I don't expect letters from you, because I know you are very busy, and I am glad of that. I inquire of you of all who come from Boston, and hear that you are well. As to myself, I am pretty much as you left me in May last, except that my sight is failing more and more, so that I am obliged to leave off reading almost entirely; but I hope you will not abandon me while I am in this world, otherwise it would be to me a source of great unhappiness. I rejoice in everything that tends to advance your honorable fame; therefore I was very much pleased, a few days ago, to see in the "National Intelligencer" a letter from Mr. Walsh, the editor's correspondent at Paris, in which he said that he was so much pleased with your excellent address to the Oriental Society that for the honor of our country he made a present of it to M. Jomard, for the Royal Library. This is as it should be. Will they do as much in England? I fear not. Our politics are miserable, therefore I shall forbear saying anything about them. Van Buren seems to be in the ascendant. It cannot be denied that he is the most skilful gladiator. Clay and the other pretenders are children in that respect compared to him. But they are all Americans, and I hope the conqueror, whoever he may be, will not sacrifice his country, which has now a right to raise her voice and to make it heard. I will now tell you in confidence that having nothing else to do, I am continuing my reminiscences of bygone times. The secretary holds the pen, and I dictate. We have already written near one hundred folio pages, and we have come no farther than the year 1782. It is probable that I shall not be able to complete it so as to bring it down to this time. All I contemplate is to carry it to the year 1785,

when I was admitted to the Bar. All that followed is well known to my family and friends. There is no great interest in fifty years spent among the labors of the legal profession. The lawyer's life is in the books of Reports. I have nothing else to add worthy of being communicated to you. I hope you will not forget me next spring. If you should, it would be a terrible stab to me. Your sincere friend,

PETER S. DU PONCEAU.¹

From the Egyptian Literary Association my father received the following letter : —

CAIRO, Jan. 11, 1844.

SIR, — I have the honor to inform you that at a general meeting held this day you were, upon the proposition of Mons. Prisse, unanimously declared an Honorary Member of this Association. Trusting you will permit me to add your name to the list of *savans* already supporting this infant institution, I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY ABBOTT, *Hon. Sec.*

In February of this year the Corresponding Secretary of the National Institute at Washington wrote to my father, by the direction of its Committee, requesting him to consent to make an address or read a paper at a meeting of the friends of science there on the first Monday in April ; but the invitation was necessarily declined by him.

On the 20th of March Dr. Prichard wrote from Bristol to my father as follows : —

MY DEAR SIR, — I am surprised to find by referring to your last kind letter that the date of it is so far back. I must apologize to you for the long delay of my reply, which has arisen without my intention. When I received it, my fourth volume of "Researches into the Physical History of Mankind" was in

¹ Mr. Du Ponceau lived but four months after this letter was written.

the press. I expected that it would have been completed many months ago, and I deferred writing to you in the hope of sending the said volume to you with my letter. I am sorry to say that owing to circumstances not within my power, the book is still in the printer's hands. I hope, however, to get it finished and to forward a copy to you in the course of a few weeks; but in the mean time I will no longer delay writing to thank you for your kindness in sending me your very interesting inaugural oration, pronounced at the opening of your new Oriental Society of which you have had the goodness to make me a member. I am much flattered by this distinction, and shall be much obliged if you will, when an opportunity occurs, express my best thanks to the Society for the honor they have conferred upon me. On the language and literature of Egypt we are likely soon to have important accessions of knowledge from two friends of mine, both Germans, one of whom is now in Nubia. I allude to Dr. Lepsius, whose Egyptian grammar is perhaps known to you. Lepsius has been employed for some time by the King of the French to make researches in Egypt; and it is certainly a proof of great liberality in the French sovereign to employ a Prussian in such an enterprise. The other writer to whom I allude is the Chevalier Baron Bunsen, Prussian Minister at London, who has really a great work in the press on Egyptian history and chronology. Your researches into the history of the American aborigines are always extremely interesting to me and to many of my countrymen, among whom ethnographical knowledge is becoming more cultivated than formerly. There is a Philological Society as well as an Ethnological one lately founded in London, with nearly the same object; namely, that of the knowledge of the history of races. As yet they have done almost nothing; but we may hope for the future. I remain, dear sir, with sincere respect, your obliged and faithful servant,

JAMES COWLES PRICHARD.

The following letter from Dr. Dunglison to my father is dated at Philadelphia, April 1: —

MY DEAR SIR, — It is with the deepest regret that I have to announce to you the death of our venerable and venerated friend

Mr. Du Ponceau. He expired this morning at one o'clock, wanting only one month of being eighty-four years of age. Next to his own immediate family, no one will perhaps more deeply deplore his loss than you and myself. For both of us I know he entertained the warmest friendship. Mr. Garesché and Miss Garesché send their sincere regards to you, and feel assured that you will deeply sympathize with them on this melancholy occasion. I am, my dear sir, with the greatest respect and regard, your obedient servant.

ROBLEY DUNGLISON.

On the receipt of Dr. Dunglison's letter my father wrote at once to the granddaughter of Mr. Du Ponceau:—

Boston, April 4, 1844.

MY DEAR MISS GARESCHÉ,—I have received (from Dr. Dunglison) the painful intelligence of the death of your venerated grandfather, who was justly the object of your devoted affection, and who had for a long series of years manifested the most sincere and unalterable affection for me. Just before the information reached me I had been fondly planning my arrangements for making this year my annual visit, which has so long been a source of delight and instruction to me, and which was the more gratifying to me as I found it afforded him pleasure. Nor can I yet realize the loss I have experienced in being deprived of so highly valued a friend, a possession of the value of which we seldom become sensible but by its loss. But if such are my feelings on this afflicting occasion, my dear young friend, how shall I venture to allude to your own! you who have lost not only a devoted friend, but one who stood in that nearer relation to yourself which Providence has ordained to be the source of mutual duties and endearments, that are wisely intended to smooth and make pleasant our progress through the ever-varying scenes of this life. In him you have lost one who had that ardent affection for you which none but a parent can feel, and which, I am sure, could hardly have been exceeded by that of your own estimable father. But my own feelings forbid my

exciting your own by dwelling on this distressing subject. Accept, my dear Miss Garesché, my sincere condolence, and if possible let your sorrow be alleviated, as it justly may be, by the reflection that the virtues, talents, and eminence of your affectionate grandparent had enabled him to render great services to his fellow-men, and especially to those of his adopted country, and to close a long and valuable life with that highest of all human blessings, — the consciousness of having faithfully discharged those high duties which Providence imposes upon those of such eminent endowments. Pray remember me affectionately to your excellent father, and believe me, with the warmest regard, affectionately yours,

JNO. PICKERING.

On the 10th of April Dr. Dunglison again wrote to my father: —

MY DEAR SIR, — On the part of the Executors of the late Mr. Du Ponceau I transmit to you the following extract from the last will and testament; and may state that they will take the earliest opportunity to carry into effect the object of the bequest. I am, my dear sir, very respectfully and truly yours,

ROBLEY DUNGLISON.

“I give and bequeath to my much-valued friend John Pickering, Esq., of Boston, the printed copy of an ancient manuscript of Virgil which was presented to me by the Count de Survilliers. I beg he will accept this trifle as a token of my sincere and constant friendship.¹ I give him also my ‘Bulletins de la Société de Géographie.’”

A notice of the life and character of Mr. Du Ponceau was written by my father, and published in the “Boston Courier,” April 8, 1844. For the “Law Reporter,” then edited by Mr. Peleg W. Chandler, of Boston, he also

¹ This volume was bequeathed by my father to the American Academy.

wrote a notice, which was published in that journal for May.

From Savannah, May 17, Mr. Hodgson wrote to my father as follows : —

MY DEAR SIR,—I yesterday received your very kind and flattering letter from Philadelphia. Your invitation to be present at the anniversary of the Oriental Society of Boston I have received as a gratifying mark of your kind consideration. I would certainly attend the meeting, were it in my power to reach New York in time. I shall not be able to leave home with my family until the 15th of June. It is a subject of great regret that Professor Stuart cannot deliver the address. I have before me comparative tables of words in the Persian and Anglo-Saxon languages, to show the intimate lexic affinity between the two. The connection of the Indo-European languages has been established by the German philologists. But I think I have extended their comparative list of words which have the same meaning and orthography in Persian and English. I shall prepare a paper on this subject, which may be inserted in your volume of Transactions. The favorable opinion of Dr. Prichard is most flattering to me. In his "Physical Researches" he has spoken very favorably of my essays. I propose this summer to publish my comparative vocabularies of African languages, which will give Dr. Prichard more ample materials for his ethnography. I wish also, by this publication, to anticipate the Commission now existing in Paris, under the auspices of the Government, for digesting a lexicon and grammar of the Berber language. My inquiries among the African slaves in this neighborhood have discovered to me the following curious fact. Some of them who had learned to write Arabic in the Mohammedan schools of the Foulahs and Mandingoes, are in the habit of writing our gospels and the hymns of our church service in English, with Arabic characters. The Moors of Spain who remained after the expulsion practised the same thing by writing Spanish formulas with Arabic characters. The Baron de Sacy was, at first, greatly puzzled to read an Arabic manuscript of this kind. In the "Notices et Extraits des MS. de la Bibliothèque du Roi" (1827), the Baron

has published a paper on this subject. Very sincerely, my dear sir, your friend and servant,

W. B. HODGSON.

The following letter from Mr. Everett is dated at London, 2d July : —

MY DEAR SIR, — I transmit to you by this steamer a parcel of books for the Oriental Society from my respected friend the Count Gräberg, of Hemso, Librarian of the Grand Duke at Florence. I sent him a copy of your introductory address before that Society, and subjoin an extract from a letter in which he expressed an opinion of it. Count Gräberg would be much gratified by being made an honorary member of the Society; and as he is a member of the Royal Asiatic Society of London and more than a hundred other learned Societies in Europe and America, I suppose you may safely confer on him the desired honor. He lived fourteen years in Africa, — a part of the time as consul-general for Sweden at Tangiers. I am, dear sir, with sincere respect, faithfully yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

The extract above referred to is as follows : —

“ You are not to think yourself forgotten or neglected that you have had no letter from me for a very long time, not even in answer to your exceedingly kind and valuable last year’s communication, and, still more, to thank you for your most precious gift, sent me by Mr. Greenough, of the first number of the American Oriental Society’s Journal, which I have perused and admired with the greatest pleasure; and would fain, if possible, wish to receive the continuation. The President’s Address, inserted in this number, is a masterpiece of profound and extensive linguistical and historical erudition, and one of the cleverest things of the kind which I have ever read about Oriental Literature.”

On the 22d of July Horatio Hale wrote to my father from Philadelphia as follows : —

“My Report on Philology is completed. It will make a quarto volume of about five hundred pages. It cannot be printed immediately, owing to the necessity of waiting for the Narrative of the voyage, which ought, of course, to appear first. As I am unwilling to remain so long without employment I have concluded to leave the manuscript in the hands of persons competent to superintend the printing, and to take this opportunity to visit the old continent. Professor Hart, Principal of the High School in this city, who is a good linguist, will superintend the printing of the volume; and as I have two copies, — one of them written with great care, — I have every reason to believe that very few errors of the press will escape detection. I venture to hope that you will do me the favor to read over the sheets after they are all printed, and mark any mistakes which you may observe, either of the author or the printer, for a table of errata. I hope that the Report will be satisfactory to you. There is no one indeed for whose approbation I feel more anxious. No one can estimate so correctly what has been done (such as it is), as well as the circumstances under which it has been accomplished. It is hardly necessary for me to say that the volume shows only results, and such as none but those versed in these matters can rightly appreciate.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

Letters and Testimonials from Abroad. — Failing Health. — Letters from Mr. Glidden and Dr. Prichard. — Last Sickness. — Death. — Death of Mrs. Pickering. — Summary and Notices of Life and Character.

1844–1846.

IN the summer of 1844, as for several years previously, the mansion at Salem was resorted to as a residence for the benefit of my mother's health; and the household effects and library in Boston were removed from No. 5 Franklin Place to the house No. 9 Rowe Street, at the corner of Exeter Place, of which my father had taken a lease.

On the 20th of August Professor Peirce, of Cambridge, wrote the following note to my father: —

MY DEAR SIR, — I have been directed to notify you that at the last meeting of the American Academy the books mentioned 5 and 21 in the receiving-book of the Academy were referred to you, to be reported upon at the meeting on the evening of the last Wednesday in September. Yours, with the most unbounded respect and affection,

BENJAMIN PEIRCE.

P. S. — The above volumes are, I believe, the last numbers of the "Journal des Savans."

In fulfilment of this appointment, I find among my father's manuscripts the draft of a report on the sub-

jects of the "Journal des Savans" for January, February, and March, 1844.

The following letter, addressed to John Pickering, LL.D., Boston, is dated at Cambridge, Mass., September 11 : —

DEAR SIR, — Permit me to do myself the pleasure of presenting you the accompanying volume as a small token of the admiration I entertain for your ability as a lawyer, and your profundity as a scholar. It cannot but be a source of inexpressible pride to every ingenuous young man to have such a distinguished model for his imitation before him. Let the ultra utilitarian, if he will, point at the professional man who dares to cultivate an acquaintance with the poesy, history, and philosophy of ancient times, and sneeringly ask *cui bono?* Your long and familiar acquaintance with the best writers of antiquity, obtained during a life arduously spent in an ennobling profession, conclusively demonstrates that a man may venture to study the literature of former times without incurring any risk of the loss of reputation as a lawyer. Begging pardon for having troubled you, I am, dear sir, yours truly,

J. G. MARVIN.¹

The reply by my father to Mr. Marvin's communication was made the next day : —

Boston, Sept. 12, 1844.

SIR, — I yesterday received your letter with the Manuscript of Dictata, or class lectures on Lucian, by that able scholar Duker, for which I beg to return you my thanks. Your very obliging expressions in regard to myself personally demand my acknowledgments, and I am gratified to have such an advocate as yourself to justify the union (to a moderate extent) of other studies with those of one's particular profession. This interchange relieves, if it does not positively invigorate, the mind. The illustrious French lawyer Daguesseau adopted for his motto, "Le changement d'étude est un délassement pour moi ;"

¹ Then a student in the Law School.

and recreation of some sort seems to be indispensable to a healthy and vigorous action of the mind. How far it may be carried will depend upon the circumstances of each individual case, and no general rule can be laid down. Cicero, you know, has briefly argued this point in his oration for Archias, which is familiar to you, and thinks it more commendable to spend his leisure time in such studies than in gaming and other amusements. Yet it will be found by experience that in the business world mere mechanical skill is deemed so important that a professional man who confines himself exclusively to the practical parts of his profession, as an artisan does to his work-bench, will, with business men, have a preference over one who has a profound knowledge of his science, but less familiarity with practice. A man must therefore decide at the outset whether he will aim at the greater emoluments and less intellectual enjoyment which an exclusive attention to his profession will yield, or with the more moderate income and higher mental cultivation which the occasional intermingling of literary or scientific pursuits will allow. Your own decision seems to be made; and with my best wishes for your success, I am, sir, etc.

MR. J. G. MARVIN.

In October, 1843, my father having written to Dr. Lepsius, then in Egypt, informing him of his election as an honorary member of the American Oriental Society, sent him, by the hands of Dr. Charles Pickering, a copy of his Address to the Society. The reply of Dr. Lepsius is dated at Philæ, September 15:—

“Votre nom qui m’est déjà familier depuis le commencement de mes propres études, le devenait pour la première fois par une brochure très intéressante sur les langues américaines dans laquelle vous racontez entre autres, l’histoire très remarquable de l’invention d’un alphabet syllabique d’un certain Sequoia, qu’il communiquait à son peuple, et dont on se sert encore maintenant, même pour des imprimés. J’ai lu avec le plus

haut intérêt votre discours, prononcé dans la première séance de la Société, et la vaste érudition que vous y manifestez et dans laquelle vous embrassez jusqu'aux derniers pas de la science de tous les pays est le meilleur garant d'un avenir florissant de la Société sous votre présidence."

Among the pleasant testimonials of regard coming to my father at this time, he received a curious calendar in the Tamil language from India from the Rev. Daniel Poor, American missionary in the Jaffna district, Island of Ceylon. The friend through whose hands it came says in his letter: —

"Mr. Poor requests me to forward it to you, as a slight token of his remembrance of some professional aid you rendered him about the time when he was leaving the country, A. D. 1815, and in the hope that its contents will interest you on account of the information they give respecting the Tamil (formerly the Tamul) language and the methods adopted by the missionaries for educating and Christianizing the inhabitants of that part of India."

Other interesting souvenirs were received by him during this year. From Paris, M. Léon Vaïsse, Professeur à l'Institut Royal des Sourds-Muets, membre de la Société Asiatique, sent him his "Essai sur l'histoire de la Philologie en France," and M. J. Mohl¹ his "Rapport Annuel fait à la Société Asiatique," in which honorable mention was made of the "American Oriental Society."

In December, 1844, my father received from the "French Society of Universal Statistics," of which he was an honorary member, a request for a sketch of his personal biography for a publication to be issued by

¹ Julius Mohl, the learned French Oriental scholar.

that society. It is not known whether the information was ever furnished. In February, 1845, my father received the following gratifying letter from Baron von Hammer-Purgstall, the eminent Oriental scholar and diplomatist : —

VIENNA, Feb. 18, 1844.

SIR, — I am very much obliged to you for your kind remembrance by the first number of the Journal of the American Oriental Society, which I received by the way of Constantinople, and which I perused with great interest. Eastern and Western Countries must feel grateful to you for the first literary link which you have established, as the founder of that journal, between the farthest West and the remotest East. I have learned by it that your countrymen travellers tread, for the greatest part, paths untrodden before them ; and I wish them hail and success. I'll be very much obliged to you for the continuation of the Journal, and beg leave to assure you of the highest regard and truest esteem with which I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

J. HAMMER-PURGSTALL.

Very few letters of a literary character are to be found in my father's "General Correspondence" of the year 1845. The death of his friend Mr. Du Ponceau, his faithful correspondent, had left no one in his place ; and the pressing claims of daily professional business, with his official duties as President of the American Academy and of the Oriental Society, could give him no opportunity for cultivating any correspondence which was not obligatory. I find a copy of one letter of this description acknowledging the receipt of a diploma by him : —

BOSTON, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, Aug. 26, 1845.

SIR, — I have to acknowledge the receipt of a diploma of the Oriental Society of Paris, certifying my election as a Correspond-

ing Member of that learned Association. Be pleased to signify to the Society my high sense of the honor thus conferred upon me, and the great interest which I shall feel in the results of their important labors. Accept, sir, the assurances of the high consideration with which I have the honor to be your most obedient and humble servant,

J. PICKERING.

To M. O. MCCARTHY, Secretary of the Oriental Society at Paris, etc.

In the later part of the summer of 1845 my father's health seemed not so firm as previously; yet he never complained, except of being fatigued, which he attributed to the excessive heat of the summer. He went on cheerfully discharging all his professional duties as usual, spending the week in Boston, where our house in Rowe Street was kept open, and coming to Salem with my brother John on Saturdays to pass Sunday and to stay until Monday morning with my mother and myself in our summer home. My mother's health allowing me to leave home towards the close of the summer for a short visit, I found my father ill at Salem on returning, and then learned from my mother that an attack of pain, from a serious affection of the digestive organs, had been so severe as to require the attendance of a physician and confine him to his bed, as I found him on my return. I can only fix the date of the commencement of his illness by a copy of a note addressed by him to the Mayor: —

SALEM, Sept. 8, 1845.

SIR, — I regret to be obliged to inform you that the illness which compelled me to leave Boston last week, still confines me to my house in this place.

To the HON. THOMAS A. DAVIS, Mayor of the City of Boston.

November 11, Mr. William W. Greenough, a young and attached friend (Corresponding Secretary of the Oriental Society) wrote from Boston to my father :

MY DEAR SIR,—I have not written you as I should have done, as I have been hoping from day to day to go to Salem and see you. It gives me great pleasure to hear, through your son, that you are improving in health, and that we may expect to see you in Boston before a great while. Our poor Oriental Society seems to languish, though it has not entirely faded into thin air. When you come to the city we will endeavor to put some new life and spirit into the meetings of the Society, which if held in the evening would be sure of a better audience. I am now settled in town in my own house for the winter, and feel an unabated interest in the welfare of the Society ; and with your powerful assistance we may be able to push forward some of the projects for its benefit, which will serve to put it upon a stronger basis than ever. If there are any letters to the Society in your possession which require an answer, will you have the goodness to send them to me ? And also any donations which should be acknowledged. After we get the usual machinery in motion again, it will be easier to put new life into the frame. If you would like to see me at Salem on any matter demanding instant attention before you come back to the city, I shall be happy to come down. Very respectfully and truly yours,

W. W. GREENOUGH.

While my father was detained at our Salem home by his protracted indisposition and under a physician's care, he was yet able to be about the house, to see the friends who called on him, and to take a short walk occasionally. He was much interested and busily engaged in preparing his "Memoir of the Language and Inhabitants of Lord North's Island," which was afterwards published in the Memoirs of the

American Academy. To a certain extent he was also able to write to his friends in Europe, as is seen by the following extracts from a letter of Mr. George R. Glidden, dated at Paris, Nov. 14, 1845: —

MY DEAR SIR, — The approach of packet-day renders it a duty, as pressing as gratifying, to acknowledge your respected favor of Salem, 15th October, received 1st instant, by which I grieved to learn that even your gigantic power of mental labor, disciplined as it is by practised training, could not continue on the strain without paying some penalty to the physique. Yet I will indulge the hope that if you will relax the tension of the bow your “two months of doom to idleness” will pass away cheerily, and that your valued health will be restored, spite of your pastimes! Truly it requires *un comme vous* to term a Memoir on the Languages, etc., of Lord North’s Island the mere relaxations of an invalid! Yet idle, my dear sir, you cannot be, I am sure, without suffering greater evils than you can derive from temperate enjoyments of your studies; and with Miss Pickering as your reader and amanuensis, while I know your facilities for literary recreations (as you are pleased to call them) are abundant, I likewise feel certain that her filial control will be imperceptibly, if ever so discreetly, exerted to prevent your fatiguing yourself. So I console myself with the vision of your thorough restoration to health, at which none will be more rejoiced than the pilgrim-writer. I saw only Birch¹ in London, and I gave him the American Oriental Society’s Proceedings, for which he is much indebted. Is he, or is he not, an Honorary Member? Dr. Prichard was out of town; but I enclosed your letter with a note promising to wait on him after his return from Paris. Monsieur d’Eyriès is out of town, — I am told unwell at Havre. I forwarded your letter to him; but I suppose he is now too old to answer. By Professor Morse (who goes by this steamer) I sent you the brochure of De Sauley on his discovery of the demotic key to the whole Enchorial of Egypt. I sent other

¹ The Egyptologist of the British Museum.

things to Morton at the same time. Let me renew my protestations of attachment, my dear sir, as yours respectfully and gratefully,

GEORGE R. GLIDDEN.

To the HON. JOHN PICKERING, etc.

At the close of November we resumed our home life in Boston, with my mother's health in the enfeebled state from which she had so long suffered, but with our hearts relieved by my father's apparent recovery. During the winter, though not as vigorous as usual, he went to his office daily, unless kept home by the weather or other causes; and he was so calm and uncomplaining that we were deceived into believing that time alone was required to restore his strength. In his hours at home he was busily occupied in revising the proof-sheets of his lexicon; he saw his friends who called, and wrote notes, and had interviews on general affairs of business when occasion called for it. Once during the winter (I think in February) he presided at a regular meeting of the American Academy, his friend Dr. Hayes calling for him in a carriage and accompanying him.

My mother was able to move about the house, and was usually in the parlor at my father's side when he was at home. In feeble health herself, and with her sight so much impaired that she was deprived of all her usual occupations, her mind and heart were yet active as ever in her wise and loving care for all the interests of the family and household.

A few letters were written by my father at this time to some of his literary friends; to Mr. Glidden (then in Europe) he wrote on the 31st of December, and again

on the 16th of January, 1846, and to Dr. Lieber January 18.

The following extract is from a letter from Dr. Prichard, written in the previous autumn, but not received till the 19th of March.

BRISTOL, Oct. 27, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing your friend Mr. Glidden (which, however, I hope soon to have an opportunity of doing), but I have received your kind letter, and have been much interested in its contents. I am much gratified in learning that ethnological studies are pursued with great zeal by many of your countrymen. Here they are, except with a few, almost entirely neglected, and most of what is written of subjects connected with ethnology in this country is absurd and ridiculous. Your works and those of the late excellent Mr. Du Ponceau and Mr. Gallatin secure for the English language its proper share of distinction in ethnological literature, and abolish the monotony which the Germans seemed at one time likely to maintain. I perceive that you correspond with my friend Dr. Lepsius. He is a most excellent person, and I have no doubt that his researches will be very valuable. He is very zealous in tracing affinities in language, and I have thought him a little bold in conjecture; but perhaps this arose from my being not so well acquainted with the ground. As soon as my fifth volume is printed, I shall do myself the pleasure of sending you a copy; but you must not expect much from it. The American part will be but a re-echoing of what you and Mr. Gallatin have taught me, and I have now very little leisure. I remain, my dear sir, with much respect, faithfully yours,

J. C. PRICHARD.

This letter of Dr. Prichard brought peculiar gratification to my father at a time when declining strength restricted him to the society of his immediate family and friends at home; and he referred to it with the

liveliest interest in remarking upon its liberal tone to his friends Mr. William H. Prescott and Mr. George Ticknor. It was indeed to my father the last precious link in the bright chain of association which had long bound him to his transatlantic brethren in literature and science, and he highly prized the generous appreciation and acknowledgment of the services of American scholars so gracefully rendered by Dr. Prichard, who was so eminently qualified to judge, and whom he had always found just and true in opinion as he had been personally friendly in their long-continued correspondence.

Throughout his invalid months the greatest interest and sympathy was manifested by my father's friends; books, choice wines, and restoratives came to him, with cheering messages of kindness. He was so calm and uncomplaining himself that it was long before we who were always with him could comprehend his danger.

On the 6th of April he wrote the following note:

CITY SOLICITOR'S OFFICE, April 6, 1846.

SIR, — In accordance with an intention entertained by me for some time past, I now beg leave to resign my office of City Solicitor, with which the City Government has honored me for several years past. At the same time I cannot take leave of the Government with which I have been so long intimately connected, without expressing a proper sense of the obligations I am under for their kindness, as manifested in my annual appointment for sixteen successive years. The City Government will please to appoint a time when this resignation shall take effect, and when all the official papers in my hands may be delivered up to my successor in office. With great respect, I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN PICKERING.

HON. JOSIAH QUINCY, JR., Mayor of the City of Boston.

When at last my father, for a little more than a week only, was wholly confined to his chamber, my mother was able occasionally to come from the adjoining room into his, and render him some little service not requiring sight; but she was herself so much of an invalid that this was seldom possible. Dr. Jackson, long a constant visitor to my father, was joined at last by his son-in-law, Dr. Putnam, in his tender offices. My cousin, Dr. Pickering, was often with us and in attendance by my father's bedside; and while many household and office cares fell upon my brother John, my brother Henry and Dr. Pickering were by turns with my father in the last nights of his life. I think that his mind was as clear as it was serene, even to the last, when he did not speak. On the 4th of May I read to him the Twenty-third Psalm, and sang softly by his pillow the air, without the words, of a favorite Italian song¹ which he had heard so many years before in Portugal, and always enjoyed. The next morning my uncle Octavius Pickering, who had been expected from England on account of my father's failing health, and whose coming had been most earnestly desired, was able to come to us. On Tuesday the 5th of May my father gently and almost imperceptibly breathed his last, as quietly and calmly as an infant going to sleep, — which seemed to be in harmony with his peaceful life.

In the clear and experienced judgment of our faithful physician, the fatal disease was a general giving way of physical vitality, with its consequent and gradual decline of health and strength.

¹ Sul margine d' un rio.

On my mother's account, and by our expressed wishes, the funeral, on Friday morning the 8th of May, was private. The services were at our home in Boston, and the interment in Salem, in the burial-place of our ancestors, the Broad Street Cemetery.

Resolutions expressive of respect, esteem, and sympathy were received by my mother and the family from the various associations with which my father had been the most nearly connected,—from the Suffolk Bar, the Board of Aldermen and the Common Council of Boston, the Vestry of Trinity Church, the American Antiquarian Society, the American Ethnological Society (of New York), the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the American Oriental Society, of both of which last he was President at the close of his life.

In the early autumn my mother was at Milton and Roxbury, visiting her sisters; and after the house in Rowe Street was vacated, I went to Salem to make preparations at the mansion for the reception of my mother and her household. After being established in Salem, her health, though feeble, seemed as it had been for some time past; but her bodily strength was gradually failing, though her mind was clear and active as ever in thought and care for us all. Late in November she was confined to her room. In the last week of her life she had a slight paralysis, not affecting her mind in the least degree, and a momentary gleam of sight and light returned to her. Monday, the 14th of December, her earthly life, so blest to us all, was closed. The funeral services were private, as in the case of my father, and the interment was in the Broad Street Cemetery in Salem.

Within the short space of less than eight months our home was saddened by the loss of both of our devoted parents. In my heart and memory their forms now come to me, not only in vivid impressions of their happy union in forty years of married life, but with most grateful recognition of the blessings of this influence upon the lives of their children ; for in their parental cares, as in all the claims of domestic life, their feeling, judgment, and action were in perfect unison. As it is only in the privacy of domestic life that the virtues and graces of a wife and mother can be fully known, so it is only in the happiness of a judicious and well-ordered home that the facilities for study, recreation, or congenial society can be found by her husband and children. To my mother, whose disinterested life was devoted to those around her, my father was greatly indebted for the wise judgment, executive ability, faithful economy, and generous hospitality which marked our home ; relieving him, as she did, of domestic cares, and gladly giving him, unasked, his quiet hours for study and the enjoyment of friends, she appreciated and sympathized in all the fruits which it brought to him.

Of my mother we have no likeness ; an engraving of a portrait of my father painted by Chester Harding, which faces the titlepage of these Memoirs, will serve in a measure to recall him to the remembrance of those who knew him. But a description in words from a note added to the Eulogy by Judge White, which I here copy, will give in some respects a truer representation of my father's personal bearing and appearance : —

“The personal appearance of Mr. Pickering was striking; it was both dignified and attractive. His stature was tall, and his form rather slender than stout, but well proportioned; yet it was the expression of his countenance and the fine intellectual cast of his features which were the distinguishing characteristics of his person. The form of his face was oval, with a remarkably high and ample forehead. His mild, clear hazel eye was expressive of the gentleness of his nature and the vigor of his intellect; while a straight nose, slightly inclining to the Roman, and a finely formed mouth, added to the regularity of his features. The expression of his countenance when in repose was grave and thoughtful; but his eye kindled benignantly, and a benevolent smile played upon his lips whenever any object of interest came before him. It was this peculiar benignity of expression, joined to an entire freedom from the slightest assumption of superiority, in word, look, or manner, which attracted towards him the young and those who were seeking relief from poverty or distress; while the intellectual refinement and remarkable dignity of his personal appearance and manners commanded the interest and respect of persons in all conditions of life.”¹

In his features and in the expression of his countenance my father strongly resembled his mother, as he did in many traits of character which his countenance revealed. More than ten years after his decease, when a photograph taken from his portrait was sent to one of his friends, a lady in whose family he had been intimate, she wrote to me, saying:—

“We are sincerely obliged to you for permitting us to possess this resemblance of one whom we think of with such unshadowed respect and affection. It is in some points just, particularly in the noble brow and forehead; but the beauty, the intellectual radiance that lighted the features, could never be given. One who had seen him in vigor and heard his voice, could never lose the memory of such a face and so rich a tone.”

¹ Eulogy on John Pickering, LL.D., by Daniel Appleton White.

While I must leave to the more competent judgment of others the just estimate of my father's character, abilities, and the extent of his attainments, I cannot forbear giving my testimony to the traits which characterized his domestic and daily life. Those who saw only the operations of his mind in the results of his intellectual labors, could know nothing of the devotedness and affection so constantly manifested by him to his family, or the tenderness and depth of feeling which he possessed. I believe that his whole organization was more delicate and susceptible than is common in men, and in refinement and purity of taste and feeling I think that he was remarkable. His sensibilities were very acute; yet his decisions were calm, and his judgment firm and energetic in action. I have never met with such equanimity under all circumstances in any person whom I have had an opportunity of knowing, as my father always manifested since my remembrance; and I cannot imagine a more amiable disposition than he possessed. His temperament, though quiet, was habitually cheerful. He had a keen sense of humor, as well as an appreciation and enjoyment of the varied elements to be found in society at large; but his heart was in his duties, his books, and his home.

Industry was indeed the "talisman" by which my father was able to accomplish so much literary work, in addition to the daily labors of his arduous profession.¹ At home a book was almost always in his hand, unless when engaged in writing, or when some one not of the family was present. He had the faculty of abstracting himself from all that was passing around him, when

¹ "His talisman was industry," Charles Sumner, in the *Law Reporter*.

himself engaged in study. Not even music, in which he delighted so much, and in which he joined with his children at other times, had any effect in withdrawing his attention from the book or paper before him; and he pursued his studies in the midst of his family, always answering any question addressed to him, and heeding the wishes of others rather than his own, yet never apparently disturbed by any conversation, reading, or employment of those who were in the same room. Yet so observant was he of the attention and courtesy which he deemed due to others that he would immediately leave his books or writing when any friend or other visitor came in, even if he were obliged to sit up late at night or rise very early in the morning to accomplish what was thus left undone. He had not one spark of selfishness in his nature, and he was so little accustomed to think of his own comfort or convenience that his family were constantly on the alert to protect his time from being encroached upon by intruders who could not know the value of his quiet hours at home, or the inconvenience to which they would subject him by interfering with his regular pursuits. He was always ready to listen to the distressed and afflicted, and his personal efforts and legal advice were freely given in such cases, even where the applicant was an entire stranger, especially if that stranger were a foreigner and unable to assert his rights or defend himself, from inability to understand or speak English readily. In this way he was often called upon to explain and interpret what was said in court in different languages.

In our home, Saturday night was always welcomed by him with peculiar pleasure. On that evening he

usually brought out some new book, and read aloud to us on some subject or discovery which was attracting his attention at the time. This seemed to be one of the highest sources of happiness to him. In the discoveries and improvements constantly made in science and the arts he took a lively interest. He had true enthusiasm in all that engaged his attention, especially in general literature and science, and in the literature and jurisprudence of his own profession, — an enthusiasm which was always chastened by calm judgment and experience. His perseverance was not less striking than his industry ; and while every hour of his time was employed, without any apparent haste or undue effort, his patient temperament enabled him to overcome the obstacles which otherwise would have been insurmountable. For some years past he had gradually retired from general society ; he had attended few lectures or concerts, and had become more absorbed in books as his sole recreation. In the last five years of his life, when our summers were passed in Salem, he especially enjoyed there the one day in seven. It was a Sabbath of rest to his spirit, and he looked to the old and cherished family mansion as a quiet and happy retreat when age or infirmity might withdraw him from active life. His devotedness to his profession, his lively interest in all that was passing in the busy world, his connection with learned societies, the facilities for the prosecution of business and literature which a large city and central position alone could afford, gave him a favored and happy residence in Boston for more than nineteen years ; while the kindness shown him, the warm friendships formed, and the honors that he received there, greatly

endeared Boston and its inhabitants to him and to his family.

It was said of him by Judge White in his Eulogy before the American Academy:—

“Brilliant as is the reputation of the author and the scholar, we lose sight of it in the superior excellence of the man. He was indeed a true man. His sensibilities were tender, his whole organization was delicate and susceptible, yet always sound and healthful, with nothing of a morbid tendency to unfit him for the active duties of life. Mild and gentle, he yet felt keenly and quickly; and with all his patient forbearance, he was not wanting in energy or spirit to assert his rights. He had a true enthusiasm, without any extravagance. His ardent love of freedom and justice, and his abhorrence of tyranny in all its forms, never partook of fanaticism. With much reserve in expressing his religious feelings, he was profoundly conscientious, and lived in the fear and the love of God. The fundamental law of Christian greatness he nobly fulfilled. He was in the highest sense ‘the servant of all,’—a true philanthropist, the benefactor of his race. His profoundest erudition and his severest toil were for the good of mankind. Usefulness was his glory.”

In a Memoir written for the Massachusetts Historical Society, Mr. William H. Prescott says:—

“The more we reflect on Mr. Pickering’s character, the more deeply are we impressed with the great variety and amount of his attainments. Such extensive acquisitions could have been the result only of the greatest industry and perseverance. Mr. Pickering had what, to the degree in which he had it, may be regarded as a real gift of Nature,—a most tenacious memory. With Mr. Pickering to learn and to remember seemed to be synonymous. Such a power, if not genius, is next akin to it. It is to the scholar what imagination is to the poet,—it is the arsenal whence he can draw at will the weapons for his intellectual combats. With this power Mr. Pickering could pass

from one subject to another, finding each where he had left it. Nothing had been lost in the interval. No step was to be retraced, but each new step carried him still onward in the interminable march of knowledge. Mr. Pickering's character may be surveyed under two aspects, — as a lawyer, and as a man of letters. His regular occupation was the law. This was the business of his life, and during the greater part of his life he was in full practice. As a lawyer he stood high in the consideration of the community, and deservedly; for no man in the profession did more to elevate its character. It was only such intervals as he could snatch from business that he devoted to literature. His literary achievements, therefore, regarded in this point of view, become truly wonderful. He was, indeed, as has been said of him, the model of a scholar. Patient and persevering, he toiled incessantly after truth, content with earning this as the best reward of his labors. It was his maxim that the greatest obstacles are to be overcome by unremitting efforts, in the moral world equally with the physical. The motive which directed his labors was as elevated as the object of them. Most of his contributions to science were free offerings, without compensation, and are to be found embodied in the collections of learned societies. His pen was ever prompt in the service of others. Nor did his good offices stop here; and more than one author can recall to mind the assistance he gave him when coming before the world, and the sympathy which he never failed to manifest in his success. The success of another, indeed, whether friend or rival, filled him only with satisfaction. He had a soul too large for envy, and he hailed with delight every real contribution to science, from whatever quarter it came. Mr. Pickering's mind drew in knowledge from every source within its reach, — from books, meditation, society, from the educated traveller or the simple mariner who brought back tidings of some distant island, the language of which still remained to be explored. Strangers having such information resorted to his house, eager to impart their stores to one who could so largely profit by them. In this way he obtained the materials of his last communication to the American Academy, being a very interesting account of the remarkable race who inhabit Lord North's Island, and of the language spoken by them. It is gratifying to reflect that the services thus

rendered by the American philologist to the cause of science were duly appreciated by his contemporaries, and that he received testimonials to his deserts from numerous learned bodies, both at home and abroad. Such an indorsement, indeed, will not be necessary to secure his fame with posterity; that must rest, not on what others have done for him, but on what he has done for himself, — on his writings, especially those which have helped so much to enlarge the boundaries of philological science, and on the influence of his example upon his generation. For he lived in an age when true scholarship was rare, and he set the example of a learning, various and profound, sustained by a lofty morality, and recommended by the graces of manner which give to learning its greatest attractions.”

In the June number of the “Law Reporter,” 1846, an article appeared, a few weeks only after my father’s death, with the title, “The Late John Pickering.” It was written by Mr. Charles Sumner, saying: “One who knew him at the Bar and in private life, and who loves his memory, lays this early tribute upon his grave.”

From this article, embracing seventeen pages of the “Law Reporter,” I make the following extracts: —

“It was the remark of Lord Brougham, illustrated by his own crowded life, that the complete performance of all the duties of an active member of the British Parliament might be joined with a full practice at the Bar. The career of the late Mr. Pickering illustrates a more grateful truth, — that the mastery of the law as a science, and the constant performance of all the duties of a practitioner, are not incompatible with the studies of the most various scholarship; that the lawyer and the scholar may be one. He dignified the law by the successful cultivation of letters, and strengthened the influence of these elegant pursuits by becoming their representative in the concerns of daily life and in the commonplaces of his profession. In his life may be seen two streams, flowing side by side as through a long tract of country, one of which is fed by the

fresh fountains far in the mountain-tops, whose waters leap with delight on their journey to the sea ; while the other, having its sources low down in the valleys among the haunts of men, moves with reluctant, though steady, current onward. Mr. Pickering's days were passed in the performance of all the duties of a wide and various practice, first at Salem, and afterwards at Boston. He was a thorough hard-working lawyer, for the greater part of his days in full practice, constant at his office, attentive to all the concerns of business and to what may be called the humilities of his profession. Charles Lamb said that his real works were not his published writings, but the ponderous folios, copied by his own hand, in the India House. In the same spirit Mr. Pickering might point to the multitudinous transactions of his long professional life, the cases argued in court, the conferences with clients, and the deeds, contracts, and other papers, in that clear, legible autograph which is a fit emblem of his transparent character. He was faithful, conscientious, and careful in all that he did ; nor did his zeal for the interests committed to his care ever betray him beyond the golden mean of duty. The law in his hands was a shield for defence, and never a sword with which to thrust at his adversary. His preparations for arguments in court were marked by peculiar care ; his brief was very elaborate. On questions of law he was learned and profound ; but his manner in court was excelled by his matter. He developed his views with clearness, and an invariable regard to their logical sequence ; but he did not press them home by energy of manner or any of the ardors of eloquence. His mind was rather judicial than forensic in its cast. He was better able to discern the right than to make the wrong appear the better reason. He was not a legal athlete, snuffing new vigor in the hoarse strifes of the Bar, and regarding success alone ; but a faithful counsellor, solicitous for his client, and for justice too. It was this character that led him to contemplate the law as a science, and to study its improvement and elevation. He could not look upon it merely as a means of raising money. He gave much of his time to its generous culture. From the walks of practice he ascended to the heights of jurisprudence, embracing within his observation the systems of other countries. His frequent contributions to what may be called the

literature of his profession illustrate the spirit and extent of his inquiries. The "American Jurist" was often enriched by articles from his pen. It was his hope to accomplish some careful work on the law, more elaborate than the memorials he has left. The subject of the Practice and Procedure of Courts, or what is called by the Civilians *Stylus Curia*, had occupied his mind, and he had intended to treat it in the light of the foreign authorities, particularly the German and French, with the view of determining the general or natural law common to all systems by which it is governed. Such a work, executed in the fine juridical spirit in which it was conceived, would have been welcomed wherever the law is studied as a science. It is, then, not only as a lawyer practising in courts, but as a jurist to whom the light of jurisprudence shone gladsome, that we are to esteem our departed friend. As such, his example will command attention and exert an influence long after the paper dockets in blue covers chronicling the stages of litigation in his cases shall be consigned to the oblivion of dark closets and cobwebbed pigeon-holes. He should be claimed with peculiar pride by the Bar. If it be true, as has been said of Sergeant Talfourd, that he has reflected more honor upon his profession by his successful cultivation of letters than any of his contemporaries by their forensic triumphs, then should the American Bar acknowledge their obligations to the fame of Mr. Pickering. He was one of us. He was a regular in our ranks; in other services only a volunteer. But he has left a place vacant, not only in the halls of jurisprudence, but also in the circle of scholars throughout the world,—it may also be said in the Pantheon of universal learning. He seems, indeed, to have run the whole round of knowledge. His studies in ancient learning had been profound; nor can we sufficiently admire the facility with which, amidst other cares, he assumed the task of the lexicographer, which Scaliger compares to the labors of the anvil and the mine. Unless some memorandum should be found among his papers specifying the languages to which he had been devoted, it may be difficult to frame a list with entire accuracy. It is certain that he was familiar with at least nine,—the English, French, Portuguese, Italian, Spanish, German, Romaic, Greek, and Latin; of these he spoke the first five. He was less familiar, though well acquainted, with the Dutch, Swe-

dish, and Hebrew; and had explored, with various degrees of care, the Arabic, Turkish, Syriac, Persian, Coptic, Sanscrit, Chinese, Cochinchinese, Russian, Egyptian hieroglyphics, the Malay in several dialects, and particularly the Indian languages of America and of the Polynesian Islands. It is, however, as a friend of classical studies and as a student of language, or a philologist, that he is entitled to be specially remembered. It is impossible to measure the influence which he has exerted upon the scholarship of the country. His writings and his example from early youth have pleaded its cause, and will plead it still, now that his living voice is hushed in the grave. His genius for languages was profound. He saw with intuitive perception their structure and affinities, and delighted in the detection of their hidden resemblances and relations. His style is that of a scholar and man of taste. It is simple, unpretending like its author, clear, accurate, and flows in an even tenor of elegance which rises at times to a suavity almost Xenophontean. Though little adorned by flowers of rhetoric, it shows the sensibility and refinement of an ear attuned to the harmonies of language. A lover of music, he was naturally fond of the other fine arts, but always had particular happiness in works of sculpture. Nor were those other studies, which are sometimes regarded as of a more practical character, alien to his mind. In his college days he was noticed for his attainments in mathematics, and later in life he perused with intelligent care the great work of his friend Dr. Bowditch, the Translation of the '*Mécanique Céleste*.'

"While dwelling with admiration upon his triumphs in intellect and the fame he has won, let us not forget the virtues, higher than intellect or fame, by which his life was adorned. In the jurist and the scholar let us not lose sight of the man. So far as is allotted to a mortal, his was a spotless character. The rude tides of this world seemed to flow by without soiling his garments. He was pure in thought, word, and deed. He was a lover of truth, goodness, and humanity. He was the friend of the young, encouraging them in their studies and aiding them by his wise counsels. He was ever kind, considerate, and gentle to all; towards children and the unfortunate, full of tenderness. He was of modesty 'all compact.' With learning to which all bowed with reverence, he walked humbly alike

before God and man. He never spoke in anger, nor did any hate find a seat in his bosom.

“Beyond the immediate circle of family and friends, he will be mourned by the Bar, amongst whom his daily life was passed; by the municipality of Boston, whose legal adviser he was; by clients, who depended upon his counsels; by all good citizens, who were charmed by the abounding virtues of his private life; by his country, which will cherish his name more than gold or silver; by the distant islands of the Pacific, which will bless his labors in every written word that they read; finally, by the company of jurists and scholars throughout the world.”

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